

Property of
and Arkebauer

E. H. Arkebauer
Your Mother Nelsa Arkebauer

Luck to Lois

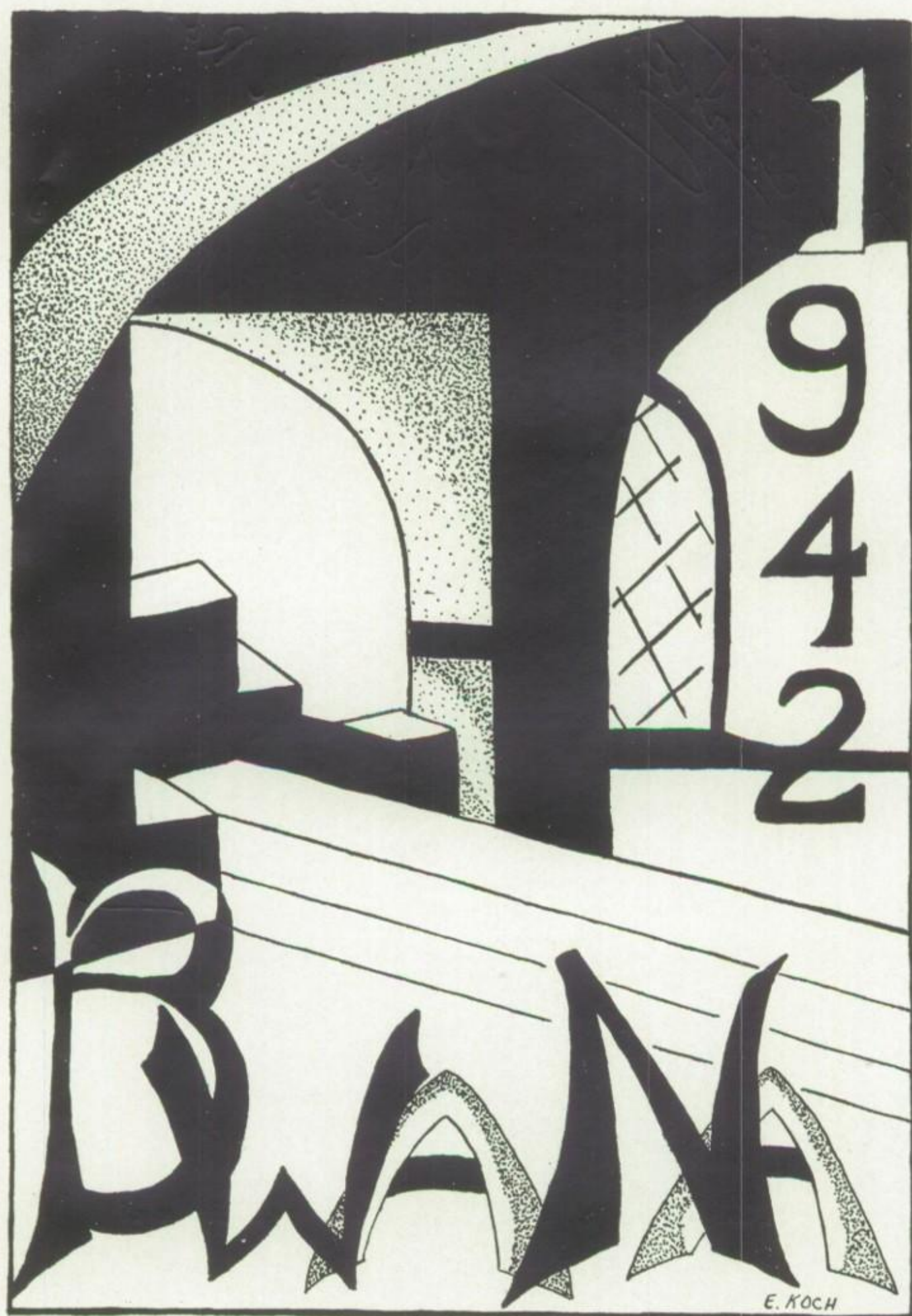
Luck to Lois, Herbert Arkebauer

Elaine Arkebauer
A. H. Arkebauer
"Jerry" Arkebauer

Low Ashburn



F.C. WEIS



Keep it sailing
Pat Thornton

Janie
Janaine Rowell
Luch

Jack
Gordon



Best Wishes
Jeanne

I Pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of
America and to the Republic for which it stands,
One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

1

*Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.*

*Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

2

*On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:*

*'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

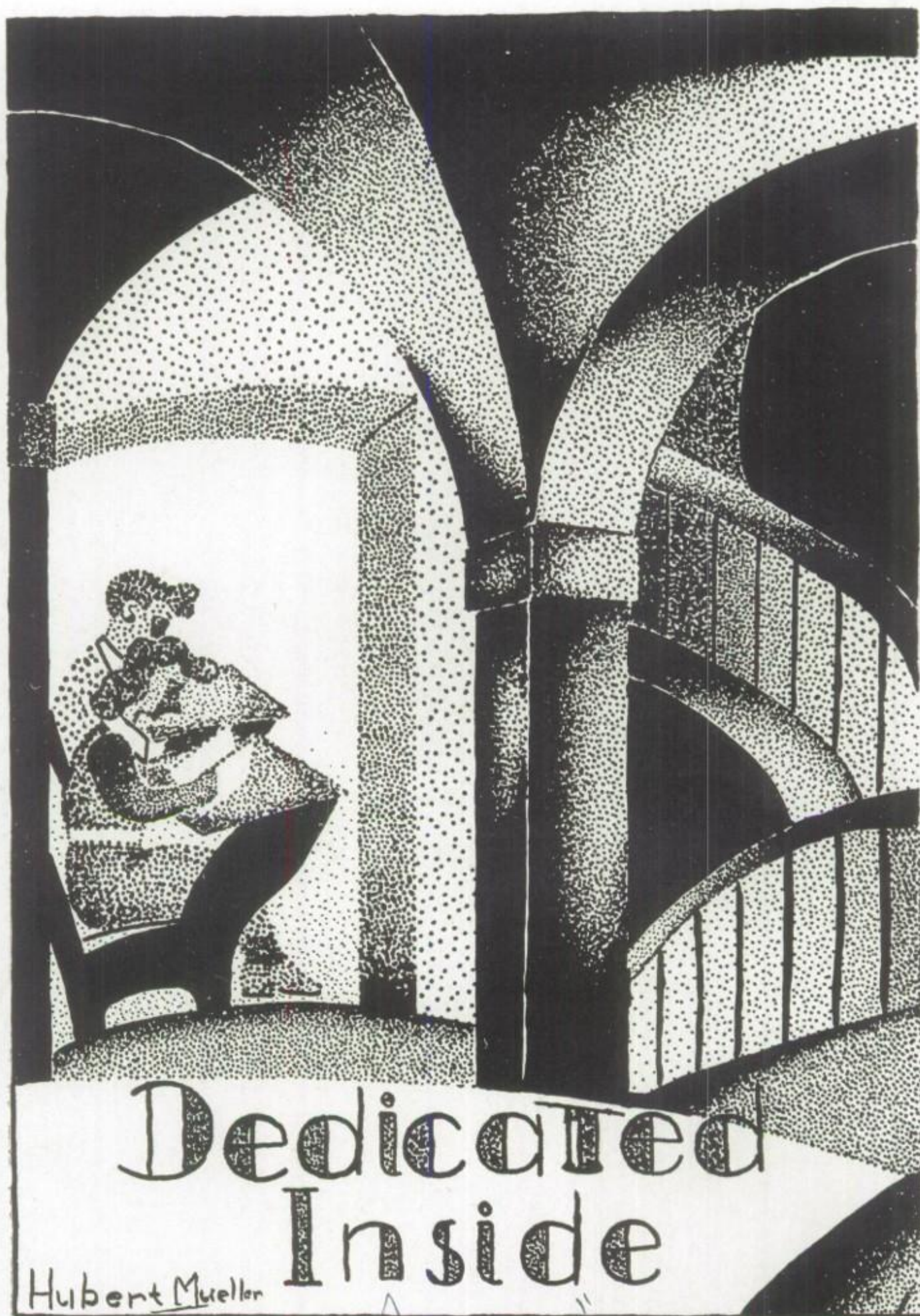
3

*Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust".*

*And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

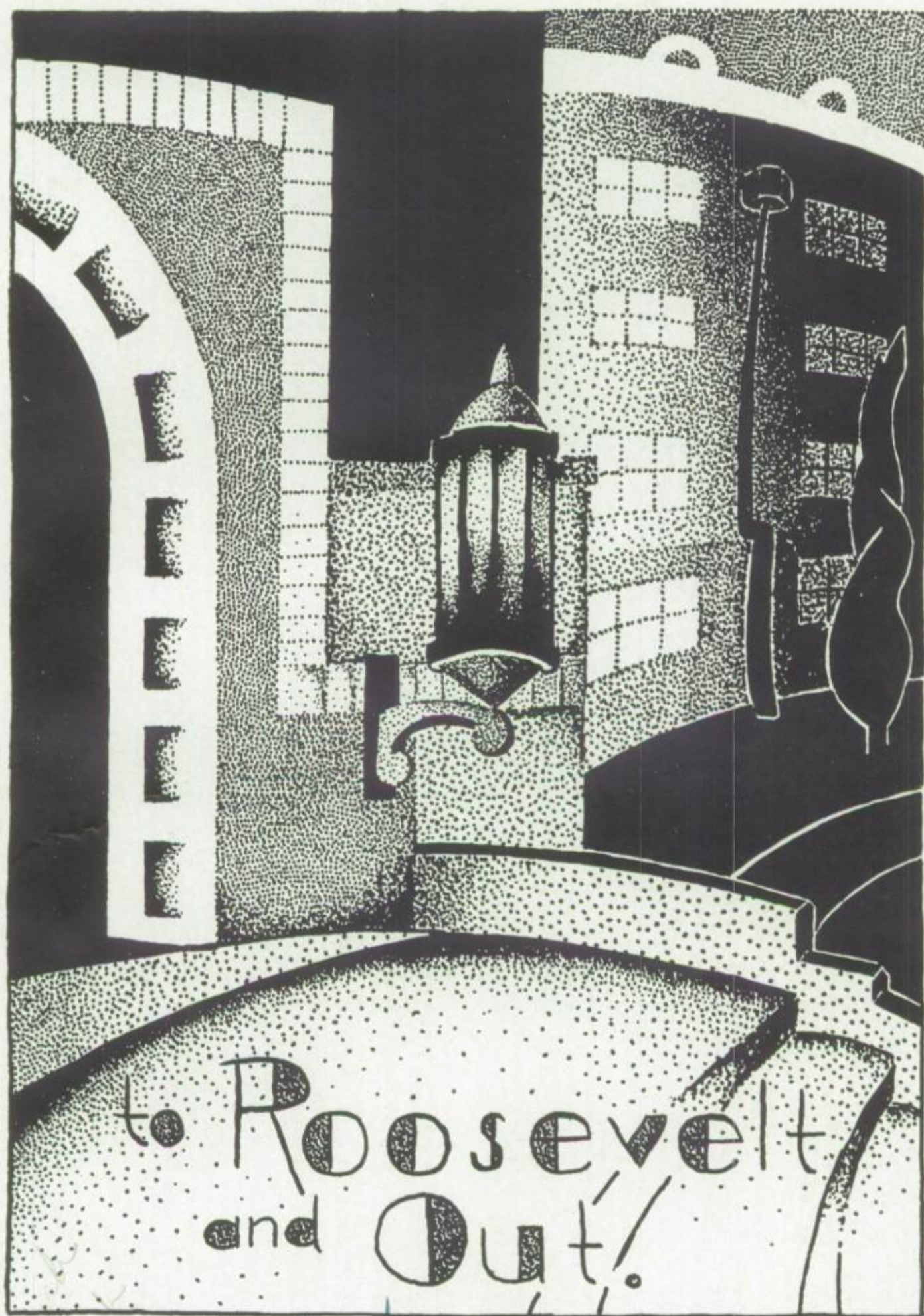
—Francis Scott Key

*Lands of Love
Martha B. Bickelick
Lo. 9265-*



Four

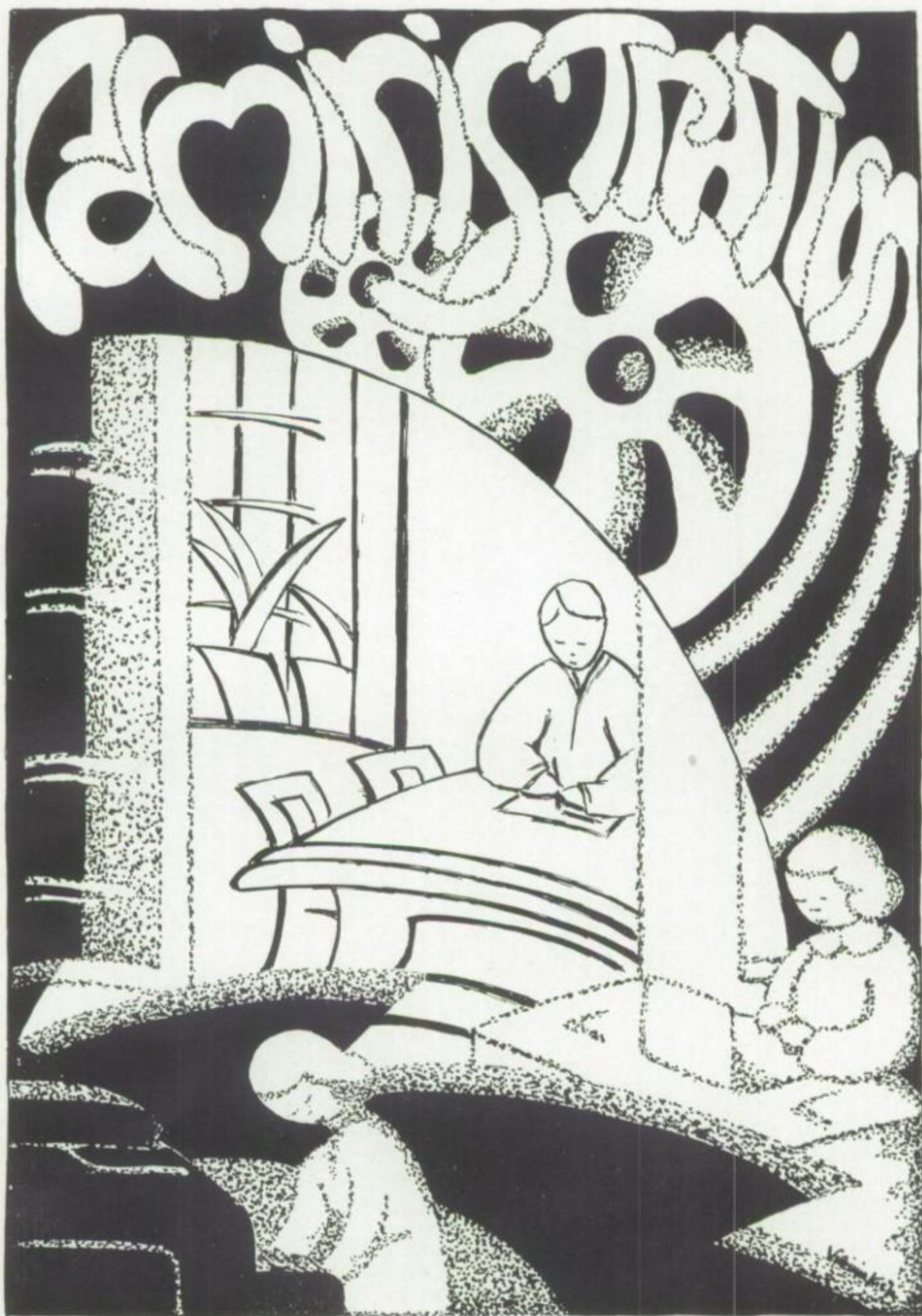
Just Luck
throughout
the future
of the "MARIE"
"A."



yes Cleveland
your friend
Harold Swape

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MR. R. M. INBODY
Assistant Principal



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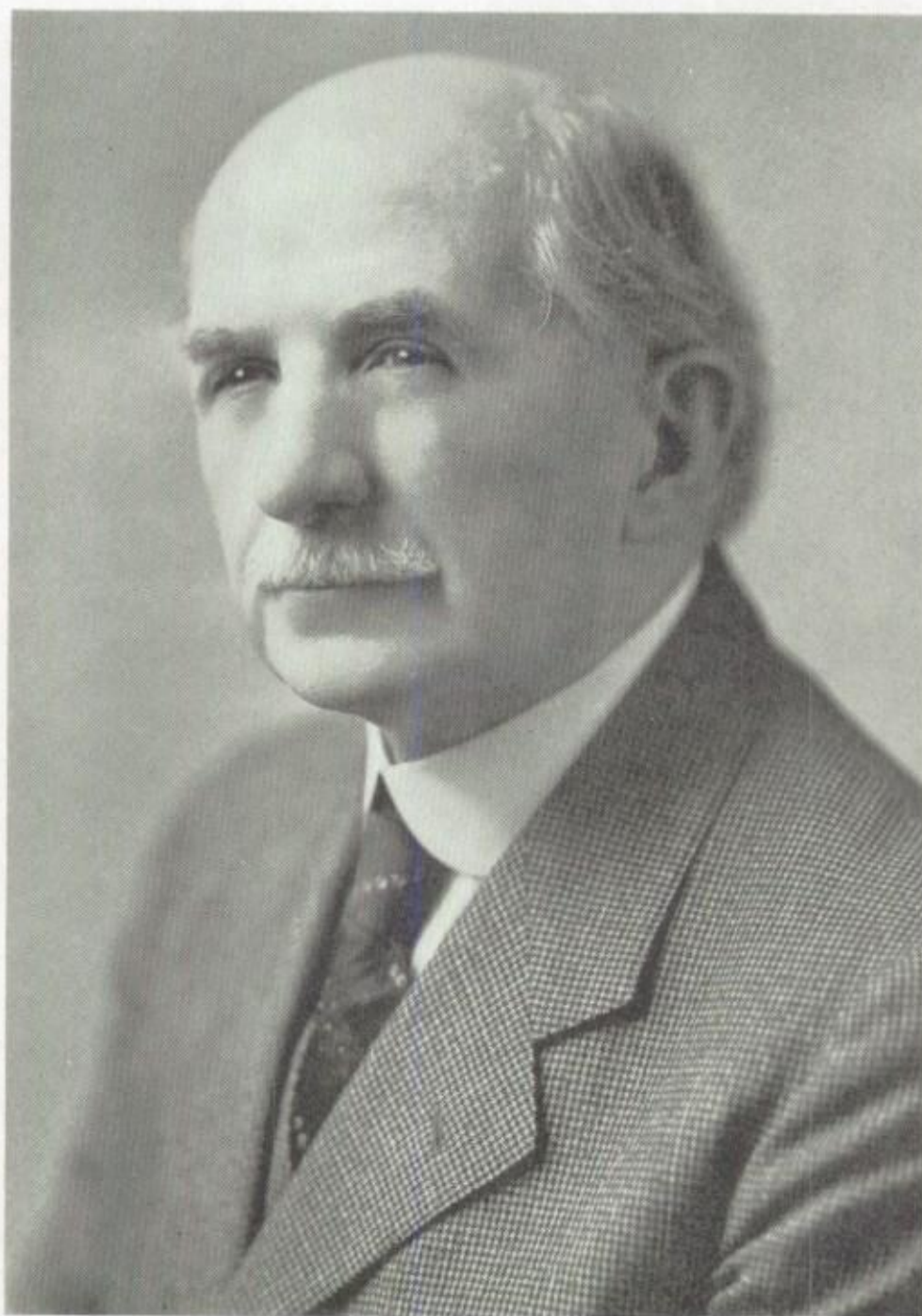
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MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN
Former Principal

TEACHER, ADVISER, COLLEAGUE, AND FRIEND— MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN



ALL four in one man! How happy the man who may be just one of these satisfactorily; how superlatively desirable to be all four and to be all four adequately! But, to the mind of the writer, it is still more fortunate to have been closely associated with such a man and to have had the opportunity to view the greater part of a lifetime spent in the service of thousands of young people, hundreds of colleagues, and untold numbers of friends.

Charles Ammerman is the man. The writer has had the privilege of close association with him in his professional life over a period of many years. It was longer ago than I care to tell when, as a high school freshman, I was assigned Mr. Ammerman as adviser at McKinley High School. We lucky ones did not at first fully realize our good fortune. We went blindly into an assignment, little knowing the influence on our lives our beloved leader would wield. But it was not long before we were aware of the kind, fatherly man in whose charge we were placed. No problem was too small or too large for him to tackle; we, on the other hand, had no hesitation in coming to him with anything. And those students who read this know what I mean when I say we entered his room with a sense of peace and security, combined with anticipation, such as is not in the power of everyone to give. He represented to us stability; we knew he would give us something that was worth while, for he understood young people.

As I progressed into more advanced mathematics, I was again fortunate in having Mr. Ammerman as a teacher of geometry. We students at no time felt our subject limited to the field of mathematics; on the contrary we were given the benefit of a leadership and counsel which was limited only by our capacity to receive it. Have you ever experienced the satisfaction of a lucky chance at the best there is? Such was the satisfaction of the pupils who "drew" Mr. Ammerman as a teacher.

And then, one day we were treated to one of the "thrills" which mean so much to the "teen-ager". Our beloved Mr. Ammerman had married one of the best-loved young teachers in the school. As romantic youngsters will do, we rejoiced in the happiness of our friend. But it was only as the years went on that some of us who followed his life had a glimpse of the lasting happiness of his home life, his love for his family, the charm of his country home, his pleasure in the simple activities of true living.

I was out in the world for some years, favored at times by news from and contacts with my former teacher and adviser, when I had occasion to return to him one day for information. I found him in his class room, surrounded by the usual interested group who had remained after school hours for his companionship. It seemed like an invigorating renewal of my own high school days. And it was not long after that I was fortunate to be assigned as a teacher at McKinley High School and found myself a colleague of

Mr. Ammerman. Of those who worked with him, who can ever forget the pleasure we took in our contacts with him in his work in the book room? Did we perhaps make of his workshop a gathering place for the exchange of news and ideas? Were we ever in his way as he went about his work? If so, we were never made to feel anything but welcome. Who of the "old group" will ever forget the friendship he gave all of us? Our association also acquainted us with the quality of his personality and, when a great need arose, we elected him to represent us in a difficult capacity. Here he displayed that self-sacrifice for the common good which is so characteristic of him; and all whom he served at that time will bear witness that his service has not gone unnoticed. Public education has for years benefited from his work.

We like to tell ourselves that our desires helped place him in the position of our principal a few years after the McKinley organization was moved to Roosevelt High School. Probably we had no influence—none was needed in view of his eminent fitness for the position—but let us keep our little satisfaction! His promotion to head Roosevelt High School received the enthusiastic endorsement of faculty and students; his friends everywhere applauded. As the years went on, how often we congratulated ourselves silently and publicly on our leader.

And now, as friend! Many can speak much more adequately than I, for they may express themselves more happily, but none can feel the friendship of Charles Ammerman more deeply than I. He is a man who makes himself known in time of need; he counts ALL as his friends. Who can ever forget the welcome of his smile, the responsive light of his face as one meets him? It has been said that the best way to make friends is to be a friend. Charles Ammerman exemplifies the word "friend" in all its beauty; the simple truth of his character calls for no effort to appear a friend, for that is the man,—Friend Ammerman.

Such a man does not know the far-reaching extent of his influence,—he can count his students, his fellow-workers; but his friends stretch out in ever-widening circles. It is the world that benefits from a life well lived. Charles Ammerman, no doubt, often does not even know his friends, but they know him and his life. He probably has never before known the extent of the feeling of friendship and appreciation of

THE WRITER



A TRIBUTE

S EVEN years of guiding and leading Roosevelt on the "pathway of knowledge" is our debt to Mr. Ammerman; nay, not only seven but many more, for he was assistant principal for six years and now is our instructor in the College Guidance Department. Mr. Ammerman has always maintained a close relationship with the thousands of boys and girls in our school. He has helped them over the rough spots in the road to success with the wisdom of his experience and his wide knowledge of human nature. We pay tribute to him by these words which are only the outward expression of admiration—"Willingness of service; Unfailing tact and courtesy; Quite efficiency; Great kindness."

During Mr. Ammerman's years of office, Roosevelt has carried on with a smooth efficiency, with a minimum of disturbance and confusion. Even in times of irregularities, such as, the time of closing of the third floor, the task of educating three thousand students went on calmly. The welfare of Roosevelt has always been of the greatest importance to Mr. Ammerman. The duties of his office naturally kept him from making as many intimate personal contacts as he would have liked, but there are innumerable boys and girls who have been helped by him. With the pupils who failed to do their part in cooperating, he was never known to become angry. The requests outside of his regular line of duty were many, and he always complied gracefully if the circumstances permitted him to do so.

No, Mr. Ammerman has not left us—the students still have the benefit of his wise council in the college department, and the memories of his services shall live on. Our deepest gratitude and thanks go out to him; Roosevelt pays tribute to Mr. Charles Ammerman.

M. RICHARD REDDEN



In Memoriam



WESLEY F. DIEM
1908-1941



BYRON LEONARD



BETTY FOERSTER



BILL HURST

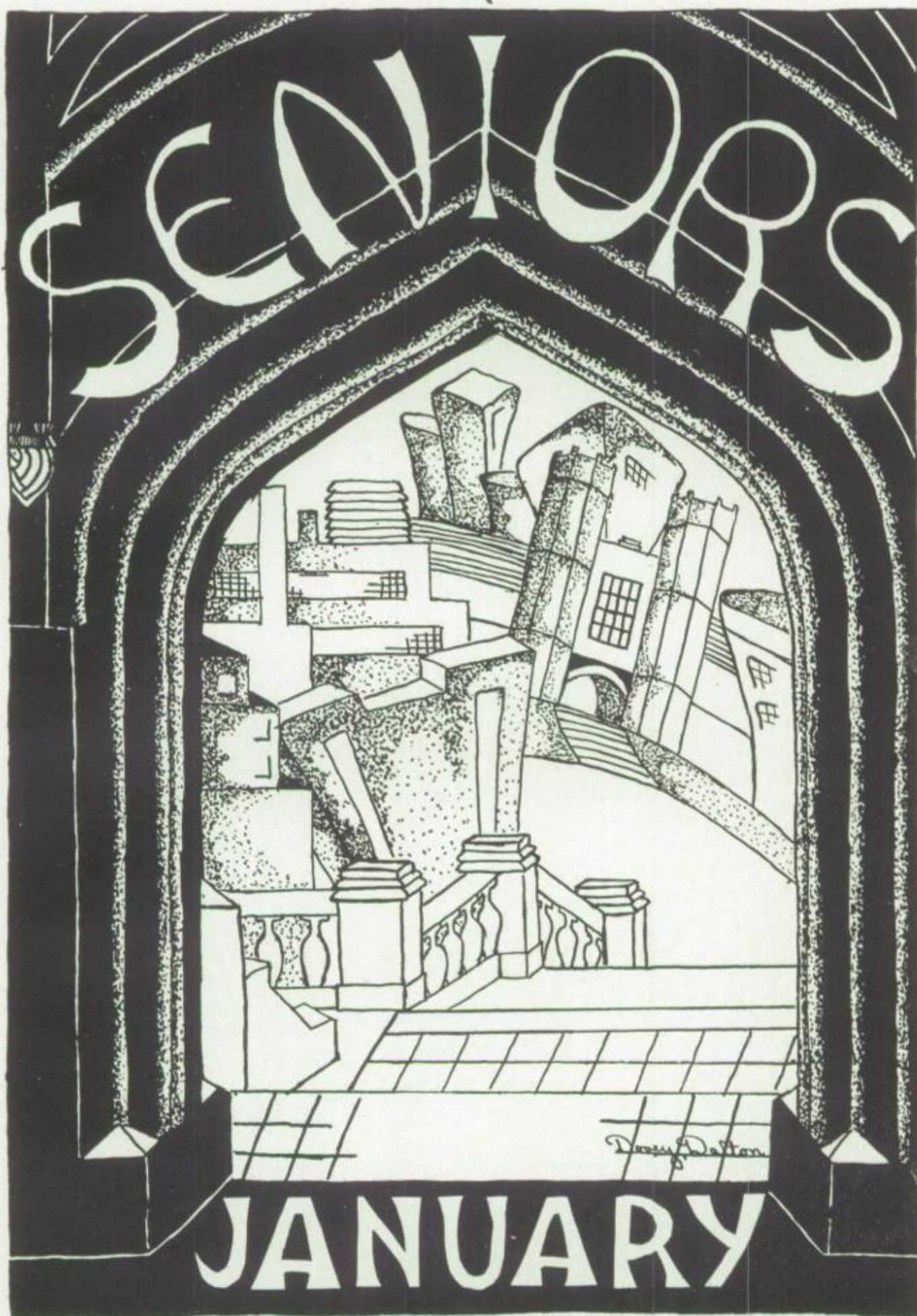


MARGARET NICKOLAUS

Editors of Bwana

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SENIORS

Moderator:

Miss Wolff

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays, in Room 301.

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Secretary:	Betty Lou Bryan
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*To Love
Best Wishes,
Dorothy
Bauer*



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Vice-President of Eights
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A Cappella, '38, '39; President,
'40, '41
Athenæum, '40; Editor of
Mercury, '41
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Pep R
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Treasurer of A Cappella, '41
Torch*



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Volley-ball Champs, '38*



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Student Council
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Archery Club
Sportsman's Club
Square Dancing
Torch*



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Student Council, '41
Service
Torch*

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*International Correspondence
Club*



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*Student Council
Gym Club*

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BREEN

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Pep R
President, Vice-President, Secre-
tary, Treasurer of Knit Wits
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Chairman Finance Committee
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*A'Cappella Choir, '39, '40, '41
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Robed Choir, '39, '40, '41
Torch*





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*Torch
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Mask and Bushin
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Tennis*



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Baseball, '39, '40
Football, '40
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Bowling Club Captain, '38, '39,
'40, '41*

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A'Cappella Choir, '40, '41



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*A'Cappella Choir
Athenæum
Ice Skating Club
Mask and Bushin*



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Chess Club, '40
Sportsman's Club, '38*



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Football, '39, '40, '41



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Bowling Club
Service*



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*College Club
Pep R.*



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FISHER





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DU BOCHET
*International Correspondence
Club
Athenæum
Spanish Club
Volley-ball*



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Fencing Club, '37*



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*Bowling Club
Sportsman's Club
Service*



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Bwana Staff
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Pep R*



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Kansas
Dramatic Club
Roosevelt High School—St. Louis
Student Council
O'ita
Basketball
Ping Pong*



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ELENORA C. FREIVOGEL
*Athenæum
Volley-ball
Badminton
Torch*



EDITH FREIVOGEL
*Athenæum
Fencing Club
Badminton Club*



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All Star Volley-ball, '39, '40, '41*



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HELBIG
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*Carol Club
Bowling Club
Service
Roller Skating Club*



JEANNE GAERTNER
College Club



EARL EMANUEL
HEUSLER
Service





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Pepettes
Roller Skating Club



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HIGGINS

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Football, '39, '40; Captain, '41



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College Club
Ice Skating Club
Knit Wits

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College Club, Corresponding
Secretary
Carol Club, Vice-President,
Treasurer
Knit Wits
Musica Americana



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Camera Club

GEORGE HOEYNCK
Football, '40, '41
Track, '39



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Cheer Leader
Pep R
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All Star Volley-ball
Bowling

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Torch
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Finance Committee
College Club
Carol Club



ELVIN HIRSCHBUEHLER
Stamp Club
Athenæum, Sergeant-at-Arms
Bowling Club
Track

Bwana

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Pepettes
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International Correspondence
Club
Carol Club*



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Softball
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Athenaum*

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Student Council
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Rough Rider
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HAMPEL

*Pepettes
Service*



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*Athenaum
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Track, '39
Baseball, '39*





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Roller Skating Club
Athenæum
Track, '38, '39, '40*

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Softball
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Bowling Club
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Athenæum
Roller Skating Club
Sportsman's Club
Bowling Club*



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Football, '40
Basketball, '40, '41
Baseball, '41*

NORMAN MELVIN LABUS



MARGARET ALICE
HURST

*Bwana Staff
College Club, Sergeant-at-Arms
Carol Club
Musica Americana
Volley-ball*

DOROTHY JENTSCH

*Square Dancing
Athenæum*



ROBERT B. LINDSAY

*A Cappella Choir, '39, '40
Roller Skating, '39
Bowling Club, '41
Sergeant-at-Arms of Sevens*

Bwana

ELIZABETH KUHN
Basketball Club, '39



DON OFFILL
Athenæum



GILBERT MELVIN
NUSSBAUM
Football, '39
Roller Skating, '40
Bowling, '41



DOLORES JEAN
LA PLANTE
Bowling, '39, '40, '41;
Captain, '40, '41
Swimming



MARILEE LARAMORE
Junior A'Cappella
Roller Skating
Pepettes



ARTHUR LEO NIETHE
Cheerleader, '39, '40; Captain, '41
Art Club
Roller Skating Club



RICHARD A. LUNDGREN
Student Council



GLADYS M. KUHNE
Service
Ice Skating Club



ARLINE
KUECHENMEISTER
Photoplay Appreciation Club,
Vice-President, '41
Rough Rider
International Correspondence
Club
Swimming
Service



CONRAD OBERT, JR.
Track, '39, '40





WANDA MAE LEWIS
Spanish Club
International Correspondence
Club
Service



PRESTON MICHAELS
Track Team, '38, '39, '40, '41
Apparatus Team, '40, '41
Service R
Journalism Club, '41; Treasurer
Athenæum, '38, '39

EDWARD STEVEN
MILLER



DELLORA MAY LODWICK
Carol Club, '38, '39, '40, '41
Musica Americana
Operetta
Knit Wits, '38

PATRICIA A. LINN
Student Council; Student Court
Committee, '39, '40, '41
Mask and Bushin; President,
Secretary, Treasurer
Knit Wits, Treasurer
O'ita
Torch



MILTON MARACEK
Football
Bowling

HENRY E. MEYERROSE
Service
Roller Skating Club



VIRGINIA LICHTERMAN
Athenæum
Square Dancing

LORETTO LITZINGER



HOWARD H. MICHEL
A Cappella, '40
Aviation Club, '39
Glee Club, '41

Bwana

VIRGINIA E. LUKENS

*Athenæum, Secretary
Volley-ball
Badminton
Bowling Club*



HUBERT MUELLER

*Art Club
Tennis*

CARL OSWALD



SHIRLEY MARGUERITE
LYON

*Torch
College Club
Mathematics Club
A'Cappella Choir, '39, '40, '41
Scholarship Pin*

BETTY ANN MANN

*Knit Wits, '40
Roller Skating, '41*



ROBERT MOLONEY

Bowling Club, '39, '40, '41

RAY W. MULLINS

*Student Council, Chairman of
Athletic Committee
Track, '39, '40, '41
A'Cappella Choir
Band, '37, '38, '39, '40, '41*



SHIRLEY LONDE

*Treasurer of Sixes
Student Council
Torch*

VIRGINIA LEE MALSCH

*Service, '40
Bowling Club
Roller Skating Club*



WALTER OSTERKAMP,
JR.

*Torch
Bwana, '41, '42
French Club, '39
Senior Orchestra, '38, '39, '40,
'41*





DOROTHY JANE MARKLE

*Athenæum
Service
Bowling*



PAULINE MARET

*Student Council
Service
Scholarship R*

HELEN MICHOLEVICH

*Athenæum
Photoplay Appreciation Club
Bowling Club*



EUGENE PAUST, JR.

*Sergeant-at-Arms of Sixes
Student Council, Welfare
Committee
Track, '38
Service*

JAMES R. ONANIAN

Football, '40, '41



RUTH MOHLMAN

*Torch
Athenæum
Carol Club
International Correspondence
Club
Bowling*

CATHERINE
BERNADINE MAY

Service



WILLIAM FREDERICK
DREES

Band

GLENN A. PICKLES

Football, '40, '41



GLORIA MILLER

*Scholarship R
Photoplay Appreciation Club
O'ita
Volley-ball Club
Torch*

Bwana

BETTY JANE
OTTENSMEYER

Service
Athenæum, '39; President, '40
Ice Skating
Photoplay Appreciation



WILLIAM EDWARD
RANDOLPH

Journalism Club
Square Dancing
Service
Skating Club
International Correspondence Club

CARL C. RADEMAKER,
JR.

Archery Club; President, '40
Service, '40, '41



MARGIE NEAL

Basketball
College Club
Bowling Club

MAUREEN O'LEARY

Torch
Scholarship Pin
Student Council
Rough Rider
College Club



KENNETH R. QUEENSEN

Cheer Leader
Rough Rider
Bowling Club
Skating Club
Service

JOSEPH C. PYATT

Service
Track, '41



RUTH LAURA MUELLER

Student Council
A'Cappella Choir
Carol Club
Robed Choir

HELEN LILLIE MUELLER

International Correspondence Club



HARRY W. PRENZEL

Bowling Club, '41
Tennis, '40





EMMA M. RADOSH

Torch
Volley-ball, '41
Basketball, '41
Big Ten



ROBERT ROLAND RAPP

Student Council
Service R's
Mathematics Club, '38, '39
A'Cappella Choir, '40

LEONARD R. REID

Fencing Club, '39, '40, '41, '42
Chess Club, '40



GERALDINE RADFORD

Band, '38, '39, '40, '41
All-City High School Band
Musica Americana
"Thingsapoppin"
Photoplay Appreciation

GERTRUDE N. QUEEN

All-City Band, '39, '40, '41
Band
Orchestra
Drum Majorette
Musica Americana



RICHARD CARLYLE
REDDEN

Torch
Harvard Book Prize Winner
Bwana
Rough Rider
Mathematics Club

RALPH R. ROTTMANN



JEANNE MARIE PERREN

Robed A'Cappella
A'Cappella Choir
Carol Club
Swimming Club
Roller Skating Club

BETTY PROSEK



RICHARD E. REID

Roller Skating Club
Bowling Club

Bwana

GOLDIE LOUISE RUSSELL
*Softball
Volley-ball*



HELEN JUNE RIEBE
Girls' Bowling Club



LORRAINE THERESA
ROTH



HERMAN F. J. SCHALK
*Big Ten
Scholarship Pin
Scholarship R's
Radio Club, '38, '39
Torch*



ROBERT LEE
SCHMITTLING



PAULINE E. SCHMICH



AUDREY JUNE RUESTER
*June Coronation Queen, '41
Student Council, '41, '42;
Chairman of Property Com-
mittee
College Club, President and
Sergeant-at-Arms
Pep R. Sergeant-at-Arms
Carol Club, '39, '40, '41, '42*



CHARLES JOSEPH
STEWART
Track



CHARLES SINDELL
*Track, '41
Football, '40
Bowling, '40, '41*



LESLIE JEAN
ROBINSON
*Torch
Mask and Bushin, Vice-President
College Club
Winner in Maryville Dramatics
Contest
Service*





HILDAGARDE STANZE

Torch
Service Pin
Spanish Club, '39; Co-editor of
El Arco Iris, '40
Ice Skating Club, '41
Scholarship R



KENNETH S. TEEL

Torch
Scholarship Pin
Service

GEORGE TUCKER



EDNA MAE SHAFFER

Badminton

MYRTLE SCHWEISS

Student Council, '40, '41
Torch
Service R's
Mathematics Club
Athenaeum



GUS A. THALER, JR.

Student Council

ALBERT HARRY
SCHULZE

Orchestra



SHIRLEY M. SCHNEPPE

Torch
Editor of Rough Rider
Secretary of Mash and Bushin
Scholarship R's
Service

MARTHA SCHRADER

Art Fellowship
Service



DONALD D. SANBURN

Torch
Student Council
Band, '39, '40, '41

Bwana

CARL ANDRES WETZEL

*Gym Team, '39, '40, '41
Ping Pong, '39
Bowling, '41
Service, '39, '40*



PATRICIA STATLER

*President of College Club, '41
Secretary of Carol Club, '41
A Cappella*

ROSALIND TIMMERMANN



BERNARD UHAN

*Bwana Staff
Senior Orchestra, Vice-President
Square Dancing
Journalism*

EDWARD WOLFF

*Bowling Club
Track*



DOROTHY J. STREICHER

*Service
Photoplay Appreciation*

MABEL CATHERINE
TAFT

*At Cleveland:
Girls' Junior Swimming Team
Girls' Senior Swimming Team
Bowling Club
Cleveland Pep Club
At Roosevelt:
Drum Majorette, '39, '40, '41*



ELLIOTT WYLOGE

*Torch
Scholarship R
Rough Rider
Service
Ice Skating Club*

EARL A. VOELLINGER



ETHEL SOPHIA WALTERS

*International Correspondence
Club
Service*





DOROTHY LOIS WASEM

*Bwana Staff
Pep R. Point Committee
College Club
Carol Club
Torch*



MAGDALEN HELEN
WIENER

*Athenæum, '40
Bowling*

GLADYS WERNER

*Operetta
Square Dancing
Volley-ball
Ping Pong
Athenæum*



WILLIAM WELLER

Torch

ARTHUR WERNER

*Track, '38
Bowling*



RUTH WESTON

*Pepettes, '40
Roller Skating Club*

AUDREY MARIE
WEISERT

*Volley-ball Club
Service*



WALTER GEORGE
WEBER

Mathematics Club

ELWARD WANDERSEE

*Track, '40, '41; Captain, '41
Sportsman's Club, '39
Baseball, '41*



JOYCE C. WANDER

Bwana

MARTHA GRACE
WILLIAMS

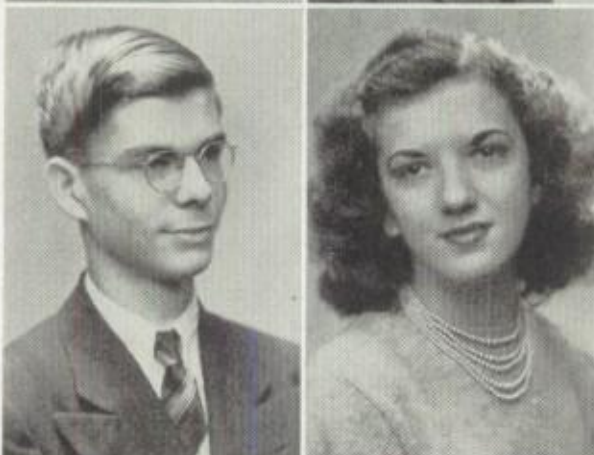
*Pep R
Bowling, Captain
Service R's
Volley-ball*



RICHARD G. WALCK
*Bowling Club, '38, '39
Track, '39, '40*

MICHAEL WALDNER

*Torch
Rough Rider, Editor
Bwana
Mathematics Club
Student Council*



DELORES J. WILD

*Athenæum
Photoplay Appreciation Club
Volley-ball
Softball*

DOROTHY ADELE
ZIEGLER

*Art Fellowship
Athenæum
Photoplay Appreciation Club
Square Dancing*



JOSEPH T. AYRES

Sportsman's Club

ROLLAND DODSON

*Football, '39, '40
Basketball, '37, '38
Softball
Ice Skating Club
Roller Skating Club*

LEONARD STEINBRECHER

*Track, '38
Roller Skating Club*

PAULINE MAE BATES

*Scholarship Medal
Bowling Team*

MARVIN A. W. EGGERS

NELLIE GERTRUDE
GREENSTREET

*Bowling, '39, '40, '41
Carol Club, '40, '41*

EARL A. WALLIS
Track, '38, '39, '40, '41

MARY KATHRYN BIGGS
Bowling Club, '41

JEAN BURK

*College Club
Ice Skating Club*

EDWARD E. GROTE

Bowling Club

LEONARD WASSERMAN

JUNE INEZ WILSON

*Torch
Rough Rider
Badminton Club*

LILLY AGNES BURKE

Athenæum

ROBERT L. MEYER

*Football, '41
Sportsman's Club
Rough Rider
Bwana Staff*

RICHARD YOUNG
Basketball, '41

CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

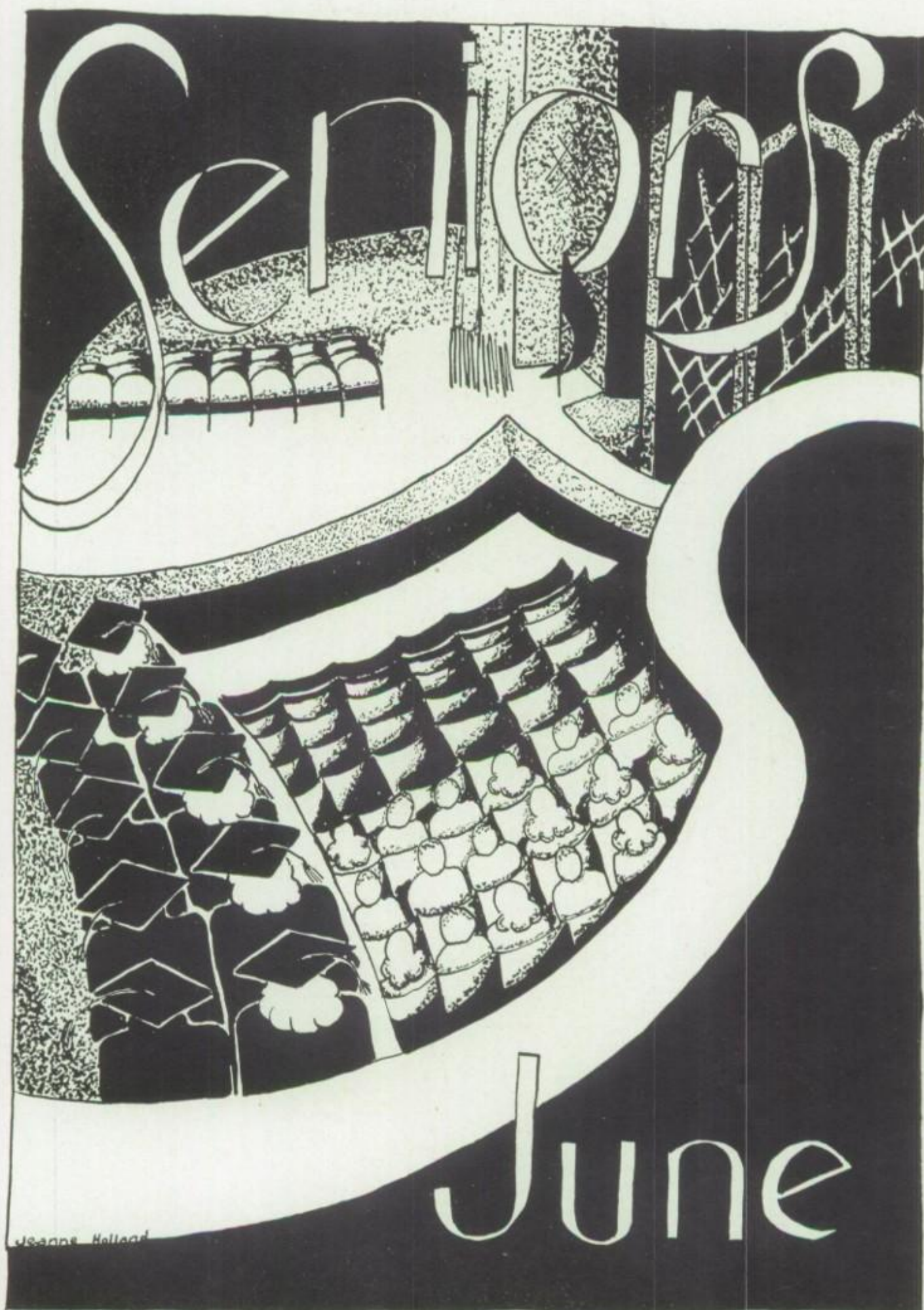
*Volley-ball
Roller Skating
Equestrian Club*

ERNESTINE RHYMER

*Senior Orchestra
Senior Band*

JULIUS ZEBRACK
*Track, '39, '40, '41
Football, '41*





Jeanne Hellegren

SEVENS

Purpose of Club: Seventh term class. To conduct business of class and arrange social functions.

Moderator:

Miss R. Lawton

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday afternoons, in the auditorium.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Margaret Nickolaus
Vice-President:	Thomas Wolf
Secretary:	John Vogel
Treasurer:	Karl Wolf
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Bob Able

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	John Vogel
Vice-President:	Elaine Haller
Secretary:	Ruth Brielmaier
Treasurers:	{ Robert Bernthal Charlotte Wetteroth
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Arthur Swenson



JOHN C. VOGEL
*President of Sevens
 Secretary of Sixes
 Gym Team, '41
 Basketball, '41
 Volley-ball, '41*



ELAINE HALLER
*Vice-President Sevens
 Student Council, '40, '41
 Welfare Committee, '40, '41
 Chairman of Student Adjustment Commission, '41
 Service, '38, '39, '40, '41*



RUTH E. BRIELMAIER
*Secretary of Sevens
 Scholarship Pin
 Torch
 Student Council
 Ice Skating Club*



ROBERT BERNTHAL
*Treasurer of Sevens
 Operetta, '41
 Bwana, '41, '40
 Basketball, '40, '41
 Bowling Club, '40, '41*



CHARLOTTE WETTEROTH
*Treasurer of Sevens
 O'ita, Treasurer, Vice-President,
 and President
 Bwana
 Mask and Bushin
 Student Council*



ARTHUR SWENSON, JR.
*Student Council, Vice-President
 Rough Rider Staff
 Bwana Staff
 Stamp Club, President, '40
 Scholarship R's*



NORMAN ANDERSON
*Radio Club, President, '39, '40
 Roller Skating Club*



LIONE ADAMS
Photoplay Appreciation Club



JANET AICHNER
*Bwana Staff
 French Club, Vice-President, '41
 International Correspondence
 Club
 Knit Wits*



BOB ABLE
*Football, '39
 Track, '39*



Bwana

LORNA AIGNER

*College Club
Service
Scholarship R*



MARY ANN ANGLIN

*International Correspondence
Club, '40, '41
Badminton, '41*



STUART PAUL ANDERSON

*Art Club, '40, '41
A Cappella Choir, '40, '41
Senior Orchestra, '40, '41
All-City Orchestra, '41, '42*



LORETTA BADDER

*Athenaeum
Basketball, '39
Knit Wits
Bowling*



BETTY BALL

*Roller Skating, '41
Carol Club, '41, '40
Operetta
Service*



JAMES BENA



ADOLF PHILIP BAHLKOW

*Science Club
Chess Club*



EILEEN BAILEY



BETTY JANE ARNOLD

*Scholarship R
Big Ten
Service
Mathematics Club
Science Club*



ALOYSIUS BECKER





DOROTHY A. BAN
Swimming Team, Captain '39,
'40; Co-Captain, '41
International Correspondence
Club
Service
Equestrian Club



EVELYN BECKERLE
International Correspondence
Club
Ice Skating Club
Knit Wits
Ping Pong

BETTY JANE BARSACHS
Swimming Team, '39
Art Club, '39
Service



ROGER ARTHUR BERG
Basketball, '41, '42
Student Council
Bwana Staff
Service R
Social Committee of Sevens

ROY BOHLEY
A'Cappella



ANN BIRCHFIELD
Volley-ball Club

NATALIE ELAINE BENA
A Period A'Cappella
A'Cappella
Mask and Buskin



WILLIAM BENNETT

LAYMAN BROWN
Button Committee Sixes
Button Committee Sevens
Vice-President Chess Club



MARGARET RUTH BALL
Cheerleader
Pep R
Student Council, Athletic Com-
mittee
Service R's
Carol Club

Bwana

NANCY BOEFER
College Club



MARTHA BLANKENSHIP

*Big Ten
Scholarship R's
Bwana Staff
College Club
Carol Club, '39, '40, '41*



LOIS BLANTON



EDWIN BUERKE



FRANK BLOUNT

*Football, '39, '40, '41
Basketball, '40, '41
Track, '40, '41, '42
Baseball, '41, '42*



BETTY BOTTS

*Torch
Swimming Club
Ice Skating Club
Science Club
Knit Wits*



DOROTHY MARIE
BORMAN

Bwana Staff



ROBERT CAIRNS



KENNETH CALLEWAERT



VIRGINIA BRANDT





W. RICHARD DE KAY



AUDREY BURKHART
Volley-ball, '39, '40, '41
International Correspondence
Club, '39
Bowling Club, '40



ELISA BRAUN
Student Council
Citizenship Committee
Ice Skating Club
International Correspondence
Club
Ping Pong Club



WILLIAM DUNCAN
Senior Band, '38, '39, '40
Art Club



FRANCIS CHULICK



LORRAINE RUTH BRAUN
Student Council
Secretary to Adviser
Science Club, '41
Knit Wits, '38
Latin Club, '39



INEZ BORDERS
Swimming Club, '39, '40, '41
International Correspondence
Club, President, '41;
Vice-President, '40
Spanish Club, '41
Student Council, '40, '41
Latin Club, '39



RAYMOND DURAND
Track, '40
Service
Roller Skating Club
Basketball, '40, '41
Volley-ball, '40



KEITH CARSTENS



CATHERINE ANGELINE
BONO
Bwana Staff
College Club
Student Council
Scholarship R
Secretary to Adviser



Bwana

LORRAINE DREHER

*Athenæum, '39, '40
O'ita, '40
Carol Club, '40
Service, '39, '40*



HARRY FULTS

*Football, '40, '41
Rough Rider Staff*



PHILIP FABER

Service



JUNE LEE DUNCAN

*Volley-ball, '40, '41
Badminton, '41*



GLORIA COCHRAN

*Student Council
Ice Skating Club
Spanish Club
Scholarship R*



NORVEL EPSTEIN

Bowling Club



JOSEPH ANTHONY
EDER

*Tennis Team, '40, '41;
Champions, '41
Basketball, '41, '42
Student Council, '41
Bowling Club, '40, '41*



EUNICE RAE COHEN

*Big Ten
Scholarship R
Carol Club
Musica Americana
Trophy Winning Dramatic
Group*



JACQUELINE BYRNS



JAMES W. DICKOFF

*Scholarship Pin
Boys' State
President of Latin Club, '38
Mathematics Club
Torch*





DOVEY LEE DALTON



MELBA MARY EVELAND

*Service
Photoplay
Roller Skating
Knit Wits*



EVERETT GLIDEWELL



MARIAN DOENGES

*Southwest:
Special Service Club
Bowling
Roosevelt:
Art Club*



ELLEN DICKERSON

*Big Ten
Torch
Student Council
College Club, Vice-President,
'41
Bwana Staff*



JOHN W. FRIES

*Student Council
Swimming, '40, '41
Service
Ice Skating Club*



JACK LAWRENCE
GOYMERAC

*Torch
Volley-ball, '40, '41
Bowling Club, '41
Baseball, '41
Basketball, '41*



NAOMI ENGLE



RUTH DIECKGRAFE

*Bowling Club, '41
Service, '39, '40, '41*



EUGENE WARREN
FEARS

*Tennis Team Captain, '39, '40,
'41
Football, '41*



Bwana

MARGUERITE FLEMING



RUDOLPH GIESSENBIER



CORRINE FLOEH



MARY LEE FARRELL
Swimming Team, '38, '39, '40,
'41
Student Council
Service
International Correspondence
Club, '39, '40; Vice-Presi-
dent, '41
Spanish Club, '40



VIRGINIA H. FISCHER
Cheerleader, '41, '42
Pep R., '40, '41
O'ita, '41
Pepette President, '41
French Club



MELVIN GAUSS



DOROTHY H. FALK
O'ita
Ice Skating Club
Roller Skating Club



DOROTHY FAERBER
Volley-ball, '39, '40
International Correspondence
Club, '39
Bowling Club, '40



BOB GALL
Bowling Club
Sportsman Club
Philatelic Club



IDA MARIE FELLHAUER
Roller Skating Club
Square Dancing





BILLIE FRANKLIN
Mathematics Club Secretary, '40, '41
Debating Club, '41
Journalism Club, '41
Carol Club, '39, '40
Service, '39, '40, '41



HOWARD HEALD

**LOUISE KERN
 FREDERICKS**
Bwana Staff
International Correspondence Club
O'ita
French
Athenæum



CAROL G. FUSCO
Art Club, Treasurer, Secretary, '41
Athenæum



EUGENE FRANCOIS HEIL
Senior Orchestra Concertmeister, Vice-President
Photoplay Appreciation Club, President, Vice-President
Square Dancing
Sound System Operator
Athenæum, Editor of Mercury, '39, '40



JACKIE FRICHETTE
Athenæum, '40
Square Dancing, '41



MARY GRACE
Softball, '39
Badminton, '41
Volley-ball, '41



EUNICE GRAUL
Scholarship R
Rough Rider Staff
Student Council, Membership Committee
Pep R
Service



VIRGINIA FOWLER



HENRY HEUSACK



Bwana

HAZEL GASKINS

Volley-ball
French Club



LORRAINE RUTH
GARDNER

Cleveland:
Sociology Club
Roosevelt:
Pep R. '40, '41
Athenæum

HERMAN HONIGFORT

Bowling



JEAN GILMAN

Mathematics Club, '41

MELBA GILSTRAP

Bowling Club, '40
Swimming Club, '40
Ice Skating Club, '41
Volley-ball, '41



WILLIAM EDWARD HOW

Baseball, '38, '39, '40;
Captain, '41
Football, '39, '40
Track, '40

BILL HURST

Editor of Bwana
Student Council, Parliamentarian
Rough Rider
Scholarship Pin
Torch



ANITA JEAN GOELZ

Scholarship R
Service
Carol Club

FERN KATHRYN
GOODWIN

Scholarship R
Mask and Bushin



ALBERT HIRSON

A Cappella Choir
Ice Skating Club
Roller Skating Club
Bowling Club
Service





CAROLYN HACKMAN

Operetta, '41
Trustee's Assistant
Torch
Badminton
Mask and Bushin



VERNA HANNEKE

Student Council, '41
Ice Skating Club, '40, '41
International Correspondence
Club, '41
Athenwum, '40, '41
Ping Pong, '40, '41

RAYMOND KONTA



DOROTHY E. HAHN

Student Council
O'ita, Corresponding Secretary,
'40; Treasurer, '41
International Correspondence
Club
Ice Skating Club
Art Club

EMMA R. HAFNER

Knit Wits Club



RAY A. KAUFMANN

Glee Club
Sportsman Club

CHARLES JOHNSTON



BETTY JANE HAMPE

Student Council
College Club

LUCILLE HAGENOW

Student Council
O'ita
Ice Skating Club
Service
Square Dancing



JOSEPH KELLEDEY

Student Council
Football, '40, '41

Bwana

AUDREY LOUISE HARDER

Southwest:
Glee Club
Roosevelt:
Carol Club, '39, '40, '41
Bowling Club, '40, '41
Ice Skating Club, '38, '39, '40
Athenæum



PAUL KUNZ

CATHERINE P.
HEFFERNAN

Bwana Staff
Pep R., '40, '41
Student Council, '40, '41
Scholarship R's
Service R's



LILLIAN HERD

Senior Band, '38, '39, '40, '41
All-City Band, '39, '40, '41
Senior Orchestra
Ping Pong, '39

WILLIS KUNZ



VIRGINIA ELIZABETH
HAY

Carol Club, '39, '40
Archery Club, '40
Ice Skating Club, '40

HELEN BERNICE
HEATHER

Badminton, '41
Volley-ball, '41



MAXINE HAY

THELMA HARRIS



HENRY J. KRUSE





EDNA HOLTMANN
Student Council, '41
Big Ten
Ping Pong, '40, '41
Service, '39, '40, '41



GEORGE E. LIESMANN
Mask and Buskin, President,
Vice-President
Swimming, '39, '40, '41
Track, '39, '40
Bowling Club, '41
Service, '39, '40, '41



CLESTA HINDERER
Square Dancing



JUNE ALMA HUNT
Photoplay Appreciation, Presi-
dent, '41
O'ita
Big Ten
Scholarship R's
Torch



ROBERT E. LAFFERTY
Cheerleader, '40, '41
Tennis, '40; Champs, '41
Basketball, '40, '41
Student Council, Finance Com-
mittee, '41
Service



JEAN HERMAN
Pep R
Secretary of O'ita
Ice Skating Club
Service
Scholarship R's



BETTY LOU HOBSON



JEANNE HOLLAND
Rough Rider Staff
O'ita
Carol Club
French Club
Athenæum



**MARGARET RUTH
 HERDE**
Pep R
Carol Club
Athenæum
Basketball
Spanish Club



CLAUDE LEWIS



Bwana

HELEN JAROSIK

*Principal of Operetta, '41
A'Cappella, '38, '39, '40, '41
President of Athenæum, '38
French Club, '41
Swimming Club, '39*



LAURA LOUISE ISBELL

*A'Cappella
International Correspondence
Club*



ALBERT MIKES

*Swimming, '38, '39, '40, '41
Service, '38, '39
Gym Art Guild, '39, '40, '41*



JUNE LEE JESSEN



JACQUELINE JOHNS

*College Club
Secretary to Adviser
Volley-ball
French Club*



EUGENE MARTIN



JAMES MARKEY



DOROTHY JOEDICKE



JOYCE BETH HUNT

*Secretary to Adviser
Service
Pep R
Mash and Bushin
Spanish Club*



WADE LUECKING

*Student Council, '40
Glee Club, '41
Swimming Team, '41*



*Lots of
fun
to see
to a swell
kid Audrey*



AUDREY RUTH KELLER

O'ita, '41
Service, '41
Basketball, '39



JEWEL KLOEPPER

International Correspondence
Club, Secretary, '41
Badminton, '41

DORIS KINNISON

Volley-ball
Square Dancing



ROBERT MURPHY

WILBUR
MILLERSCHULTZ

Bowling Club
Roller Skating Club
Sportsman Club



VIRGINIA LEE KOCH

Art Club
Button Committee of Sevens
Big Ten
Scholarship R
Athenæum

BETTY LUCILLE
KLIPSTINE

Photoplay Appreciation
O'ita
Button Committee of Sixes
Carol Club
Journalism Club



JOSEPH J. MODER

Service R's
Athenæum
Roller Skating Club
Bowling Club
Ping Pong Club

RUSSELL MORROW

Football, '39, '40, '41
Basketball, '39, '40, '41
Baseball, '40, '41
Rough Rider



EDNA KOCH

Bwana

GRACE MARIE KOHNLE

*Co-Editor of Rough Rider
Social Committee of Sevens
Social Committee of Sixes
Service R*



RAYMOND OTHER

*Operetta, '40
A Cappella, '38, '39, '40, '41
Bowling Club, '41
Athenaum, '41
Archery Club, '40*

RHODA ADELE
KUHLMAN

*Service Pin
French Club, Secretary, '41
International Correspondence
Club
Journalism Club*



LA VERNE KRUSE

*Bwana Staff, '41
Service, '40*

WALTER I. NELSON

*Ice Skating Club
Ping Pong Club
Glee Club*



BLANCHE KOVACIK

*Rough Rider
Service
Athenaum*

SHIRLEY JANE
KOENEMAN

*Student Council
Scholarship R's
O'ita
Service R*



LORRAINE KREN

*Photoplay Appreciation,
Treasurer, '41
O'ita
Badminton*

IVA RUTH KAPLAN

*International Correspondence
Club, '39
Service*



KARL ODENWALD





SHIRLEY KUPPINGER
*International Correspondence
 Club
 Knit Wits
 Journalism Club*



ELEANOR LANDGRAF
*Scholarship R
 Student Council
 Bwana Staff
 College Club
 Pep R*



QUENTIN REDDEN



AUDREY C. LESCH
*International Correspondence
 Club
 Service*



GLORIA MARIE
 LEIMBACH
*International Correspondence
 Club
 Roller Skating
 Square Dancing
 Basketball
 Badminton*



EDWARD PRIMM



FRED PONZAR



BETTY LESS
*International Correspondence
 Club
 Spanish Club
 Journalism Club*



JEAN LAWSON
*Bwana Staff
 O'ita
 Skating Club
 Bowling Club
 Athenæum*



BERNARD OVERHOFF



Bwana

ELMER J. RIESS

Track, '41
Bowling Club
Ice Skating Club
Ping Pong Club



DOROTHY MEYER

College Club
Scholarship R
Carol Club



JEANNE MILLER

Scholarship R
Big Ten
Torch



MARY CATHERINE
LYONS

O'ita, Vice-President
Volley-ball



MARY ALICE
McMICHAEL



ROBERT E. RIES

Ice Skating Club, '40, '41;
Treasurer, '41
Bowling Club, '41
Sixes, Sevens Button Committee



JANE LIVINGSTON

Treasurer of Swimming Team,
'40, '41
International Correspondence
Club
Equestrian Club
Service
Secretary to Adviser



LORRAINE LUEDERS

College Club
Knit Wits Club



JOHN REED



BONNIE MATHEWS

College Club
Carol Club
Mathematics Club
Scholarship R
Torch





HAROLD RUNDLE



MARILYN MILLER

*Pep R
College Club
Rough Rider
Student Council Representative
Scholarship R's*



ARLINE MOXTER

*Big Ten
Scholarship Pin
Student Council
Bwana Staff
College Club*



DESSIE MORRISON

*Ice Skating Club, '39
Service, '39, '40*



MARGARET NICKOLAUS

*Editor of Bwana
Student Council, Secretary
President of Sixes
O'ita, President
Torch*



ALBERT RUESTER



BETTY NEWSOM



RUTH ELAINE
MONTAGUE

*Maryville Play Tournament
Winner
Swimming Team Secretary, '41
Pep R
College Club
Carol Club*



LYNELL MURPHY

*Student Council
O'ita, President and Treasurer,
'41
Carol Club
Ice Skating
Service*



JOHN RILEY

Bowling



Bwana

ROBERT RUSSELL



BETTY POUNDS



BETTY ANN PURSEY

O'ita, Secretary, '41
Ice Skating Club
Service
International Correspondence
Club
Art Club



HELEN LOUISE NICHOLS

Student Council, '41
Service
Swimming Club, '41
International Correspondence
Club



HERBERT JACQUEMIN
SLIGER

Football, '39, '41
Basketball, '39, '40, '41
Track, '39, '40, '41
Volley-ball, '40



BETTY NOSEK

Volley-ball Club
Swimming Club
Badminton Club



ALMA L. PYLE

Bowling Club
Athenæum



CONSTANCE M.
NIEWOEHRER

Service
Volley-ball, '41



RICHARD CHARLES
SARTORIUS

Student Council
Service Pin
Stamp Club, President
Bwana Staff
Bowling Club



ROSALIA OTTOMEIER

Girls' Swimming Club, '41
Ice Skating Club, '41
French Club, '40, '41





MARCELLA PORTELL

*O'ita
Carol Club
French Club*



MILDRED PASCHEDAG

*O'ita
Knit Wits
Service*



MARY ANN PONDER

*Rough Rider
Scholarship Pin
O'ita
Student Council, '39, '40, '41;
Citizenship Committee, '39,
'40
Torch*



WILLIAM GILBERT
SPARGO

*President of Spanish Club, '40,
'41
Sergeant-at-Arms, Athenæum,
'41
Roller Skating Club
Service
Sergeant-at-Arms, Spanish Club*



FRANCES PAULOWICZ



SHIRLEY PETERSON

*Anatole French Club, '40, '41;
President, '40
International Correspondence
Club, '39, '40, '41; Secretary,
Sergeant-at-Arms, Vice-Presi-
dent
A Cappella Choir, '40, '41
Carol Club, '38, '39, '40
O'ita, '41*



RUTH PEMBERTON

*O'ita
Carol Club
Athenæum
Service
Square Dancing*



ROBERT DAVID SLOSS

*Bowling Club, '39, '40, '41
Track, '39, '40*



LYDIE PECQUEUR

*Torch
Student Council
French Club, President, '41
Bwana Staff
International Correspondence
Club*



ALICE PAULSELLE



Bwana

KAY ROBERTSON

*Service, '41
A Cappella
International Correspondence
Club
Athenaum
Journalism Club*



FLORENCE ROMANO

ROSEMARY ROEDEL

*Roller Skating Club
Square Dancing*



ROBERT TRACY

MICHAEL TETTAMBEL

*Mathematics Club
Bowling Club*



GLORIA LEE RINGGOLD

*Athenaum
Volley-ball
Service
French Club*

DORIS RATHMAN



JOHN S. STATHOPOULOS

Debating Team

CLIFFORD STOLTZ



PATRICIA RADENTZ

*Bwana
College Club
Student Council
Mask and Buskin
Basketball*





CURT WEHMuELLER
Designed Sixes' Button
Designed Sevens' Button



MYRA COLLEEN ROUTT
Torch
Big Ten, '38, '39, '40, '41
Service R
Carol Club, '38, '39
Latin Club, '38



BERNICE ROGERS



FERN M. SCHLEPER



ETHEL SCHMIDT
Badminton, '41
Volley-ball, '41



VERNON WARFEL



AGNES RUZICKA
Student Council
Scholarship R
Swimming Club



MARY KATHRYN SCHEIPS
College Club
Basketball
Journalism Club



WILLIAM TRUSCHEIT
Student Council, '40, '41
Mask and Buskin



LAVERN SAUERBURGER
Service R



Bwana

AUDREY SCHOMAKER



GORDON WETTERER



ERNA ROSA SCHWAB

*Basketball
Roller Skating
Volley-ball
Ice Skating*



AUDREY SCHNEIDER

*Student Council, '41
Ice Skating Club
International Correspondence
Club
Badminton Club
Torch*



JOSEPH P. WERLE, JR.

*Student Council
Mathematics Club
Ice Skating Club
Track
Service*



CATHERINE SCHMITT



BETTY JEAN SEABAUGH

*Scholarship Pin
Basketball Club
Volley-ball Club
Ping Pong Club*



MARIAN SCHRADER

*International Correspondence
Club
Roller Skating Club*



EMMA SCHOLTEN



WILFRED HAROLD
WELTGE

*Big Ten
Student Council
Torch
Track
Service*





DOROTHY SINGER

Cleveland:
Volley-ball
Horseshoes
Softball
Roosevelt:
Bowling Club
Volley-ball



KARL P. W. WOLF

Debating Team
Treasurer of Sixes
Vice-President of Science Club
Harvard Book Award
Torch

VIRGINIA LEE SIMPSON

A'Cappella, '39
Carol Club



ANITA A. STRIEGEL

A'Cappella Choir, Secretary
French Club, Secretary
Pep R
O'ita, Sergeant-at-Arms
Service

DAVID WINGER

Rough Rider
Bwana Staff
Student Council
Golf Team
Bowling Club, '41



ROBERTA STOKES

LEORA SING



DOROTHY SNOWDEN

BETTY JEANNE
ST. DENIS

Pep R, '38, '42
Student Council, '40, '41, '42
O'ita, Secretary
Secretary to Adviser
French Club



WALLACE WILL

State Track Team, '41
Bwana Staff
Track, '40, '41
Science Club

Bwana

ROBERT YOUNG



JUNE E. TUBBESING
International Correspondence
Club
Roller Skating
Square Dancing
Basketball
Torch

EVELYN TRIES



MARGARET
THROGMORTON
Creston, Iowa:
Glee Club
Bowling, '38
Basketball, Captain
Roosevelt:
Bowling, '39, '40, '41
Treasurer and Captain
Athenæum

MILDRED JEAN
THORNTON

Senior Orchestra, '38, '39, '40,
'41
Secretary of Spanish Club, '41
International Correspondence
Club
Swimming Club
Ice Skating Club



HAROLD H. WRIGHT,
JR.
Gym Team, '39, '40, '41
Baseball, '39, '40
Football, '39, '40
Volley-ball, '41
Basketball, '39, '40

BERNICE THEISEN

French Club
Service



ELIZABETH JEAN
TAYLOR
Square Dancing
Roller Skating Club
Ice Skating Club

THOMAS WOLF

Student Council
Bowling Club, '39, '40, '41;
Captain, '40, '41
Vice-President of Sixes
Scholarship R's
Big Ten



DOROTHY STUBITS
Corresponding Club
Photoplay Club
Athenæum
A'Cappella
Journalism Club





GEORGIA WALLER

Mask and Buskin, '40, '41
Art Club, '41
Debate Club, '41
Athenaeum, '40
Roller Skating, '40



ALMYRA MARGARET
WEBER

Bowling Club
Roller Skating Club

ELIZABETH C.
WANDLESS

Roller Skating Club
Basketball Club
Square Dancing
Bowling Club



GRACE TWELKER

Bowling Club
Square Dancing

MILDRED WALLACE



FRANK ZEMAN

MARY M. WANDER

Roller Skating Club



CARMEL VERRILLO

Pep R.
Girls' Swimming Club

JAYNE TURPIN

Pep R, Treasurer
Scholarship R
Secretary to Adviser
O'ita, Secretary
Torch



ANNA TUMMINELLO

Volley-ball Club

Bwana

OPAL YAGGI

*Girls' Swimming Club
O'ita Club
Knit Wits
Service R
Rough Rider Staff*



SHIRLEY YOUNG

*Soldan:
Pickering Club, '38, '39, '40
Charter Member Magic Club,
'39, '40
Mathematics Club
Roosevelt:
Debating Club, '41
Journalism Club, '41*

DORIS JEAN WOOLEY

*Student Council
Big Ten
Ping Pong
Square Dancing
Service*



VERNA WILSON

*Volley-ball, '41
Badminton, '41*

MARTHA WILLIAMS

*College Club
Student Council
Scholarship R
Service*



PHYLLIS L. WILDER

*Rough Rider
College Club
Bowling Club
Service*

MARIAN WERRE

Art Fellowship



ELSIE ELIZABETH WILD

*International Correspondence
Club
Square Dancing
Basketball
Volley-ball
Badminton*

RITA ANNORA WEBER



MARY WEBER

French Club



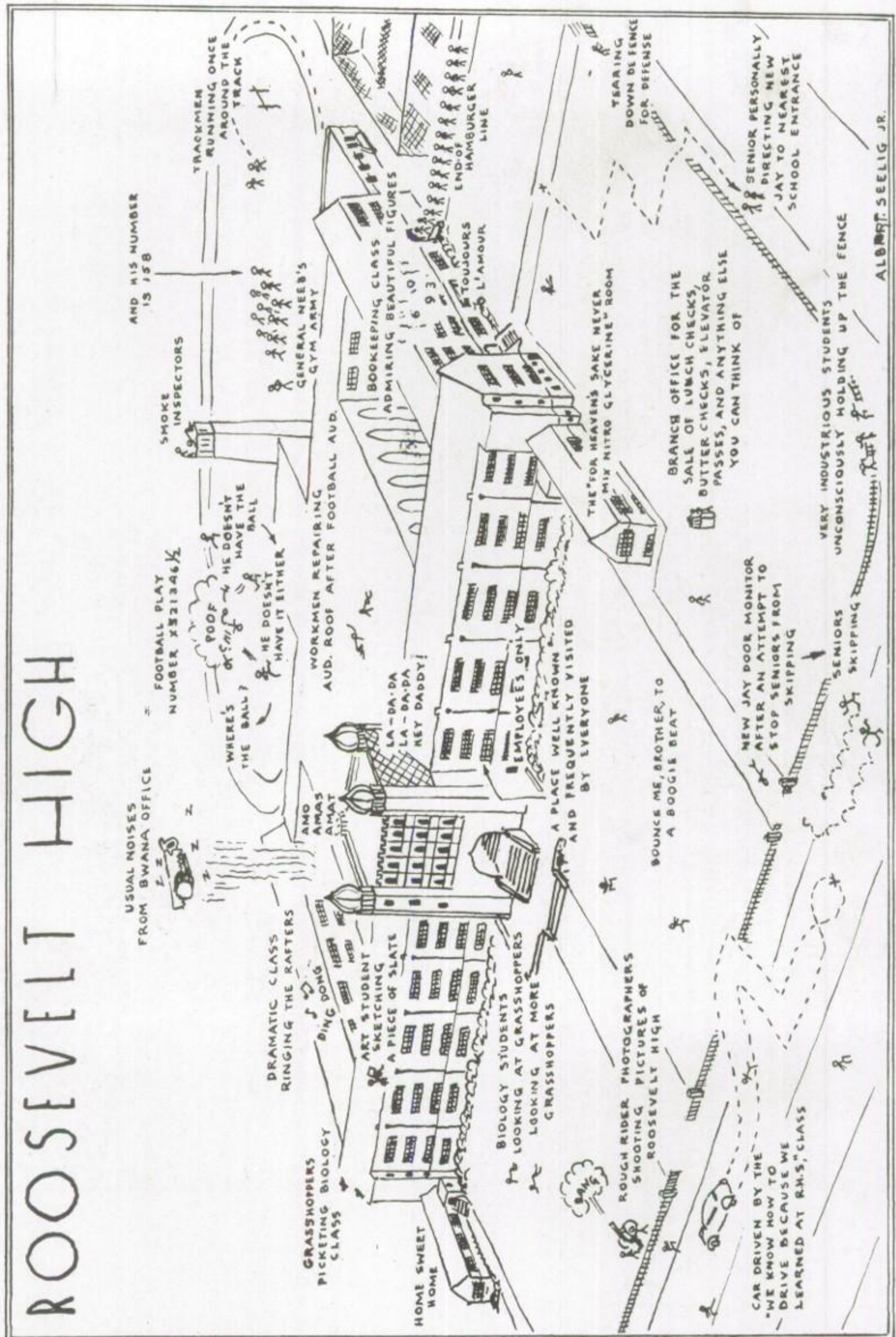


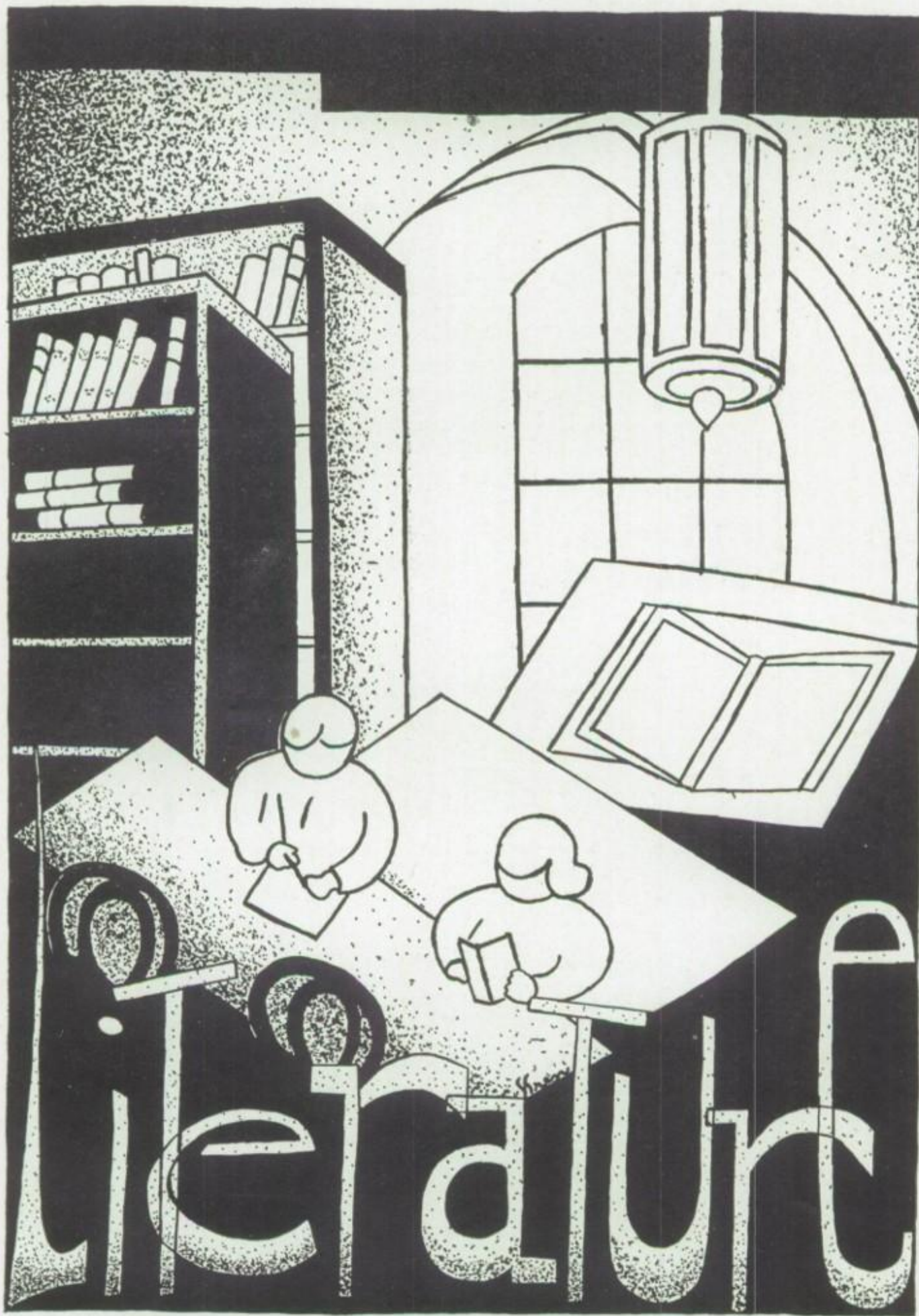
MARY ZERVAS

SHIRLEY ZAHRINGER
*Athenæum
Volley-ball
Carol Club
Service*

MORTIMER ALLEN	TRULA DUGGAN	LEONARD KLAHS	ALICE PRESLEY
ALBERT ANTHONY	<i>Athenæum, President, '41</i>	ROBERT JUSTIN KLAUS	MURIEL RATHMAN
ARTHUR BAUER	WILLIAM DVORAK	<i>Student Council Service</i>	THELMA MARY RICE
JOHN BENNETT	ROBERT ELSNER	THOMAS KOHLBERG	<i>Square Dancing</i>
CLORINDO BELCALORE	BILL ENRIGHT	BERNADINE KOMASKA	WALTER RENNER
ALLEN BERGER	ALBERT EYMAN	<i>Square Dancing</i>	WILLARD RICHARDSON
JIM BERNTHAL	LEONARD FACTOR	MARY KOMASKA	ELIZABETH RUSSELL
JOHN BIRK	BRANDON FLEMING	<i>Square Dancing</i>	KENNETH SADLER
ALBERT BLAHA	MARLINE FORD	ISABEL KREISCH	WILLIAM SANDMAN
<i>Fred L. Bodimer</i> FRED BODIMER	CLINT FORREST	<i>Athenæum</i>	EDWIN SCHMIDT
DOROTHY BOEHMER	ARTHUR FRENTROP	HENRY LECHNER	KENNETH SCHNITZMEIER
GLORIA BONASTIA	JAMES F. GASS	GRACE LEIMBACH	DAN SCHOPP
VIRGINIA BOND	<i>Swimming Team, '40, '41</i>	HAZEL LEIMBACH	GERTRUDE SCHUMAN
ANDREW BONE	ELIZABETH GEERS	GENE LINDNER	JACK STOEKER
ANTHONY THOMAS CALABRESE	CHARLES HALL	JOANNE LYON	LAWRENCE SIEVE
<i>Spanish Club, Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	JOHN HASSELBRING	WALTER MEIBAUM	WILLIAM TICHY
JUSTINE CAREY	C. EUGENE HODGES	FRANK MERTA	DONALD VAIL
<i>Vice-President of Athenæum, '41</i>	LORENE HOLLEY	<i>Bwana</i>	HERBERT VOLLE
<i>French Club</i>	MARY JANE HOWARTH	LOUIS MESSMER	LORRAINE WALKER
JAMES COLLIER	<i>Bwana Staff O'ita Athenæum Art Fellowship Club</i>	ROBERT MESTER	BOBBIE WAUGH
RODNEY CONOVER	KENNETH JANSEN	GEORGE PANKAU	LEONARD WIEHE
CLYDE DANIAL	SAMUEL C. KRAUS	PAUL PAUGE	LLOYD WILSON
PATRICIA DICK	WAYNE KINMAN	<i>Rough Rider</i>	RICHARD YOUNG
GLENNON DONAHUE	ANTHONY PITLIANGAS	JOHN PEGAN	
		HAROLD PFISTER	

ROOSEVELT HIGH





Bwana is especially grateful to the following teachers:

Miss Sleater, Miss O. Solfronk, and Miss Meehan,
who judged the poetry.

Mr. Griggs, Miss Slattery, and Miss Mills, who judged
the fiction.

Miss Grace, who judged the one-act plays.

Miss Edna Braun, whose fifth and sixth term classes
contributed the art work.

MUSIC

*Music is emotion,
An art beyond compare,
A thing not centered in one place,
But hov'ring everywhere.*

*Music is an outlet
For love and hate and strife;
It echoes to our very souls
The wonders of this life.*

*Music make me visualize
The hill, the bird, the tree,
All mother nature's handiwork
In one sweet melody.*

*Music is the solvent
Of sorrow and despair;
And like some magic potion
It soothes away all care.*

*Music is the mystic force
That lifts the spirits high;
It makes us want to sing and dance,
When no one knows just why.*

Billie Beinker



Benjamin Benson

NIGHT COMES

*The sun goes down behind the hills,
A lone bird's call the silence thrills;
Night pins her curtain with a star, and dreams
Float from flowers and soft moon-beams.*

*The day has laid her burden down,
Peace is upon the far and busy town;
Heaven's blessings fall, and angels vigil keep.
Come, golden day; come then, and sleep.*

Gloria Stieglitz

TO A FELLOW POET

*Your poetry is tempting milk
In dainty silver globes;
Your songs are ladies dressed in silk,
In shining, swishing robes.*

*My poetry is heavy blocks
Of granite, hewn and rough;
My poetry is naked rocks,
And sand, and building stuff.*

*My poem is a sweating man
Of coarse and heavy tread.
And these are two, and neither can
Serve in the other's stead.*

Howard Price



AS SHADOWS FALL

*If I were a voice that man might hear,
A smile, caress, or hope, or tear;
Delight of coming year, . . . or fear,
I should ask no more.*

*If I were a song or a soft refrain,
Or falling snow, or refuge of rain,
Or ardent sun on grain . . . o'er plain,
I have said before:
I should ask no more.*

Bill Hurst

MEMORIES

*It seems to me in every heart
A section's set aside
Where all life's pleasures and her joys
May find a place to hide.*

*Sometimes they linger there for years
Untouched by grief or strife,
Till some small deed or casual word
Will bring them back to life.*

*We call these pleasant memories;
Without which there would be
No recollection of the past,
No youthful memory.*

*"Well, that's all right," some folks may say,
"The past is finished, through.
"'Tis of the future we must think
"And build our dreams anew."*

*"'Tis of the future we must think?"
That's true, I must confess;
But it's the lessons of the past
That help us to success.*

Billie Beinker



EVENING

*When the close of day draws near
And the sun slowly fades from our sight,
The glittering stars appear,
Mother Nature whispers, "Goodnight."*

*Each twittering bird is hushed;
Quiet replaces the din
Of a busy world no longer rushed,
When Nature tucks her children in.*

*The man in the moon winks his eye;
As his nightly vigil he keeps;
The winds softly croon a lullaby,
A tired world peacefully sleeps.*

Catherine Bono

MUSICAL NOTE

*Music makes the world go round
With melody and heavenly sound.
Oh, for the life of a vagabond
Who plays and sings the year around,
Giving pleasure and making mirth
Around and around the beautiful earth!
Oh, for the life of a vagabond!
For music we know makes the world go round.*

Betty Klipstine

WHY?

*There are joys that feet know
That fingers never will;
The exciting bouncing feel of
A-running down a hill;
The prickliness so soft and cool
When the feet are bare,
Walking through the summer grass
To most anywhere;
Or splashing in water, all
Slip slithering through toes;
Nicer than through flowers,
Though why, nobody knows.*

Catherine Mahen

VOICE OF THE TREES

*There's a sound like laughter,
A sigh almost a moan,
Blended together in sad undertone.
A chord of music,
We call it a breeze;
But listen! Hear it?
'Tis the voice of the trees.*

Gloria Stieglitz



the bayonet of the gun. He tried so hard not to murmur, but the pain was too intense.

Robert—I am sorry to have caused you to repeat the story. Please don't go on. (Very cheerfully) Maybe I can make it up to you tonight.

Antoinette—You have already helped. You have been so understanding. So much like someone I knew long ago.

Robert (looking at his watch)—If you'll excuse me, Antoinette, I have to welcome a rather important Frenchman. You may know him. (Starts to leave.)

Antoinette—What is his name?

Robert—I don't know yet. I just found out he was coming. (Looking at his watch again) Will you excuse me now?

Antoinette—Oui, Monsieur. (Robert leaves as Janice and Patricia enter.)

Janice—Where is Robert?

Antoinette—He left just now. He said he had something urgent to attend to.

Janice—He could have waited until I came back.

Patricia—Well, we've finished that booth, and I'm ready for a few minutes of rest.

Antoinette—Oui, Mademoiselle, if you will excuse me I also feel tired. (Exit Antoinette.)

Janice—The more I see her the more I could squeeze that "Oui, Oui Mademoiselle" down her precious neck.

Patricia—Robert probably didn't think you'd be back soon.

Janice—No, of course not. With nobody here he probably gave her a sweet, "good-evening" kiss.

Patricia—Oh, Janice I wish you would stop. You're taking the fun out of everything.

Janice—Well, she is taking the fun out of everything for me. I had Robert just where I wanted him till she came.

Patricia—Did it ever occur to you that he might be playing along just to make you jealous?

Janice—Well, I'll soon find out.

Patricia—What do you mean?

Janice—I mean that little Antoinette is going to get herself into trouble, and if he helps her out of that mess I am nothing to him.

Patricia—And what trouble do you mean?

Janice—The money at the benefit is going to be found missing.

Patricia—Janice! You wouldn't do that!

Janice—And why not?

Patricia—But she is our guest. She has never harmed you; in fact, she has gone out of her way to be kind to you.

Janice—Be kind to me! Literally snaring Robert from under my nose!

Patricia—Janice, if you remember he was introduced to her with many other of your friends. She probably doesn't think he is your special one.

Janice—And she is not taking any pains to find out.

Patricia—But you can't do that. Accuse her of stealing money from her

own country. Where is your honor? You're supposed to be an American; an American who holds out a friendly hand to the oppressed of other countries. Janice, I beg of you, don't do it!

Janice—American or no American, I'm a woman and I have a peculiar yen for this taste of revenge.

Patricia—You're out of your mind.

Janice—Oh no; I'm just getting into my mind.

Patricia—I won't let you do it.

Janice—You mean you'd go against your own sister for that Antoinette?

Patricia—My sister doesn't stoop to such low contemptible tricks!

Janice—Try to stop me. And I'll fix you while I'm at it.

Patricia (sorrowfully)—All right, I guess I can't stop you.

Janice—No, you can't.

SCENE 2

Time—Later that evening.

Characters—Janice, Robert, Antoinette, and Patricia enter, crossing stage to center and remain standing.

Janice (laughing to Robert)—Honey, your jokes are getting better all the time.

Robert—Thank you, Janice.

Patricia—Antoinette, you were wonderful. The way you spoke to that crowd; I was almost crying.

Antoinette—Oh, it was nothing, Mademoiselle; all I had to do was to think of my people at home and just talk.

Janice—It must have been terrible to lose all your family when you were so young. To think you have never seen your brother since you were four and may never see him again.

Antoinette—Oui, Mademoiselle, I still hope I may find my brother.

Janice—I think we've taken in every bit of \$1000.

Robert—I heard there is going to be an attempted burglary tonight, so I put extra guard on the grounds especially around the ticket office.

Janice (looking at Patricia)—A burglary?

Patricia—Yes, that's what I heard, too.

Robert—I'm rather thirsty. Would you ladies mind if I got us some punch?

Janice—Not at all. Go ahead. (Exit Robert, all relax in chairs. Antoinette's back is toward the exit by which Robert left.)

Patricia—I hadn't realized how tired I was till I sat down.

Antoinette—Oui, I am very tired myself. I forgot how much work these Benefits are.

Patricia—Did you have many Benefits at home?

Antoinette—Yes, during the Finns' brave fight against the Russians.

Janice—I never did find out what part of France you came from. (Looking over Patricia's shoulder) Here is Robert back again with that important Frenchman who came just after your speech, Antoinette. (Antoinette meanwhile has been slowly turning.)

Genard—Antoinette! (rushing to clasp Antoinette).

Antoinette—Oh, Uncle Genard, I thought the Gestapo killed you.

Robert—Well, Monsieur Varnette, I had no idea you were the Uncle Antoinette told me about.

Genard—I had no idea that Antoinette was alive, much less that she was here. Ah, but wait, Monsieur Ball, I have a surprise for you.

Robert—A surprise?

Genard—Yes, but wait. I wish to know how you escaped from that hay wagon, Antoinette?

Antoinette—I just lay as still as possible until the guards moved away, then I slipped underneath the wagon. When the guards came back, of course they could not find me in the hay. And when they took you away I crept up to the driver. He was not quite dead. He told me to go to Madam Hozei's house farther up the road. She took me out of France over here. Now, Uncle Genard tell me about your escape.

Genard—I was very fortunate indeed. My good friend Gavoir was my jail-keeper. After he bandaged my wound and it was nearly healed, he helped me escape through a secret tunnel at night. Then after finding my boat on which I had been hired as a cook's helper, I came to America.

Antoinette—But how did you happen to come here?

Genard—I did not happen to come. When I came to America, I tried to trace your brother. I started in Washington. I end here.

Antoinette—You mean he is here in this town?

Genard—No, I mean he is here in this room. (Antoinette and Robert look at each other) Monsieur Paul Varnette (addressing Robert), this is your sister Mademoiselle Antoinette Varnette.

Antoinette—Paul, my brother!

Robert—Antoinette, my sister! (Both clasp each other's hands.)

Janice—Robert and Antoinette, I offer you my deepest congratulations. Antoinette, I hope you'll forgive me. I know I've been mean and catty. And to think I almost disgraced you!

Antoinette—Almost disgraced me?

Patricia (hurriedly)—Robert, to think you are a Frenchman—Monsieur Paul Varnette. It doesn't seem possible.

Janice—You see, Antoinette, I was very jealous and——

Patricia—Just think that it was America who was able to give refuge to you, Monsieur Varnette and Antoinette. Just as it has for many others.

Antoinette—Yes, America is the land of open doors just as I had always thought it was.

Genard—Yes, America is the land of hope and freedom!

Antoinette and Robert—The land where loved ones meet!

Curtain.



BETTY MAE UHLEMAYER

EBB AND FLOW

NE long star winks forlornly in the dusk of evening. Behind the slender spires of New York's many sky-scrapers, the ruddy blush of sunset fades before the swift approach of darkness. The incredible height of the Empire State Building, catching the last rays of the sun, is turned into a slim, rosy candlestick, studded with the brilliance of a thousand glowing windows; its beacon is the candle flame flickering in the fresh, exciting breeze. Every tower, darkened in the waning light, throws a sharp silhouette against the graying sky. In the East, hangs the faint crescent moon, pallid and lovely.

The peace of twilight is rent by the hustle and noise of New York's surging, busy streets. Myriad street light, car lights, the dazzling, blinding, flickering signs of the countless stores transform the dark streets into glittering ribbons. Everywhere is felt the steady beat-beat of the city's great heart. The night descends; the pace quickens; the blood spurts forward; the beat climbs to a pulsing, vibrant hammer. The creeping motion of the numberless cars is no more bewildering than the momentum of the vast confusion of humanity that pushes and struggles, homeward bound.

Here is living, exciting and gay, drab and tragic; here is the magic wine of success, the bitter draught of failure; here is the song of love and the passion of hate; here—here is the world's most magnificent stage and its greatest drama, Life.

On the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, amid the flashing lights, its blare of horns, its shrill discord of a million voices, stands a shabby old man, stoop-shouldered, white-haired, gaunt. The sparkling beauty of a New York night is lost on him. He stares straight ahead, looking at nothing and seeing nothing. There he stays, huddled against the familiarity of his news stand, competing in an unintelligible jargon with the rest of the throng. Let's stand a little closer, perhaps we can hear what he's saying——.

"Paper! Get your evening paper here! Germans fifteen miles from Kiev! Nazi general shot in Vichy!"

"How can he read the headlines?" you say. "He asks one of his regular customers to tell him the headlines. Here comes some one now."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Brooks, got your paper right here. Fine night, sure is. Times, Mister? Okay, and thanks!"

His rasping voice finds a word for every stopper as his wizened hands dart from one stack of carefully placed papers to another.

"Here y'are, Miss Dattilo. Tired tonight? Your voice sounds a mite weary. Well, don't you work too hard, girl, t'ain't worth it."

Ah yes, his eyes are blind, but, then, what good are eyes for reading minds or searching eyes? And his ears never forget a voice. That's Pop. Just "Pop". Nobody calls him anything else and wouldn't know how else to call him if they want to. Rain or shine, summer or winter, he's there, buffeted by the passing crowds.

"Hi ya, Pop! How's the world treating you?" A nasal, reedy voice bores itself into the old man's consciousness. A tall man of about twenty-

two, gaudily dressed, with a sharp, strained face, stops by the paper stand.

"Well, well. Evening, Johnny. How've you been? Ain't come by for some time." Pop notes the ebb and flow of his customers.

"Aw, I was away for six months," the voice, somewhat reluctant, answers. "The coppers nabbed me sticking up a drug-store. First time I've been caught. The judge recommended mercy "'cause it was (a harsh laugh escapes him) my first offense.'"

Pop's only comment is to shake his bowed head slowly.

His visitor roused with, "Hey, Pop, here's a guy for a paper."

Pop's bent head jerks up. "Thanks, Johnny. Herald, mister? Okay, here y'are."

Pop turns to face his customer. He can't see the man; perhaps it's the force of a half-forgotten habit.

"Maybe they're too smart for their own good, Johnny. They'll get you into plenty of trouble. Why don't you try to go straight? A big fellow like you oughtn't to find it hard getting a job."

"Yeh, and what kind of money would I make," comes the sneering reply. "Listen, Pop. I'm going to be somebody in this town and I don't intend to do it by driving a truck or worse all my life." The flinty blue eyes narrow, a huge fist clenches.

"You can get somewhere, Johnny, but do it right, not by cheating, and robbing, maybe even——," his voice sinks to a hoarse whisper, "—maybe killing. You're not an idiot. You've had the same chance anybody else has——."

"Yeh?" Johnny belligerently asks. "Yeh, I sure had a beautiful chance. My dad disappeared when I was no more'n two. Mom—bless her heart—died before I went to first grade; worn to a frazzle, she was. My brother sold papers to get me something to eat, and when I was ten I had a job in a pool hall. At sixteen I had it all figured out that the only way to make a living is to take it any way at all. Well, I hope my dad'll be proud of me now. Guess you can thank him for what I am."

"Now, my friend, you mustn't be so hard on your dad. Maybe he could explain it all."

"Ha, that's a good one! Why, I wouldn't waste my time listening to his excuses. —Say, it's getting late and Mr. Lawson doesn't wait even for Johnny Regan. So long, Pop. Hope you sell all your papers." Johnny moves away in what he hopes was a nonchalant swagger.

"Say, Johnny," the voice of the weary old man calls to the erstwhile "big shot", "Johnny, would you mind running this paper down to the night watchman in the theater? I'm going home now. All my reg'lar buyers are gone."

"Sure, Pop, be glad to," he says and as he saw the old man step into the traffic laden street, "Be careful, Pop. Hey, Pop! look out for that car. Pop!" The passing throng stops, milling around the scene of tragedy, form-

ing a barrier against the din of blasting horns and vacuous voices protesting the delay.

A huge bulk of a man shoulders his way through the ring of spectators to that crumpled piece of humanity lying by the curbstone. His uniformed figure bends down; the red, jovial face suddenly whitens, the kindly blue eyes are struck by horror.

"Begorra, it's Pop!" The voice is shocked and incredulous. He sounds his shrill police-whistle. "Officer Mahoney," he cries, "call an ambulance." And to the still form at his feet, "Pop, can't you hear me! 'Tis your old friend, Tim O'Riley. Saints in heaven, he looks done for."

See that timorous figure, accompanied by two bluecoated policemen, approaching the grim circle.

"Honest, officer, I didn't mean to hit him," comes his stringy trembling voice. "You couldn't expect men to see that white can——," and looking down at the victim, gasps, "Oh—, is he,—is he dead?"

"No, you blubbering idiot, but he'll not live to the hospital, I'm telling you. Sure, and it'll go hard with you, man, as it should."

The scream of approaching sirens rises to a nerve-shattering note—then suddenly stops. A long, white ambulance rolls upon the scene. Two white-coated figures jump out and carefully place the inert body on a stretcher. One of the internes goes over to question Officer O'Riley. Their words are lost in the jumble of sound above them. Soon the doors of the ambulance are closed, and it passes down the street, its siren beginning its cry once more.

"All right now, there's nothing more to see," shouts Officer O'Riley. "Get moving now. Begorra, you'll be blocking the whole of New York."

Gradually the crowd disperses. Johnny is not in it. No, he prefers not to be where he might be noticed by the police.

Two women deeply engrossed in conversation pass near.

"Say, Mazie, what did the policeman say that poor old guy's name was?"

"Dan Regan, I think. Yeh! and did you hear the officer say he'd been blinded for twenty years from an accident."

Their voices grow faint and fade. The pause is filled up by the irresistible rhythm of a great city's life. A million car lights, controlled by the red and green traffic signals, move past in fascinating streams. A million faces, sad or happy, come by, unaware of the tragedy.

The eyes glance upwards, resting momentarily on the impregnable grey heights of the walls of the city, to the crescent moon, no longer pale, as it reigns serenely in the star-swept depths of the sky.

MARGARET NICKOLAUS



NORTH WING, "SEVEN"

 HE year was over at Newton College. High up in the north wing, beyond the door that bore the number "Seven", a slim young girl bent gracefully over a large traveling bag. With gentle care she neatly folded a dainty, white net evening gown. From time to time she threw back her head, with an expression of impatience, to relieve her forehead of its heavy burden of dark, wavy hair.

In the midst of her packing, she was interrupted by a persistent rap on the door. Before she could lay aside the powder-blue sport dress and cross the room, the door opened and a tall girl strode into the room. She was very attractive, with light hair forming a halo around her slender face, and her bright blue eyes.

"I thought you might need a little help with this last-minute business; so here I am," she announced in a husky tone.

"I'm managing very well with my packing, Carol; but you could help greatly by just talking and getting me into a better frame of mind," answered the hostess. "I hate to think the year is over for all of us. This is our last day of college! Have the best chair in the room."

Carol dropped into the only chair and replied gaily, "No one can say that Ann Barton ever forgets her manners, even when she is irritated! Thanks for your courtesy, kind Lady!"

"And thank you, too," replied Ann, bowing graciously and bestowing a bright smile upon her friend.

Carol was delighted to see that her presence was having a pleasant effect on Ann, for she had been Ann's best friend during their four years at Newton, and their friendship was destined to last throughout their lives.

"Do you have any prospects of a job at all, Ann?" questioned Carol.

"No, I'm afraid it doesn't look very promising. You remember my telling you about all those applications I sent to the New York papers? Well, I haven't received a single answer. I should have realized, before I sent them, that large newspapers wouldn't be interested in anyone as inexperienced as I," Ann replied.

"You've certainly worked hard enough to get through this course, and I'm convinced that your degree in Journalism will help you a great deal even if you're unable to find a newspaper job," encouraged Carol.

"I hope your predictions are accurate, now, as they always have been," remarked Ann, as she hurriedly stuffed the few remaining articles into the suitcase.

Carol surveyed the procedure critically, offering an occasional timely suggestion. Presently she rose, "The girls have already started for the station to see you off, I'll have to hurry to be ready myself. See you in a little while," she called as she flew through the door.

After several minutes, another rap admitted a plump, motherly woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Lansdown, I'm so glad you found time to come," began Ann cheerfully.

The older woman smiled in acknowledgment of this greeting, revealing a pin-point dimple at either side of her rather small mouth, which together with her chestnut hair, contributed to her pleasant appearance.

As Ann gazed lovingly upon this delightful person, she was proud of her close friendship with "Bunny," a name lovingly bestowed upon the matron of the house by the girls.

"Have you enjoyed your four years here, my dear?" questioned Bunny in a soft voice.

"Oh, more than I could ever find words to express; they have been four happy years," Ann replied. "I do hope you'll be here for many years to come. I simply hate to leave when you have just come for a chat, but I must be at the station within twenty minutes."

Ann grabbed her suitcase and pausing at the door, tossed her key back to Bunny, saying, "I'm so late; I wish you'd turn this in for me, please!"

"Good luck, my dear; and do let me hear from you," Bunny called after her as Ann disappeared down the old wooden staircase.

Crossing the large cosy room to its wide west window, Bunny watched the small figure of Ann Barton pass through the ancient iron gate, and stand for a brief moment, looking back upon the castle-like structure of Newton College. From the window high in the north wing, the woman watched Ann's departure. She saw her turn, and then trudge down the narrow, deeply worn, country lane, and gradually fade from sight.

Days passed. Ann Barton walked wearily along a crowded New York street, her expression of discouragement giving her the appearance of added years. The dullness of the day and the threat of a coming storm increased her sense of deep gloom. At the sound of a familiar call, however, she suddenly stopped. Turning, she faced a tall, distinguished-looking young man whose winsome smile flashed to her a feeling of elation. As he extended his hand in greeting, she really felt like smiling for the first time in days.

"Dick Burke. Why, I didn't ever expect to run across you here. Don't tell me you're working in New York," exclaimed Ann, her eyes sparkling at this unexpected encounter.

"I was transferred to the main office a little more than a month ago. That's why I didn't attend your graduation as I had hoped to. I was rushed off so suddenly, I couldn't make arrangements for that." Dick's clear, observing blue eyes took in every detail of Ann's appearance. You look as though you've done a pretty good day's work already! Your job must be awfully strenuous. What kind of work are you doing?"

"Why,—why, ah—newspaper work. Interviews and the like," stammered Ann, coloring slightly. She couldn't admit even to this old friend, that her attempts to obtain a position had been unsuccessful. Now that the harm was done, she continued, "'The New York Tribunal' has the honor of having my name upon its staff."

Dick laughed and said, "I see you haven't lost your old gaiety in your old age. Twenty-one isn't it?"

"A lady never reveals her age to a gentleman," answered Ann, her old lightheartedness suddenly returning.

"How about dinner tonight? You look as if you need a little cheering up, and I know I do," invited Dick. "Don't say, 'No', because it won't do you any good. Where are you staying?"

Smiling, Ann answered, "At the Hamilton Hotel. I'll meet you in the lobby."

"Is seven all right?" At an affirmative nod from her, Dick continued, "I have to rush now; I must get back to the office for an appointment. One of these important clients! I'm a very important lawyer now, you know. Don't forget, rain or shine, I'll see you at seven."

They separated; Dick set off in the direction of his office, and Ann, in the direction of the "New York Tribunal" building from which she had departed but an hour before, after having been informed by the editor that inexperienced young college graduates, seeking jobs, contributed more than their share to his white hair.

Ann's thoughts turned to the conversation of the last few minutes, and she became more and more provoked by the way in which she had deceived Dick. As she turned into the bank vestibule, assuring herself that she would tell Dick the truth that very evening, her eyes saw a strange occurrence within the Centennial Bank. In the hand of a short, gaudily dressed middle-aged man standing before a teller's window, Ann caught a small, but persistent, metallic gleam. She saw that the teller was hastily passing rolls of bills through the window, while the man swept them with his free hand into a canvas bag. Realizing what was happening, Ann slipped quickly between the two enormous pillars just outside the door. The dull day cast deep shadows which swallowed Ann so completely that when, five minutes later, four men hurried from the entrance, they were unaware of her presence.

As the men piled hastily into a black Ford and shot from the curb into the heavy traffic, Ann drew a pencil from her purse, jotted something in a small notebook, and, dodging in and out among the shopping crowds, she rushed to a nearby drugstore, where dashing into the telephone-booth, she frantically dialed a call.

"New York Tribunal," came the answer.

"Give me the editor, the Centennial Bank has just been robbed," Ann almost shouted in her excitement.

"City editor," answered a gruff voice.

"The Centennial Bank! Robbed by four men ranging from ages of twenty to forty; fled in black, thirty-eight Ford sedan, New Jersey license 7731-697; armed with revolvers; supposed leader wearing vividly colored sports clothes, headed east on Sixteenth Street," gasped Ann breathlessly.

"Hold that front page! Here's a real scoop!" Ann heard the voice shout in the distance. "O. K., go on."

Ann related all the other details, until the entire story was copied and sent to the "rewrite" man to prepare for the overdue edition.

"Now that that's over with, who is this?" questioned the Editor, after a brief pause for breath.

"Ann Barton's the name. I'm that bothersome college graduate who troubled you so greatly a little earlier today," replied Ann, now surprised

by her action. Why had she instinctively called the "Tribunal" when she had been so sharply dismissed such a short time before?"

"Well, if you're still interested in a job, maybe I can arrange it for you. Get up here as soon as you can; we'll verify your report," was the startling announcement, followed by a faint click at the other end of the connection.

One hour later as Ann left the Tribunal Building, she read the glaring headlines on the front page of the stack of paper at the corner. With her job now assured, her only worry was the confession she knew she must make to Dick Burke.

At five minutes before seven, Ann sat in the hotel lobby waiting for the seven o'clock date. Although she was undoubtedly worried, there was a look of determination about her mouth.

Then she saw Dick coming toward her. His eyes were sparkling gaily as he spoke. "Well, Ann, I see you were here ahead of me, after all!"

"Oh, Dick! I simply must tell you something. It's very important," Ann said, biting her lip to keep back the tears.

"See here, young lady, I, too, have a few important things to say. 'We'll find a more quiet place where I can do a lot of talking!'"

So Dick led Ann from the lobby.

High up in the north wing, beyond the door that bore the number "Seven", a slim young girl bent gracefully over a large traveling bag, as she dropped it beside the bed.

"This is to be your room," announced the plump, elderly woman who had escorted the young girl up the long flights of old wooden stairs.

Crossing the large, cosy room to its wide west window, the lithe young girl looked down upon the ancient iron gates and long, high fence that enclosed the grounds of Newton College.

The plump woman still stood with her hand on the door knob. Although her chestnut hair was liberally mixed with gray, her face and dark eyes still had a youthful expression. "This is a very popular room; I'm sure you'll like it, even if you are a bit homesick now."

As the girl turned from the window, the glow of the setting sun behind her formed a yellow halo about her slim face, and there was a soft quality in her voice as she spoke.

"I'm beginning to feel at home already. The campus, the iron fence, the old gate—everything is so familiar. Yes, I like it already; and I like you very much, too. I hope we're going to be good friends."

As the older woman laughed at the extreme frankness of the young girl, a pin-point dimple appeared at either side of her small mouth.

"I was told to be sure to call you Bunny—!" concluded the girl.

"And I warn you, Miss Burke. You had better be prepared to have me call you Ann, right from the start. You look very much like your mother, you know."

BOBBYE RICHARDSON



TURN ABOUT—

"Dear diary," Jane was writing slowly, "just three more days 'til the prom and——" she threw down her pen suddenly, buried her head in her arms, and completely abandoned herself to the rebellion that was raging within her.

"It isn't fair, it isn't fair!" she thought wildly. "Everyone is going. Everyone! Everyone but me!"

Hot tears spilled down onto the open page, blurring the fresh ink.

"Stop it!" Jane told herself firmly. "Stop it! It's not Bill's fault. It's his one big chance and no one, nothing, should stand in his way."

She rose from her desk, crossed the room, and stood, arms akimbo, before the mirror of her vanity.

"Shame on you," she scolded her reflection, "all you ever think of is yourself! That new dress will keep; furthermore——" The door of her room flung open, and Jane whirled about quickly to see her roommate, Bunny Talbot, enter, a large box under her arm.

"Thought I heard you talking to someone 'lovely'," she said, tossing the package on her bed and flopping down beside it. Jane flushed. Slowly a look of comprehension gleamed in the eye of her roommate. Shaking her head with mock gravity, Bunny said, "Talking to yourself, huh? Sounds bad! Now honey, just tell Bunny all about it—studying too hard? Or is it love? Speaking of love—my dear, just wait 'til you see my *love* of a new frock!"

In spite of herself Jane grinned. How like Bunny, the darling of the campus! How very typical of the girl she had roomed with these past three and one-half years at Thornton College.

It was commonly stated that no one ever really understood Bunny. This was not the absolute truth; no one but Jane ever tried. Most people knew her as Bunny the scatterbrain, viewing life from atop pink clouds; a few knew Bunny the coquette, charming, disarming, seeking ever the fun life offers; but only Jane knew, and pitied the sagacious Bunny, selfishly resenting any disappointments that stand in the way of a good time.

—And so Jane tried to play the role of the enthusiastic listener as Bunny chattered on.

"I'll be a knockout Saturday night, darling,—that is, both of us will! I simply can't wait!—Why Janie baby, what in the world is the matter? You look positively down in the mouth!"

Ruefully, Jane smiled, and then with an attempt at lightness, she said, "I'm afraid you'll have to be knockout enough for both of us—I'm not going to the prom."

"Not going!" gasped Bunny, incredulous. She sat up abruptly. "But Jane, why not?" Then, giggling, "Oh but darling, you're joking!"

"'Fraid not, Bunny. Bill just got a telegram from the city editor of one of the big papers in the East. It seems that this Mr. Wilson is on his way to the western coast, and during his stop-over here, Saturday evening, he is going to give Bill an interview."

"Oh, well, if that's all it is, just have Bill get in touch with him to tell him that he has another engagement at that time."

"But Bunny, you don't understand! If everything turns out O. K., Bill's in line for a position on the paper as soon as he graduates. I can't let him throw away the chance of a lifetime for one night's fun!"

Bunny shrugged her shoulders. "Well, here's one little lady who wouldn't stay home from that dance for a reason like that, or any other, for that matter. You're a silly, self-sacrificing little fool—but I love you, darling."

"Well thanks," Jane said dryly, "that helps a lot."

But Bunny had already forgotten Jane's little tragedy, and was ripping open the package she had brought in with her. From the depths of the tissue paper she pulled a shimmering blue satin gown. Jane gasped when Bunny had slipped it over her shoulders.

"You're beautiful, Bunny—oh it's a gorgeous formal! Why, I've never seen anything to compare with it!"

Bunny nodded happily, "I simply *must* show it to Ruthie." Impulsively, she darted for the door, her full skirt rippling out behind her. The door slammed shut after her. Too late Jane cried out a warning.

* * * * *

"And so diary," Jane was writing later that evening, "bad luck seems to come in bunches. Imagine having your brand new dress caught in the door, and simply ripped beyond repair! I called the store immediately, to see what might be done. They said the only thing they could do was to rush an order for a duplicate gown through to New York, requesting that it be sent here to the dorm directly. They were very nice about it, but just couldn't promise that it get here in time for the dance. Bunny was simply hysterical! Then came little Jane to the rescue. If her dress shouldn't arrive on time, she could wear my new formal! So you see, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good!"

* * * * *

The next day passes uneventfully, with Bunny following Jane about like a grateful puppy dog.

"Janie, what would I do without you?" she said more than once, and always added, "You can be the first to wear *my* formal when it comes, the very first!"

"But no dance will ever matter as much as this," Jane caught herself thinking once, whereupon she had repeated over and over to herself in a sort of self disciplining, "It's only a dance, I do *not* mind. It *doesn't* matter—much."

* * * * *

At last it was Saturday morning. Jane's last class was over at noon. Dejectedly returning to her room, she found the girls' dorm a scene of feverish activity. Excitement reigned. The borrowing that was taking place would have astonished a Wall Street Banker.

"Hel—en, using your green chiffon hanky tonight?"

"Not if you aren't using that gold evening bag, Julie." This from the extreme opposite end of the hall.

Jane stood in the middle of the room with her hands over her ears. Why couldn't they keep still? Could she ever live through this day? She wondered vaguely if her heart were broken in three pieces, or only two.

Bunny blew in just then, with two of the other girls. They were laughing hilariously, but ceased suddenly when they saw Jane. "Gee, it is tough luck, Jane," one of them offered hesitantly.

"We'll miss you tonight," said the other.

"Oh well, 'Into each life some rain must fall' " quoted Bunny, who didn't like to think about Jane's disappointment, lest in some way her own fun be spoiled. Then she added quickly, "Jane's a brick. If it weren't for her, I shouldn't be going tonight"—which was entirely true, for her dress *hadn't* been delivered yet.

"Telephone for Jane Marshall!" shouted someone from downstairs.

"Excuse me girls," Jane crossed the room quietly. For a while after the door had closed behind her there was silence in the room. Then, "She's one swell girl, all right."

"Sure is!—Well, come on, Ruthie, I've got lots to do before tonight."

So Bunny was alone when Jane came racing back, red-faced, breathless—"—so thrilled—he's here now—I can go!" She stopped, laughing, when she saw the baffled look on Bunny's face. Taking a deep breath, she began again.

"That was Bill on the phone,——"

"That much is obvious," cut in Bunny impatiently, "but after all, he has called before. Calm down!" and she turned to the window to watch the students rushing about the campus.

"But Bunny, what I'm trying to say is that I can go to the prom tonight!"

Bunny whirled about quickly. The first look of surprise that she wore was slowly changing to panic. Jane, however, was too excited to notice this. She rushed on, "Mr. Wilson just arrived by plane. He was much earlier than he expected, so he called Bill and said he'd see him early this afternoon." She paused to catch her breath, then plunged on, "So Bill will be free tonight and we're going, oh Bunny, we're going!"

Bunny turned blazing blue eyes on her friend.

"What you mean to say," she cried, "is, 'Bunny, after I've promised that you could wear my dress, I've changed my mind. *I'm* going. *You're* staying home.' " Her voice rose shrilly. "You can't do that! I've been planning on it so! I won't let you do it!"

The color drained from Jane's face. Her expression of happy anticipation disappeared, and into its place slipped a look of utter despair, resignation.

"I'd forgotten," she whispered weakly, her hand at her throat.

"You'd forgotten!" Bunny began to laugh hysterically. "You'd forgotten, that's a good one! Well I won't let you forget. I'm going tonight,

do you hear? And I'll be wearing your dress. You promised! You promised!"

"Hush! Bunny, you're hysterical!" And then, as the girl began to sob—"If you don't stop this minute, I'll have to slap you!"

Bunny's sobs subsided. Jane spoke with quiet resignation. "You'll go to the prom. I promised, didn't I?" But Jane realized, even then that she would be unable to reach Bill, to tell him the plans were changed once more.

* * * * *

At nine o'clock that evening, a triumphant Bunny was being escorted from the girls' dorm by a proud and happy young man. At nine o'clock that evening, Jane was miserably waiting for Bill to arrive, dreading to see the look on his face when she explained why they couldn't go after all. But at 9:02, someone rapped sharply at the door. "Someone to tell me that Bill is waiting downstairs," thought Jane forlornly.

"Package for Miss Talbot!" sang the office girl, as Jane opened the door.

"Bunny's dress," thought Jane excitedly, as she saw the New York return address. She stood there motionless with the box in hand. Thoughts were whirling through her brain.

"Could I? Yes,—but *should* I? Open Bunny's package? No! What would Bunny say?" Then suddenly, as if in answer to this mental question, Jane remembered Bunny's words.

"You can be the first to wear *my* formal when it comes, the very first!" Trembling with excitement, Jane ripped open the package.

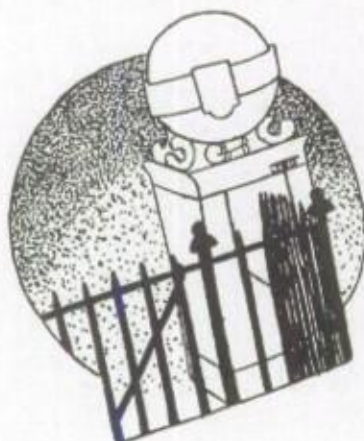
Bill was a little late, so it was possibly a half hour before the couple arrived at the dance. The gown fitted Jane perfectly, and her sparkling blue eyes so matched the color of the dress, that they might have been cut from the same piece of material. If Bunny had looked beautiful, Jane was breath-takingly so. Surely a dress to equal this had never been seen at Thornton before. Bill could scarcely take his eyes off her. Gasps from the dancers were audible as she stepped onto the dance floor; admiring glances followed her as she whirled about the floor in the circle of Bill's arms.

* * * * *

Very late that night (or early the next morning), after the musicians had gone home, after all lights about the campus had been turned out, and after all others were in bed, Jane was bent over a little blue book.

"Dear Diary," she was writing, "THE WORLD WAS MINE TONIGHT!"

MARILYN MILLER



—THAT ENDS WELL

HE last dish of dessert had just been put into the refrigerator to cool. Mrs. Moser removed the apron from her brightly-colored housedress and thought over the conversation which had taken place at the breakfast table. Why hadn't Mickey been asked to the dance? She was pretty and she had an inviting personality. She had all the qualities boys like in girls, yet not one of them ever asked to date her. It wasn't that Mickey wasn't an interesting person. Why, Dick wouldn't think of going swimming or on a hike without her, and the boys wouldn't think a picnic was any fun unless Mickey was along to clean up after them; but as far as single or double dates were concerned, not one of them ever gave *her* a thought. Just then Mom Moser, as everyone called her, heard the gate click and then heard footsteps on the walk. Three o'clock already! Mrs. Moser hoped that some boy had asked Mickey to the high school dance which was to take place on the following Friday night. She soon found, however, that her hopes had been in vain, because as soon as Mickey opened the door she cried:

"Anybody call, Mom?"

"Not yet, Mickey." Then seeing the look on her daughter's face, she added, "Don't give up yet. There are three days until the dance."

"No one will call now, Mom. Why is it that I haven't been asked? I'm not so bad-looking, am I?"

"Of course not. You're as pretty as anyone else in your class. Don't you worry, I know someone will ask you."

Mickey went upstairs unconvinced, and Mrs. Moser was again left to her thoughts. Not for long, though. Soon the door burst open and Dick came in.

"Hi, Mom! How are things?"

"Swell, Dick. But can you tell me why Mickey isn't asked to the dances?"

"Mickey—dance? Jiminy! Why, I don't know, maybe no one thinks she can dance. I don't think Mickey likes to dance. She just isn't the type."

"She does like to dance, Dick. That's all that's been on her mind lately. Uh—will you do me a favor?"

"Sure—what?"

"Ask someone to take your sister to the dance."

"Huh—but."

"Please!"

"Okay, Mom—but gee!"

"Please—for me."

"All right." Mom Moser breathed a sigh of relief.

That night during dinner, the telephone rang. Dick answered it and came back puzzled.

"It's for you, Mick."

"It's probably Georgia."

"Not unless she has a cold."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll find out."

Mickey was puzzled. What was Dick talking about?

"Hello. Who? Bob Birkenmeier? To the dance? Why, yes. 7:30? I'll be ready. All right. Goodbye."

Mickey's face shone and her eyes sparkled with delight.

"Oh, Mom! I'm going to the dance with Bob Birkenmeier! Just th——!"

"Who?" Dick was troubled.

"Bob Birkenmeier, captain of the football——!" She stopped! Why had he asked *her* to the dance. She knew him only slightly from school. Oh, well—she was going to the dance.

Later that evening after Mickey had gone to Georgia's house, Mom Moser went into the living-room to thank Dick. As soon as he saw her he exclaimed:

"Mom, I didn't know anything about that call."

She regarded her son with obvious surprise.

"Do you mean that you didn't ask this Bob to take Mickey to the dance?"

"No, I didn't. I don't even know him, personally."

"But——."

"I'm wondering too. We'll find out sooner or later, though, so don't worry about it. Come on, let's play checkers."

"All right." Mom Moser decided to put the matter on the shelf until a later date.

Friday afternoon came, and Mickey was very much excited. Why didn't the time pass faster! She had a new evening dress and new slippers to match. She could hardly wait to put them on. She had tried on her dress to see if it fit, but she wouldn't let her mother see it on her until she was all ready. Mom Moser had coaxed but Mickey said, "No."

That night Dick dressed hurriedly, and left. He had a date, too. Mickey, however, took her time because she wanted to look as pretty as possible. When she was all ready she called her mother. Mrs. Moser came upstairs and when she reached the bedroom door she stopped! Was this *her* daughter? Why, she was beautiful."

"How do I look, Mom?" There stood Mickey in a blue net dress with a wide, flowing skirt. Her hair was wavy and her eyes glistened with delight.

"Beautiful, darling! Simply beautiful!"

The bell rang. Mrs. Moser answered the door and there before her stood a tall, husky, dark-haired boy smiling pleasantly. She invited him in and then called Mickey.

Mickey came down steadily, but excitedly. When Bob saw her he just gazed. She didn't look at all as he had expected she would. He, too, wondered why she hadn't been asked to the dances.

"Good evening," he said quietly.

"Good evening, Bob." Mickey introduced Bob to her mother and then they departed—in a '41 Chevrolet convertible!

By the time they arrived at the dance, they were well-acquainted with each other. Mickey thought Bob was an interesting conversationalist, and he thought that she, besides being a good listener, was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

As soon as they entered the gym where the dance was being held, the boys and girls came up to talk to Bob and to be introduced to Mickey, and

it seems that they, too, liked Mickey.

Dick came over with Leola and several other friends to introduce them to his sister and Bob. After Mickey had introduced Bob to her brother, Dick began to tell who his friends were.

"Bob I want you to meet Leola; Leola, Bob!"

"Oh, we've met. Haven't we, Bob? There was a very sarcastic tone to her voice.

"Yes, we've met."

Dick knew there was something going on that he didn't understand but he finished his introductions and then asked Leola to dance. Bob asked Mickey to dance and soon found that Mickey *could* dance—that she was a very good dancer.

Later, when Bob and Mickey were having refreshments in the lunchroom, Dick and his friends joined them again. Everything went along happily until Leola said, with a certain meaning in her voice, "Mickey, how does it happen that you're with *Bob* tonight? Did you ask him to bring you?"

Mickey's face flushed. Bob answered the question for her.

"Leola, for your information, *I* asked Mickey. I think you've said enough for one night, so please don't annoy Mickey or me for the rest of the dance." Bob was angry.

"Bob, don't say anything more. She didn't mean it. Is it all right if we leave now?" Mickey had tears in her eyes, but she was too proud to cry.

"Of course, if you want to. But Mickey, don't stick up for her—after all——"

"But she couldn't have meant all the things she said, Bob. How could she? I've never seen her, before."

"We went out together for awhile, Mickey, and I believe that had something to do with it."

"Oh!"

"Come on, we'll take a little ride because I want to tell you how I happened to ask you. All right?"

"All right."

As they rode, Bob explained the whole incident. Then they talked of other things until Bob took Mickey home.

After Bob left, Mickey hurried into the sewing room where her mother was reading. Mickey told her everything that had happened. Mom Moser was horrified to think that Dick's friend Leola had been so rude, but she was glad that the evening had ended happily. There was one thing that still bothered her, though.

"Mickey," she asked, "did Bob say how he *did* happen to ask you?"

Mickey smiled. "Uh-huh. You see, as well as being captain of the football team, Bob is chairman of the dance committee. He suggested that the names of all the girls who hadn't been to any of the dances this term, be put into a box, and that each boy draw one name and escort that girl to the dance. Bob drew my name. Mom, he told me he was glad it was my name and he invited me to go with him to his fraternity dance next Saturday night, and to a wiener-roast next Sunday night. May I go—please?"

LORRAINE GARDNER

Ninety-seven

"I O-O-O-NLY HAVE TO DREAM"

1.

HE alarm clock went off. Immediately a lazy hand stretched out from beneath a pyramid of blankets and groped its way along a bed-side table toward the radio switch.

Click!

Music blared forth. Not really music, but noise with rhythm, at any rate. The hand shrank back into its shell. The bottom of the shell wiggled as a foot stretched its full length. The music continued to pound out maliciously. The shell only began to snore a little.

"Good morning! Good morning," came a cheery voice, with what might have been a yawn, but was probably static. "Here we are again, your favorite listen-in program, the *Platter-Chatters*, bringing you the latest swing recordings from our studios atop the Hotel Wayfarer. The correct time is eggs-zactly two minutes after seven, Aye-Yem. The temperature outside our studio window is *fort-ty-two* degrees above zero. Sounds cold, doesn't it. Well, here's something to warm you up. Swing fans, we've got a surprise for you. Here's a brand new arrangement by Eddie Van Nessen's orchestra, called "Rockin' the Boogie-Woogie Babies". Vocal by Sally Koenig."

"EDDIE VAN NESSEN!" The shell shot to the foot of the bed suddenly, revealing the long, bony body of a boy, sitting upright. A lone trumpet howled loudly, and a drum boomed as the music started. The body began to bounce up and down in bed as Eddie Van Nessen's boys cut loose. Each one played as loudly as he could, and it sounded as though they had all lost their music.

"Solid!" sighed the Body. "Good old Eddie Van Nessen—solid." Life was sweet. Life was beautiful. Life was, to say the least, obstreperous.

The song finally ended—noisily, reluctantly. It seemed as though none of the boys was willing to give in and be the first to quit.

"And that's not all, fans," the cheery voice broke in. "We have three other new recordings by Eddie Van Nessen, which we will play for you during the course of this half-hour of *Platter-Chatters*. But now while we let the old medicine box cool off, how about a little number by the *Harmony Honeys*? Here's *I Only Have to Dream*, with Montmorency Dickens and his Soft Serenaders. *I O-o-o-nly Have to Dream*—"

"Sweet!" snorted the Body in disgust, "nothing but sweet!" He jumped up and began pacing the floor impatiently. "*I O-o-o-nly Have to Dream*. How anyone can stand that stuff! The Morbid Maidens singing *I O-o-o-nly Have to Dream*, when they've got three good Eddie Van Nessen numbers! Well, hurry and get through so we can have some *good* music . . ."

2.

The teacher stood imperiously before the class. The students huddled meekly in their seats, and the seats themselves looked as though they would like to crawl into the woodwork. Latin is a subject that cannot be absorbed. It must be squeezed into you, pinched into you, forced down your throat with a bare fist. That is why Latin classes always look so desperate. There

is a feeble struggle——

"Div—i—ci——"

"Diviciacus," completes the teacher.

"Well, anyway, he was a Haeduan."

The translation is probably wrong. It's only four words, but nevertheless, it's probably wrong.

That is how Latin classes are run, and this one was no exception. No! there *was* one exception. In the fifth seat, second row from the windows, a tall, ungainly body bent over his desk, writing. Writing joyously. Writing lovingly. Writing on a penny post-card. He seemed apart from the rest of the cowering Latin students. A sort of heavenly light settled upon him, blinding him from their view.

He wrote madly, thrillingly.

Dear Platter-Chatters:

I am very glad that you have at last got some Eddie Van Nessen recordings. I knew that sooner or later you'd have to, because Eddie has one of the best bands in the country, and you just can't ignore class. I've listened to Eddie's band ever since he first went on the air, so I guess I can pretty well speak with authority about him. Well, here's hoping you get more and more Eddie Van Nessen records for your seven o'clock Platter-Chatters.

Yours truly

3.

The bell rang. School was over for the day. Boys gathered under trees to discuss things in general. Girls stopped in dime-stores to gaze around and giggle. Old jalopies rattled around corners and choked their horns mercilessly.

One such vehicle was bouncing down the street when it spied a long, gangly body, whose long, thin legs seemed to be racing each other "for keeps". A head stuck out the window to extend an opportunity to "cruise around in the park for a coupla hours."

But the Body shook his head and said, "I gotta get home to hear the *"You Ask For It"* program at four o'clock. They might play some Eddie Van Nessen records."

He had quite a distance to walk, and he stopped several times to talk, so it was almost four o'clock when he reached home. He dashed into his bedroom, plopped down on the bed, and turned on the radio.

You Ask For It was a rather slow program. Its announcer hadn't anything like the cheery voice of the Platter-Chatters. He began with a simple, "Hello, swing fans. Well, you ask for it, so here it is. Our first number. *I O-o-o-nly Have to Dream*, with Eddie Van Nessen and his orchestra. Shoot, Charlie."

The characteristic howl of a trumpet, and the vigorous pounding of a drum. It was Eddie Van Nessen, all right. No mistaking *his* band.

"Ah-h-h-h, solid," sighed the Body. Feet tapped uncontrollably, hands clapped out the rhythm enthusiastically. The long, bony body bounced up and down joyously.

"*I O-o-o-nly Have to Dream*," he said affectionately. "Good old Eddie Van Nessen—solid."

BILL HURST

Ninety-nine

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY is said to be the story of one's life told by one's self, but as my memory has always been on the rather forgetful side, I fail to visualize myself at the ripe old age of one to two weeks. Seemingly, the best place to get the needed information was from my mother, and I did so with success. It seems that rather late on an October evening, the second to be exact, a plump baby boy was the cause of delight, excitement, and sleepless nights in the Hensel family. My father now had a boy who, he was sure, would be the best ball player in the Big Leagues, or President of the U. S. A., or both. I was probably the most contented and happy baby that ever lay in a crib, and hardly ever cried, except maybe four or five nights a week.

The usual thing at this stage is to relate the baffling question of a name for the new baby, but this was no problem at all in my case. At the age of two weeks my father could already tell I was to be a great man and there was nothing to do but be named after Father.

My life progressed rather rapidly, until before I knew it I was stuck in the second seat of the first row of a Kindergarten. It was here that I developed a vicious right hook and became Champ of my class, being currently known as "Joltin" Joe. My heroes at this time were Tarzan and Babe Ruth.

After a few weeks in the first grade, I had already cultivated a distaste for school. I pleaded with my father to allow me to quit school and get a job, but he argued if I were to be President I should get the best education possible. Ten years have passed since this time and I haven't convinced him that I know enough yet. In the third grade my left hook was coming along nicely, but my hold on the championship crown was beginning to loosen. I had several trying experiences in this period, such as staying after school, getting zeroes on important tests, and having several embarrassing interviews with the Principal. My heroes at this time were Popeye and Dizzy Dean. I had dropped Tarzan when I saw him kiss a girl in the movies, of all things! By the time I had reached the fifth grade, I had perfected a one-two which was invincible, "Joltin" Joe was still tops. The next year I outgrew the boxing game and began trying out for a position on the school softball team, and finally gained a berth the year we received our new uniforms. Boy! just like Lou Gehrig! About this time my father began to use the oft-heard expression used by proud fathers: "That's my boy." In the eighth grade I considered myself quite grown up and superior about graduation time. I did extremely well in grammar school, considering. My hero at this time was an honest-to-goodness Big-League ball player who lived down the street.

The sudden let-down from a haughty eighth grader to a lowly new-jay affected my spirits somewhat, but I was ambitious and undaunted and did extremely well in my first term at Roosevelt. But, alas, the novelty wore off with each term and my grades dropped steadily with it, and there is no let-up in sight. My hero at this time was the football captain. His being

captain, however, of the gridiron squad had nothing whatever to do with my envy of him. On becoming a sophomore I was extremely jubilant over no longer being a Freshman, but after a few weeks my swelled chest was deflated, upon finding out that one must be at least a Junior before one amounted to anything. Well, here I am a Junior and have found that Seniors are the only ones that matter.

Unlike most boys, I am going to admit that school is somewhat pleasant to me, despite the required amount of work necessary and similar other drawbacks all centered around work. On the other hand, school life provides ample opportunity to use up excess energy, if it is possible to retain any after practically swimming through seven Turkish baths during the summer heat.

It seems during this period I spent most of my time getting in and out of entangling circumstances. The worrying brought about by these predicaments caused me no end of grief because of the grey hair that suddenly began to sprout from my head. All my worrying was in vain, however, for I still seem to have a fairly good reputation left. As more than half of my high-school years are over, I am looking forward to the remaining period to be as joyful as the past. Before I leave Roosevelt, I hope to do something which will have a lasting good effect and leave something for the school to remember me by. I have an idea at the present time which I think will bring about the desired effect. My brainstorm is to have a "Perpetual Smile" Campaign. To make this campaign a success I have gone to extremes, I have gone so far as to have myself appointed publicity manager of the most probable victor in the forthcoming election for Track Queen. The fate of Roosevelt lies in my hands and somewhat in your hands, for my candidate is the unanimous choice for the most attractive smile in our fair school, so to make the days in June happier than they had been in May, vote for my candidate for Track Queen.

As for the future, I think I am intelligent enough to graduate in the required four years, and I hope to do so with fairly good grades. I hope to be able to help bring more athletic laurels to dear old Roosevelt before I leave and attempt to find my place in the modern world. Where I am going to find it, I have no idea at the present time; but I hope to be a good citizen and a credit to the community, or, maybe, even President, although the chances at present time seem to be slightly remote. Anyway I've had a pretty nice life so far, considering.

JOE HENSEL

SNOW

Snow is a very pretty sight to me, sometimes, especially if I'm inside looking out. At night when I look out the window and see snow falling around the street lamps, everything seems very peaceful, quiet, fresh, and new. Then, on the other hand, there is the cleaning of sidewalks, and the cleaning I don't like. When I think about it I don't know which is the greater: the beauty of the snow or the trouble and hardships it brings.

JESSE STAGNER

One Hundred One



THREADING A NEEDLE

A boy threading a needle is as helpless as a girl driving a car. An amusing incident that I shall never forget happened in our home recently. My ten-year-old brother had been outside playing ball and had torn his trousers just below the knee. He crept cautiously into the house, forgetting that Mother had gone out. He asked me if she were at home and I told him "No". Then came the long drawn out story explaining his accident, which, of course, wasn't his fault. He quickly got Mother's sewing basket and rushed into his bedroom, telling me to keep my mouth shut if Mother should happen to come home early. I went into my room which adjoined his, and opened the door, just enough to see what he was doing. He was searching the basket for something, and mumbling to himself that he would sew his trousers, or else. I was on the verge of shouting—"Or else you won't be eating dinner with us tonight,"—but I kept silent as he had cautioned me. He had collected all the necessary implements and was now at the task of threading the needle. He selected a needle that was so small that I couldn't see it from where I was standing and a heavy red thread for the operation and commenced to thread the needle, which, of course, was too small or the thread too large so he decided to change needles. Needle after needle he had tried had been thrown onto his bed, for he was in too much haste to put them back into the sewing basket again. Finally the point was reached where I can truthfully say that I wouldn't have cared to lay my hand any place on the bed. After he had struggled manfully for about twenty minutes, he still had not threaded a single needle. There was only one needle left in the sewing basket that he had not tried. He picked it up anxiously and a look of confidence spread over his face, for he knew he could thread that one. It was a large embroidery needle about four inches long. Nevertheless, he was just as helpless as before, and still couldn't work the thread through the needle's little eye. (The little eye was about three-quarters of an inch long.) He tried and tried in vain, sitting on his bed as still as he could. His fingers were a little shaky, but, of course, that was only natural. Maybe he was thinking of what would happen to him if Mother unexpectedly walked in. All through this process he kept mumbling. I wondered what about. Suddenly a shrill voice came from the hall.

"Junior!"

It frightened me out of my wits—but Junior, ha-ha!—it didn't scare him as he was just picking himself up off the floor.

He answered faintly, "Yes, Mother." She walked into his room, stopped, looked, and reached. He went flying out of his room like a sail-plane, helped along by Mother's shoe. He ate supper, however.

BELMONT THIELE

DESTINY ON THE WING

HUGH CAMPBELL was glad that he was the mechanic who had built the B-61, a new Governmental pursuit plane. Now, as he sat in the cockpit behind his friend, Pilot Ensign Jerry Thomas, in mid-afternoon, he was not only proud of the job he had done, but was so excited that he could hardly breathe because he was the mechanic chosen to go with Jerry on this important flight.

Hugh had always wanted to fly a plane alone, but he had been disqualified because he wore glasses, and the best he could do was watch the pilots fly their ships.

A voice, somewhere in the distance, called, "Contact," and Hugh could hear Jerry quickly respond with, "Contact." The propeller spun around and with a sudden start the sleek plane began to quiver. The efficient ground crew had been warming up the plane for at least fifteen minutes, so there was no need to wait.

Jerry turned and with his broad smile made the familiar sign which meant, "All set." Then with a roar the new plane rolled forward, slowly at first, then faster, until it gradually began to leave the ground. Hugh noted that the high-powered motors were working perfectly; their hum sounded like music to his expert ears.

The sun was shining; the sky was clear, with the exception of several fleecy clouds. It was just the day to show off his plane. Below, the metal roofs of the hangars glistened like silver and around them the planes looked like pigeons with wings spread ready for flight.

On one side Hugh could see the Army and Navy officers the Government had sent to examine the plane that he, Hugh Campbell, had helped design. Now they didn't look very important; they were just some of the many human beings like himself who were fighting for democracy.

Jerry's buzz brought Hugh to attention; he lifted the mouthpiece and answered him. He could hear Jerry's excited voice saying, "How does she sound, Hugh?"

"Great!" he replied.

"Doesn't this thrill you, to think that, now, you are really a part of flying?"

Jerry couldn't possibly understand that Hugh would never feel a part of flying unless he could fly.

"You know, Jerry, you are the reason I stayed at this field after they turned me down as a flyer."

"Come on, Hugh," Jerry cut in, "cheer up. This is your big day and you shouldn't be thinking about something like that. Even though you were rejected as a flyer you have done your part. Every time the B-61 flies you'll be flying with it."

Hugh smiled; his face wrinkled wistfully. "Remember in the Colonel's office when he told me I was disqualified because my eyes were not suited for flying?" Here a little bitterness crept into his voice. "Not suited? Why, with my glasses, I could see as well as any other pilot sees."

Hugh had been very bitter at first. Flying had been his boyhood ambition. But with Jerry's help, "good ol' faithful Jerry," he had snapped out of it and started his training as a mechanic. If he couldn't *fly* planes, he would keep planes flying.

Hugh listened as Jerry tried to cheer him. His voice seemed to carry a tone of annoyance and this faintly interrupted Hugh's thoughts. Hugh finally decided that Jerry was right. He ought to be happy about this flight.

"I'm leveling off now," said Jerry. "See that your safety belt is fastened." He paused. "We're going to try some stunts."

Wasn't that like Jerry, always worried about Hugh? Sometimes he treated him as though he were a small boy, but that was the way Jerry showed his fondness for his best friend and Hugh had come to look for these little attentions.

The plane dipped gracefully, made a right bank, then a left bank, then a roll. Something snapped. The plane vibrated and then righted itself. While the plane had been upside down, Jerry's safety belt broke and he tumbled out of the plane into midair.

Something had happened. Hugh didn't know what. But he found himself high in the sky, alone in his precious B-61—the plane he had practically built unaided. Below him Jerry slowly drifted to the earth by parachute.

The plane plunged earthward. The tiny brown spot that was the airfield grew larger. The wind whined around him; Hugh couldn't breathe freely. "Bail out," his muddled brain kept reminding him. But he couldn't leave his plane. He would have to think fast. He had never flown a plane. The ground seemed to be coming up nearer, and nearer, as he plummeted earthward.

His hands were wet with cold sweat as he reached out in desperation and clutched the stick. He gritted his teeth and pulled it back with all his strength. Then with a roar the plane swooped sharply upward. Hugh felt as though he had hit the bottom of a pit. His stomach felt as if it were falling inside him. Cold sweat broke over him.

The same loss of sense that he experienced on this sudden drop earthward had happened to many flyers before, and few had come out alive. With one last effort Hugh shook his head, forcing himself to remain conscious. His white hands were still clamped to the stick. The plane leveled off. Now he realized that he could not fly above the field very long.

Hugh looked at the instrument board in front of him as his vision slowly returned. His plane was rapidly losing altitude and continued to lose it as he coasted in at the far side of the field. He cut his engine, pulled the stick, and slowly dropping to the runway, rolled to a stop. Hugh forced himself out of the plane as the crowd rushed toward him.

It was Jerry who grabbed him first. "You did it! You did it!" he exclaimed.

Above the noise of the cheering crowd, Hugh heard the Colonel's voice above the rest, "We can stretch one rule enough to let a man with a brave heart and glasses fly for his country."

Hugh's joy was complete.

BETTY ANN PURSEY

One Hundred Five

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I

O BEGIN an autobiography takes one far back to the days that he can never remember. For what person can recall his first year on this earth? So after gathering old family albums, baby books, and even relatives, I was still able to uncover little of my early days. The relatives differed on several points, the baby book was incomplete, and the family album gave me little information. Nevertheless, without these resources I will attempt to write on my dull and uninteresting life.

It was January 29th, 1925, when I was brought into this world weighing six pounds, fourteen ounces, and having a full growth of hair.

A great problem then arose in the family. Mother, Father, and Brother were all hoping for a little girl and had a very appropriate name picked out for their little darling, Gladys Irene Heckert. Then came the great disappointment, a boy—and not a girl—was born. What was to be done? No boy could bear that name! But after much consideration and trying every name from Wallace to Oscar, I was christened Donald William Heckert.

The older I grew the meaner I grew. I wanted everything in sight, and if I didn't get it, woe be to those near me. After a crying session, and if I still hadn't won, I would proceed to sit tailor-fashion on the floor and bang my head upon the floor until my wishes were fulfilled.

Another bad habit I developed was ruining my brother's possessions. My brother had a beautiful drum which I knew he loved better than anything else he owned. One day after a heated argument which he won, of course, I decided my revenge. Purposely, I used an axe instead of a drumstick to have a hot jam session with his drum. Naturally you know what happened to both the drum and me.

CHAPTER II

The time came when I was to give up my baby days and become a schoolboy. Little did I know when my parents told me what a wonderful thing school was and all the fun that I would have that it would really mean twelve long hard years of sweat and labor. But then school hasn't been so bad at that. I can recall one of the greatest days of my life, the day when I was able to write on ink paper. I had been practicing writing for weeks on large ruled paper, when the teacher gave to me the treasured small ruled paper my joy knew no bounds. Just think, I was to write as grown ups do, happy that I was to advance one more step upon the ladder of life.

Onward I climbed and began to be more conscious of the things about me thus increasing my love for flowers. Oh! how I loved to hold and smell these beautiful things. Just how I loved to be near them. My love for flowers so grew that I even liked to go to mortuaries just to be near those things I so adored. Out of this developed my first ambition for my life work. Now, when I look back upon it—what an ambition for a young, carefree child—an undertaker of all things!

Time moved on and I was in the fourth grade when the greatest tragedy of my life struck me. Never can I forget that day, April 3rd, 1933, when that which I loved most and treasured above all things, when that which I needed most of all, when that which I boasted of and worshipped passed away and left me—my mother. But yet fate was not too unkind, I was still too young to realize my great loss when my aunt stepped in and took the role as my guardian angel.

Higher I climbed and taller I grew to where I am found in one of the happiest periods of my life—graduation. What a nice word! That means, after eight long years of suffering and joy, one may step out of grammar school to enter upon four more long years of sacrifice and toil. But what great joy that day was when after months of preparation my class were to present a pageant and then receive their coveted diplomas. Well I can recall that night of nights when I was to deliver my speech before a thousand people and afterwards thanking God it was all over with. Then receiving my beloved diploma. My! how superior one was to those inferior seventh graders, but oh, how quickly one fell to a lowly new-jay.

CHAPTER III

Still higher I climbed and still taller I grew. At last I had reached high school age and started my high school career. How different it was! How terrible it seemed. So many rooms, so many people, and so many teachers. I was lost from the start and looked down upon by high and mighty eights.

While still in my new jay stage, I had many thrilling experiences, especially at hunting in the lunch room. Setting out for roast beef I would follow the crowd, but to my disgust would come out with a bowl of soup. My, such trying times! Again, I would set out for ice cream only to find myself holding a ham sandwich.

There was always one thing that mystified me in this particular stage. It was the fraternities. I would see these boys wandering in the halls with mysterious symbols on their backs or eating at special tables. Finally, I was pledged and after hectic months of pledgeship completely cleared up my mystery.

Slowly I have forged on ahead until now I am in my fifth term. Now I can look upon my days as a little new-jay and finally I can play big brother to and look down upon these small fellows who are just beginning to find out the secrets of high school: Finally, what Algebra really is and that conjugation is not a rare French delicacy but a word that will cause them trouble in English in the near future. Yet I cannot complain, for God has surely blessed me in this last term. I have been lucky enough to make all E's and at last even a sweater letter. Joyous achievements!

CHAPTER IV

As I climb higher on the ladder of life I wish to become a teacher, to instruct the young and coming great men and women, and to help them profit by our great and many mistakes.

DONALD HECKERT

One Hundred Seven

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN?



YOU remember Peggy Cronsleys, the girl with the long dark wavy hair and the gray, blue eyes? Well, she was at my house the other night and she told me this story:

It seems that about a month ago she and Jean, a very dear friend of hers, had gone ice skating. When they returned to Peggy's house—everyone goes to Peggy's house for a snack before going home—they found no one at home. This wasn't really strange, but Peggy had understood that the family expected to spend a nice quiet evening at home. When Jean left, Peggy looked around for a note. Unable to find one, she assumed that they had either forgotten or had left in a hurry. So believing that they would return shortly, she went to bed and soon fell asleep.

She awoke early the next morning—which is rather strange for Peggy, who loves to sleep until it is practically time to leave for school. She sat up in bed thinking. Funny she hadn't heard the family come in. Why had she waked so early?—Early?—it was 10:15. The clock must have stopped. No, it was still ticking loudly. Mother and Dad must have come in very late and overslept. She went into their room to awaken them.

"Moth"—she wasn't there. Her bed hadn't been slept in—neither had her father's. Peggy stood there a minute, unable to move.

David would know, of course. Why hadn't she thought of him before? Reassured and courageous she crossed the hall to her brother's room. "Breakfast, David; ham and eggs." True or not, that should get him up. He didn't answer. "David!"

Annoyed, she flung open the door. Then her hand froze on the knob as she stared into the empty room—David was gone, too; his bed hadn't been slept in.

Peggy didn't remember whether she had screamed or not, but she remembered being frightened, terrified; and I don't blame her.

She didn't know what to do next; dreadful thoughts crowded her brain. And then, as her head slowly began to clear, her fear gave way to tears. She fell on her brother's bed and cried. She didn't know what possessed her, but she was suddenly overtaken by the very practical idea of calling the police.

It wasn't long before every police car in the city and state had a description of the three missing persons. Policemen and detectives came to the house to investigate, and obtain what additional information they could about the case.

Mrs. Whiteburg, a neighbor across the street, and Miss Lane, from next door, were the first to appear (to take care of and comfort the poor child). Soon the whole house was literally swarming with neighbors. One had seen

the Cronsleys drive away in a strange car. Another said she had seen prowlers, and was seconded by the remark that the family might have been kidnapped. Another even went so far as to suggest that they might have been murdered, and that the murderer had taken the bodies away to dispose of them. (I can imagine how Peggy felt by this time—to comfort her?—ha!)

The police searched the house from the attic to the basement and could find no clues. One extremely bright fellow suggested that the kidnapping or murder must have taken place fairly early, since the beds were still made. "Maybe he was just a neat crook," piped up another.

Peggy had lost all control of herself by this time, and try as they would, the sympathetic neighbors could not stop her crying. A council was held to decide what to do with the girl. It was agreed to notify her mother's sister and before long she arrived on the scene. The telephone wires buzzed, and soon the house was stuffed with another clan—the relatives.

Everyone was around Peggy at once. Some were earnest in their efforts to comfort her, but their good work was undone by the gossip and suggestions of the less sympathetic ones.

Somehow Peggy managed to slip out from their midst. (She says to this day she really doesn't know how she did it.) When she got into the kitchen she dropped her handkerchief. As she bent down to pick it up, she noticed several scraps of paper in the kitten's box. She picked them up, put them together, read them, and entered the room laughing.

There was an annoyed look on the face of the policemen, a relieved look on the faces of the relatives, and a look of sincere disappointment on the faces of the neighbors as she read the following note:

Dear Peggy:

We have just had bad news about your grandmother Cronsley. The hospital in Kingsville called and said she was sinking fast. Since we are the only living relatives, your dad and I decided it was our duty to go at once to be with her. We dropped David off at Bob's house. Go home with Jean for the night. We'll let you hear from us tomorrow after school. Be good.

Love,

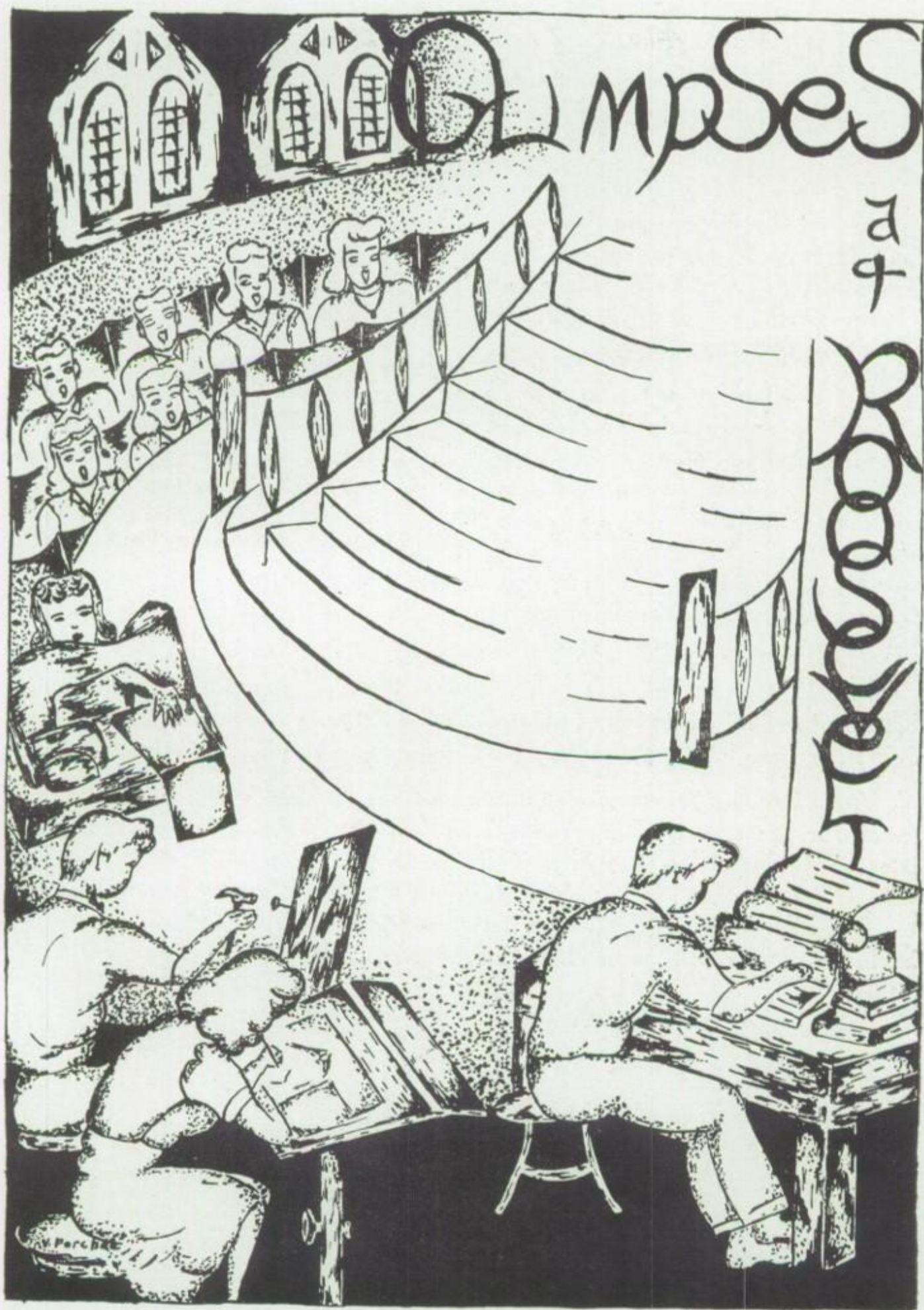
MOTHER.

All eyes glared at the kitten as it stalked nonchalantly into the room.

DOROTHY HAHN







FACULTY CHANGES

The start of the fall term of 1941 saw numerous changes in the Roosevelt faculty, the loss of several valuable teachers to other schools and the transfer of many teachers, who have since become a part of Roosevelt, from other schools to our own.

Mr. Wesley Diem's death was a surprise and a shock to all of the many teachers and students who knew him. Mr. Diem died of a heart attack on July 31, 1941, vacationing at Long's Peak Campground in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. Mr. Diem, who had graduated from Washington University in 1930 and who received a Master's Degree in 1931, had taught at Normandy.

Mr. Granger, who had coached many of our track teams to victory, was made Assistant Principal at Rose Fanning School. We of Roosevelt realize how instrumental was Coach Granger in adding to the fame of the Rough Riders. Moreover, he was well liked by all who had him as a teacher. His successor has as not yet been appointed, but that successor will have an enviable record to continue. Likewise transferred to an Assistant Principalship was Mr. Wayne Barnes, who was made Assistant Principal at Hogden School. Bwana wishes both these former Roosevelt teachers the most of luck and happiness in their new occupations.

Mr. L. Parrott, physics teacher, and Miss Jennie Gilmore, economics teacher, have taken leaves of absence. Miss Gilmore expects to be back next September, while Mr. Parrott may be again teaching physics in January.

Added to the Roosevelt faculty were five teachers, who have since done much for the students. They are Miss Johanna Fruin, from Monroe, who is teaching social studies; Miss Kathrine Doherty, formerly of Bryan Hill, who is an English teacher, Mr. Rudolph Fiehler, who is also an English teacher, Miss Helen Rishoi, from Scruggs, and Miss Esther Marie Schnaedelbach, both of whom teach Home Economics.

MICHAEL WALDNER





MY IMPRESSIONS OF ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

When I entered Roosevelt in September I found it much more complicated than the elementary schools. The school is larger, the corridors wider, and the rooms more numerous. The hustle and bustle of the thousands of students left me quite bewildered. But everyone was so friendly and helpful that I soon felt at ease. As I wandered through the halls and saw the photographs of the many honor students and athletic stars I realized that each had contributed his small part in making Roosevelt the great institution that it is. I realized also that each freshman like myself would have to put forth much effort to carry on the splendid examples that had preceded us. I was greatly impressed by a welcoming address given to all the freshman by Mr. Buemer the principal in which he stressed the need of cooperation among the students and the upholding of the traditions of Roosevelt. Roosevelt stands not only for education taken from books, but for general knowledge which enable each of us to become a good citizen and take our rightful place among men in this democracy.

HUGH McNALLY

When I first came to Roosevelt, which wasn't very long ago, I was positively bewildered. It was altogether different from anything that I had experienced before. A peculiar sensation came over me when I entered the school for the first time. Like all "New Jays" I shyly walked up the approaches to the front door. Here I hesitated for a moment, and that is where I made my big mistake. Everyone in the hall stared at me until I felt very uncomfortable. In a few seconds, however, I found safety in the auditorium with many of my fellow sufferers. From that moment on I was convinced that Roosevelt was cold and cruel.

Several days later when we returned for classes I again experienced the same feeling. The school seemed so big that I thought I was never in the same place twice. It seemed to me that everyone could tell I was lost but no one said anything. In my classes I found the only escape. Here I could talk with other "New Jays" who were having the same trouble.

Now, after being at Roosevelt for some time my ideas have changed considerable. Life at school is no longer a nightmare, but something to be enjoyed. Since attaining the rank of "Advanced New Jay" I have come to the conclusion that more fun can be had roaming around the halls than in class. No one seems to stare at me anymore, but I guess that's because it no longer worries me. I now feel that I am one of the gang and a part of Roosevelt High. The school no longer seems cold and cruel.

ROBERT HORN

Last January, I entered Roosevelt High School. I then began a different school life, different in every respect. I was very much impressed by many things, especially the number of rooms. The first day I just stood and gazed down the hall at the almost endless line of them. The children also were different, mainly the girls. I had never seen so many different types of girls in all shapes and forms. I had many problems that first week but I solved them all. One of my biggest was the lunch room. When I entered it I was accompanied by a boy one year higher than myself. He told me I had to rush in the lunch-room, swallow my food and grab my books and rush out. I did this for several days, when I began to wonder how long it would be before I had indigestion, if I kept up at this rate. I soon found out, however, that there was plenty of time for eating, time to get my books and be ready for my next class; thus another problem was solved. After two or three weeks I became fairly well acquainted, and then I became interested in the moving picture machine, another great feature of the school. I made several inquiries and then after talking to Miss Cutter, the head of the machine operators' group, I was allowed to enter it. I learned all about the machine and it is here that I stayed. Roosevelt is a wonderful high school and I am glad to be a part of it. If my next three years go as smoothly as my first year has gone I shall be quite well satisfied.

RICHARD KRACHENBERG



One night in the middle of August I saw Roosevelt High School for the first time. Right then and there I wanted to be a student at Roosevelt. It seemed to be the biggest school I had ever seen. The opening day came at last and when I arrived there I wanted to go home right away. I had never seen so many boys and girls at one time. Then I was supposed to choose my teachers (a new experience for me). For two days I practically had hysterics for fear. I soon was relieved, but then came my next big worry—how to eat lunch. It is a wonder to me how I got through it. I was always afraid that I would get the wrong lunch period besides never learning which steps to go up and down (it seemed to me they changed every period). Roosevelt seemed to me the cleanest school I had ever seen. The halls were so long that I thought they would never come to an end (I am still looking for the end). In a way Roosevelt is still strange and wonderful to me, but most of the boys and girls don't think so. Maybe, I will come down to earth in a little while.

BARBARA EISENHARDT

Roosevelt High School impresses me as having attained a high degree of perfection in Perpetual Motion. Three terms in these hallowed halls have wrought a distinct physical change in me. I bear scars and bruises on my form, marks of elbows and knees encountered suddenly in the corridors. My neck is strained backwards, from admiring supercilious Seniors, and my feet are flat and fallen from the weary miles tramped between halls. Yet, in spite of my marred facade, I enjoy and will continue to enjoy the lack of monotony at Roosevelt.

ELIZABETH CHIPLEY



When I entered Roosevelt High, I acted as most new-jays do. I wandered about the halls admiring the immense size of Roosevelt. At that time I thought that Roosevelt must be the largest and finest school in the country. At present I am a four, and although I have long abandoned wandering about the halls, my opinion of Roosevelt is still increasing.

In sports, I think Roosevelt is among the best. Doesn't it send a thrill down your spine when you see and hear the fine band, or when you watch the football team, or when you sing the good old "Alma Mater"? And although we can't win every football game, I still think we've got the best coaching staff in the city.

In education, I think Roosevelt presents the student with many numerous opportunities for advancement. It contains a library, a fine machine shop, modern equipment, and many modern classrooms. I think the teachers are "tops", even if they do make me work once in awhile. After all, they're only doing it for my own welfare.

I think one makes many lasting friendships, that the character and school spirit of the students is above average, and that one forms many good habits while at Roosevelt. I shall be proud some day to graduate from such a fine school as Roosevelt.

DONALD KATT

Have you ever walked into one of the other high schools of the city during school time? If you have, didn't you miss something? It seems to me that one doesn't find quite that same spirit of fun and congeniality anywhere except at our own Alma Mater. I do believe the hamburgers have a different odor, and that odor just a wee bit less savory than ours. Now that I am no longer a New Jay and can feel comparatively safe in looking around me, I am certain that no other school has so interesting a display of student-art work, honor lists, and pictures, and I'm inclined to believe that no other school has so many students (yes, students) going different directions in the halls. But that confusion just adds to the fun, doesn't it?

And now turning to that ever-interesting topic of "Teachers". Really, kids, when you come right down to it, I think you'll find that we have one of the grandest and most human group of teachers to be found, here at our own Roosevelt High. Being only a 4, I haven't had them all, of course, so you'll have to take that into consideration. But I can honestly say that all I've had are grand.

JEAN WHITEHOUSE



Last term on a very warm day in June I anxiously awaited my report card. After several minutes, which seemed like hours, my name was called and my report card was given to me. I was no longer a "three," I was a great big grown up "four". I had looked forward to this for a long time and now that it had really come, it didn't seem very different from being a three. My, how quickly the years had passed by! Over the vacation I didn't think much of being in the last part of my Sophomore year, I reminded myself again that I was a four. When I returned to school, I noticed the difference. I felt older, more experienced and much more important than all the other pupils in the halls, but I soon lost this air. True, I was advanced in terms, but not in importance. The service which I obtained this year makes me feel I am doing my small part to help the school. The classes don't seem very different from those in any other term. Hours, books, studying, teachers are the same and things just haven't changed. Now that I am a four, I have two years experience behind me and look forward to two more happy years at Roosevelt.

RUTH SARTORIUS

One Hundred Seventeen

One winter day, six short semesters ago, I started my freshmen year at Roosevelt. Today I proudly gaze upon the button on my coat lapel, which tells the world I now belong to that group of students called the "Sixes." I have passed through the "oat-meal and high-chair" periods, so to speak, and am now in the adolescent stage of the four year course. There has been a lot of details about those periods I will never forget—some humorous and others of a more serious nature—but I always found the faculty ever ready and eager to give encouragement where needed. The school also helps to encourage the boy or girl in athletic sports and manual training subjects, and never does a really marked talent get lost at Roosevelt.

Life for a student at Roosevelt is one of good sound teaching; hard work and study if he really wants to make good; but with enough entertainment and pleasure sprinkled throughout to make it enjoyable.

In a very short while we shall be leaving the home of the Rough Riders, filled with hope and faith in the knowledge we have gained, but with that "all-gone" feeling inside at the thought of leaving behind the place where we spent four short happy years.

EDGAR WENDEL

On the campus, in the classroom, in the halls, at the games, and in the "auds" is that same school spirit that has made Roosevelt what it is today. It gives me a thrill to hear the student body sing our "Alma Mater". We are all equal and can freely express our opinions which is a privilege, especially in these times. Every term I appreciate Roosevelt more and more, for it is not just a place to study, but a great public school where cooperation, dependability, fellowship, and sportsmanship are stressed. I have the use of the free books of the school, and what school has a better library than Roosevelt? I have made many friends here and have obtained a broader viewpoint by exchanging opinions with my classmates. There are wonderful opportunities for anyone who looks for them. Roosevelt has given me a foundation for my future, and I'm proud to say I am a Rooseveltian.

NANCY BOEFER

To me Roosevelt High School seems like an individual. It has its problems, defeats, and triumphs. Roosevelt High has meant much to me. It has taken practically four years of my life and used them to advantage. It has given a store of knowledge which will help me to find my place in the business world. The teachers of Roosevelt High School are to be complimented for their splendid work and especially for their patience. If they only knew how many persons they have helped to gain a start in the outside world! Roosevelt High School has helped me very much by bringing me into close contact with persons who have proved great friends. Honesty and trustworthiness are instilled in a person by being given small jobs which require these traits. If I achieve success when I go into business world, I owe it all to Roosevelt High School.

MARY JANE HOWARTH

The swift passage of the chattering and laughing students between periods, the sudden stillness in the halls after the bell has rung; the comfortable isolation of the classroom; the quick and easy laughter in the class; the nonchalance of the Senior; the timidity of the New Jay; the eagerness of the in-betweens; the look of the blue and cloud-swept sky from the inside of a classroom; the confusion of the lunchroom; the long, long hamburger line; the intangible warm feeling that invades the school during a snow fall; the way the snowflakes drift down from above and seem to be about to hit one in the face only to disappear against the clearness of a window-pane; exam time and its insidious "war-of-nerves" effect; the heightening hilarity as Christmas approaches; the limp look that pervades the halls and their occupants on a really rainy day; the rather forlorn expression of the eights when practicing for graduation; the way some teachers smile so effortlessly; the way others don't smile at all; Student Council and the frequent and heated arguments that rise and fall so quickly; what doing all one's homework does for one's poise and conscience; the wind as it goes howling around the corners of the building; the fact that graduates who return have lost that look of belonging; school and what would we do without it?—these are my impressions of Roosevelt and, oh, how I wish I were not a Senior!

MARGARET NICKOLAUS



Roosevelt High School has meant to me a foundation for later life, to become a good citizen of the United States. Roosevelt High has shown me that I have a responsibility of my own and if I want to make anything of myself I have to fight for it. Roosevelt offered me a choice of subjects from which I might select those which would best fit me for my vocation.

English has given me the feeling of sureness when I talk to people.

History recalls for me the important events and people who helped to build and make this country what it is today.

I have learned to appreciate the beauty of nature through science.

Home Economics has helped me to be economical both in choosing my clothes and buying food.

I have never really thought of what Roosevelt High has done for me but I now realize that it is a higher form of education.

CONSTANCE NIEWOEHNER

One Hundred Nineteen

Three years ago I entered the castle of learning. That was a beautiful September day and those four huge turrets glittered in the sun inviting me to enter that I might see the beauty within. This beauty could not be seen at a glance, however, for it was partly invisible to the human eye. The prizes within the castle were friendship, new acquaintances, books, thoughtful instructing teachers, and a host of innumerable other hidden lures. Woe be to the boy who said, "Nothing interesting lies behind the glittering turrets." He was mistaken and shall never in a lifetime find what he missed in a few years. He was not thoughtful enough to open his eyes after he entered the castle to see the wonderful things about him. The three years have passed as three days and can never be equaled until another glittering castle is found.

BETTY JANE BARSACHS



A milestone in the life of an American boy—his graduation from high-school. I have reached this goal and now that I'm there the past three and a half years seem to be a golden dream. The little trials and worries have faded away, and it is with a chuckle that I recall them. An "E" on a report was so important, a visit to the office was so dreaded. But what has Roosevelt done for me, for all its students?

I, as all the other boys and girls, have been offered many opportunities to acquire a useful knowledge, a knowledge that will help me in the world of business which I shall soon enter. The contacts I've had with boys and girls of all calibers has helped to fit me for a genial life with my future associates. Some of the finest people that I have met or ever shall meet are my instructors here at Roosevelt. They confirm my belief that teachers should be, as are doctors and ministers, above the ordinary level of the masses, for it lies more in them than even the parents the forming of the individual's thoughts and actions. The restraints and curbs encountered in high-school hold in check youthful emotions, yet, the freedom allowed builds independence. All these influences, I have felt and am thankful for. The memories of Roosevelt shall never pass completely into the oblivion. With these memories I eagerly await the step which will take me into the school of the world.

RICHARD REDDEN

I think of Roosevelt not only as an institution where I acquire knowledge, but also as a place where I meet people and make new friends. I formerly thought of school as a somewhat uninteresting place with nothing much enjoyable about it; but during my last three years here at Roosevelt I have become very much attached to it and have actually enjoyed coming here. I have always liked music and singing, and my participation in the different music groups here has given me a knowledge and appreciation of good music not otherwise obtained.

Also here at Roosevelt, when I have done something well, I have pride in knowing I've accomplished something however small it may be. Now that I am about to leave school I realize that school days are among the most happy and carefree days a person experiences during his lifetime.

ALLEN BARROW



Roosevelt High School means more to me than just a mere name or edifice surrounded by an iron picket fence—it means a good deal more. When I think of Roosevelt High, the picture that comes immediately to my mind is one of joyful, cheerful, and smiling faces, a splendid faculty, aud sessions, a marvelous chance for good character development, and last, but not least, a good basic education. Here the student has the opportunity to develop talents that heretofore he may have been totally ignorant of whether it be in scholarship, sports, music, skilled occupation, or other fields. Here at Roosevelt, one learns the real meaning of school spirit for it exists here in a great variety of forms. The students are of a sturdy, honest, and fine character and one finds a real pleasure in going to school with them. Also, at our school one sees a splendid example of democracy in action in the Student Council and the election of school officers. The student learns to develop his initiative as well and this is an asset not to be denied. The faculty, at Roosevelt, is composed of teachers who are as cooperative and helpful as they can possibly be.

So you see, we Rooseveltians should appreciate and do appreciate the fine opportunities that we are getting at such a marvelous institution as Roosevelt High School.

WALTER OSTERKAMP

One Hundred Twenty-one

MY IMPRESSIONS OF A MID-WEST HIGH SCHOOL

My impressions of Roosevelt? Well, that's a big order. And right here is a good place to start, for I think it was the size that first impressed me. I thought Girls High School in Atlanta, Georgia, which I had been attending the last two years, was large. But the enrollment there was only 1,500—not so many compared with Roosevelt's.

It wasn't so hard, though, to find my way around with the convenient room numbering. I did have trouble with the gym. In fact, I kept on having trouble with it for nearly a week after we started dressing. When my class was in No. 39, I was upstairs, and vice versa. But, thanks to the patience of my Physical Education instructor, I got that straightened out.

Another thing I had to get used to was co-education. As the name implies, I went to a strictly feminine school. But, beyond the initial strangeness, this aspect hasn't bothered me.

There are many things in Roosevelt that I think are fine. I'd never been to a school before that had a swimming pool, and I like the idea of being able to swim throughout the winter and learning something at the same time. I like the way new pupils are put into advisories with others as new as themselves. Then when anything strange comes up, the advisor explains it to the whole class and one doesn't have to take the teacher's time separately. I guess I've made about the maximum of blunders but this system has saved me from making many more.

Then, too, I like the cafeteria. I like the system of lunch checks whereby one always has the right change. While some may not agree, I don't think there is very much confusion or waiting. I know there isn't compared to my former school.

Especially, I like the cleanliness of the corridors and rooms, and particularly of the drinking fountains. No chewing gum or bright lipstick smears when one bends over to drink, is surely something to be thankful for.

Well, these are my main impressions of Roosevelt. And they all sum to add up to one fact which is "Roosevelt! A great school."

JOAN W. LYON



THE NICEST THING

She was a bright-eyed little old lady, sitting quietly in the corner of the room. Her hands were busily engaged in the mysterious art of knitting. Several of us boys had been draped over a table trying to put together the many pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, but soon growing tired of this we drifted away from the game and got into one of those crazy arguments. Bob had asked, "What was the nicest thing in the world to think about?" and we had plenty of suggestions offered. A whole year's vacation without a thought of school; chocolate cake and ice-cream; a tropical island with nothing to do but swim and loll about, were some of the offers.

Finally John went over to the little old lady and asked, "Grandma, what would you say was the nicest thing in the world to think about?"

She gave him a queer little smile, and then set us all to thinking with just four little words?

"The virtues of others," she said.

ED WENDEL

MY FIRST AUDITORIUM SESSION

I came to Roosevelt feeling very much like a little frog in a large puddle. But after hearing the informal talks by the heads of the faculty, I realized that I have a place in this large school. I had a feeling of pride in being part of this institution. I realize that I am fortunate to be able to attend a school that offers so many advantages. The traditions of the school were pointed out to me and I was made to feel that I must carry them on. I promised myself that my conduct would be such as to be a credit to Roosevelt.

HUGH McNALLY

SNOW

When the moon beams on the snow-covered roof-tops and sloping lawns, it sparkles like diamonds, diamonds that have fallen with the small snow-flakes. I have lain awake at night and just looked at the beautiful scenery. Unless there is snow on Thanksgiving and Christmas, the holidays don't seem complete to me. On Christmas Eve when the red-caped Carolers are singing beautiful carols with the snow as a background, many artists have been inspired to paint beautiful pictures of them. I like snow, also, because of the many grand times I have while skating, tobogganing, and engaging in the many other sports that snow brings.

BETTY SPOONER

One Hundred Twenty-three

Roosevelt High School Students

PRESENT

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS

By JEAN M. BYERS

A Play in Three Acts

Directed by CHARITY GRACE

Friday, November 7, 1941

An Introduction to American Education Week

CAST—In order of appearance

(Note: Casts alternate at different performances.)

Prologue, Act I	Ruth Montague
Joey Manning	Charles Hilf, David Warren
Grandpa Manning	James Smylie, Bill Truscheit
Tommy Manning	Don Offil, Rollin Phipps
Mrs. Manning	Marion Kilmar, Charlotte Wetteroth
Barbara Manning	Natalie Bena, Carol Fusco
Mr. Manning	Edwin Herchert, Bill Phillips
Prologue, Act II	Ruth Neuhoff
Miss Benson	Shirley Kupinger, Leslie Robinson
Art	Arthur Swenson
Karl	Karl Wolff
John	John Bennett
Jimmy Hunter	Ed Gardner, Richard Mawdsley
Prologue, Act III	Jeanne Breville
Guests, chorus, band, orchestra, tumblers, dancers, students, etc.	

SCENES

Act I: Breakfast room of the Manning family.

Act II: Classroom.

Act III: Garden of the Manning home.

Make-up in charge of Edwin Herchert.

Teachers assisting in production:

Mr. Biegelsen, Production Manager; Miss Battle, Miss Braun, Miss Chapman, Mr. Close, Miss Haeseler, Mr. Hahnel, Miss Hilb, Mr. Kammerer, Miss Manheimer, Mr. Piliboss, Miss Reess, Miss Schmidt, Miss O. Solfronk, Mr. Steidemann.

This program does not include the names of many teachers and students who assisted in one way or another in the American Education Week program.



"WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS"

TOMMY hurries excitedly into the breakfast room of the Manning home. This is the big day! Just last week his graduation, and now the first day of his new job. Grandpa and Joey, the oldest and the youngest of the family, have already finished their breakfast and are now deep in the newspaper. Mrs. Manning, bustling busily around the kitchen, is striving courageously to keep the coffee and cereal warm for the rest of the family. As Tommy hastily devours his food, Barbara, a blithe girl of high-school age, comes in, anxiously requesting someone to listen to the speech which she prepared for her history class today. The theme is, "The Meaning of Liberty", and in explaining it, she used quotations of many famous men. As her mother and her father, who just came down, are in too great a hurry, she finally prevails on Grandpa to hear her. He listens intently to the end. Then he tells her that the effect would be more moving if she would tell what liberty means to her, and in her own words. He further suggests the closing line, "For where there is life, there naturally follows liberty!"

ACT II

A heated discussion is taking place among three boys in Barbara's class, Art, Karl, and John. The subject of their controversy is the actual meaning of "liberty". Karl maintains that liberty should give him the right to do anything he please, while Art and John are more conservative in their viewpoints. When the time finally arrives for Barbara's speech she rises, and, in an earnest voice, tells of liberty's meaning to her. In a ringing climax, she states Grandpa's words, "For where there is life, there naturally follows liberty!"

After class Barbara approaches her teacher, Miss Benson, and asks her the difference between liberty and license. Jimmy Hunter, an admirer of Barbara's, is waiting for her and Miss Benson uses him as an example. Jimmy had been arrested for speeding and, in punishment, he had been denied the use of his car for a week. Poor Jimmy very greatly embarrassed, asks Barbara if she will walk home with him today instead of letting him drive her as usual.

ACT III

A large garden party given by the Mannings is in progress, the proceeds are to be for the defense of America. The lawn is gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns and gay streamers and everyone appears to be having a wonderful time. The colorful refreshment booth is well patronized by the guests of various ages. Suddenly Barbara steps forward, announcing that her favorite speaker is about to be heard, and from a quiet corner of the lawn, a very reluctant Grandpa is being pushed by Joey into the spotlight. He begins apologetically at first for taking up their time, but, warming up to his subject, what America and his liberty means to him. Suddenly realizing that he is the center of attention, he shamefacedly tries to retreat to his corner but is heartily applauded and compelled to remain. The entertainment is now called for, and a group of square-dancers emerge from the wings. After a delightful performance by the dancers a tumbling act is put on by a team of skillful acrobats. The act is barely completed when the band appears and plays a number of patriotic and martial melodies. The party finally ends by everyone's singing enthusiastically our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

EUNICE MALKE

PATRICIA RADENTZ





OUR FIRST OPERETTA

For the first time in the history of Roosevelt, the music organizations, directed by several members of the faculty, produced an operetta to take the place of the usual Senior Play. After studying the scores of many light operas, Miss Hilb selected "A Waltz Dream" by Oscar Strauss.

Most of the rehearsals were held outside of school time. The principal directors, Miss Grace and Miss Hilb gave up their week-ends to practice. For six weeks the A'Cappella Choir, Carol Club, and Senior Orchestra reported daily, before and after school, for rehearsals. The members of these groups exercised a high degree of self-control and cooperation in attendance as well as attention at all the rehearsals.

Before eight o'clock we were hard at work. The chorus and orchestra willingly repeated page after page until every measure was done with professional precision.

Usually we were dismissed at eight forty-four, for advisory. At nine o'clock, however, we returned for another forty minute drill. Two o'clock marked the beginning of the Carol Club's drill. The two forty-five dismissal bell brought many spectators as well as the entire cast to the auditorium for rehearsal. These rehearsals lasted until the electricity was turned off and we had to hurry out to avoid being closed in the building for the night.

The day before the first performance a dress rehearsal was held. We were dismissed from afternoon practice at five o'clock and returned in costume at six. Things went almost too well, for by eleven o'clock we were ready to leave the stage. Before school the next morning another rehearsal was held.

Thursday afternoon's performance was a real thrill. For those of us



behind stage, the overture seemed unending, but, when the curtain parted, the play progressed rapidly. Each chorus was done with enthusiasm. The matinee audience gave the cast delightful encouragement.

On Friday evening the climax was reached. There seemed to be that famous Roosevelt "do or die" spirit among us. What excitement! Our audience, too, had the spirit and when the last chorus was sung the audience stood and waited for two encores.



A synopsis of the plot follows: The scene opens in Sylvania. The King, Maximillian X, and his daughter, the Princess Helene, had been on a tour of Sylvania. While on this trip, Helene met Niki, a dashing young lieutenant of the Austrian Hussars. He becomes engaged to Helene because he reminds her of her ex-sweetheart, Rupert. When the royal couple returned home, the court as well as the populace rejoiced to hear their princess had fallen in love at last, since her marriage was to be an important factor in stabilizing the dynasty and in floating a foreign loan.

When he arrived, Niki, who was not in love with Helene, went to a cafe to drown his trouble in wine. There he met Kay Robinson, an American artist who is earning her expenses for a sketching tour by singing in this cafe. The two had met before in Paris and the friendship was soon renewed. Love, this time of his own accord, is in Niki's heart so Niki is determined to escape the royal wedding. His plans are carefully made, but he is caught. His true identity being exposed, Kay is broken-hearted.

Sigismund, Helene's unscrupulous cousin, tricks Niki and Rupert, who have returned for the wedding, into going off to London in the King's airplane.



Sigismund is well aware that the King dare not postpone the wedding because of the mood of the populace, and hopes to take advantage of the opportunity. Niki and Rupert, however, overpower the pilot and return just as the wedding is about to begin.

Helene was overjoyed to see Rupert. The King was forced to consent to their marriage when he learned that Rupert had made arrangements for floating a foreign loan. Thus Niki is released from royal obligation. With prospects of a double wedding, the play ends.

THE CAST

Maximilian X.....	Robert Bernthal
Princess Helene.....	Helen Jarosik
Prince Rupert.....	Raymond Other
Lieutenant	James Conner
Kay Robinson.....	Marion Killmar
Princess Matelda.....	Carolyn Hackmann
Lieutenant Montschi.....	John Thomas
Louisa	Gloria George
Bertrum Budgett.....	Sidney Biernbaum
Count Lothar.....	Bill Lucas
Count Sigismund.....	Edwin Herchert
Fifi	Eleanor Schuka
Annerl	Patricia Statler
Choruses.....	A'Cappella and Carol Club
Music	Senior Orchestra
Dancing.....	Special Ballet Group

THE PRODUCTION STAFF

John Susek	Rudy Ruzicka	Alfred Wyler
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THE STAGE CREW

Lynn Hickmann	Tom O'Donnell	Leo Fellhauer
Charles Hall	Albert Samuelson	Al Ulrich
Dick Mawdsley	Dick La Plante	Joe Westermayer

FACULTY MEMBERS WHO ASSISTED

Mr. Biegelsen	Director
Miss Hilb	Choruses and Principals
Mr. Hahnel	Orchestra
Mr. Kammerer, Miss Braun, Mr. Steidemann.....	Scenery
Miss Grace.....	Dialogue and Makeup
Miss Schmidt	Dancing
Miss Chapman, Miss Reiss.....	Costumes
Miss Manheimer	Properties
Miss Chapman, Miss Manheimer.....	Art Work
Miss O. Solfronk.....	Publicity
Mr. Piliboss	Technician
Mr. Neeb.....	Business Manager
Many others assisted behind stage and in the auditorium.	

MARJORIE ERLINGER

One Hundred Twenty-nine

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

Roosevelt High School, one of the largest schools west of the Mississippi, was named for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States. This beautiful building is located on the south side of Hartford Street, between Louisiana and Compton Avenues, and extends southward to Wyoming Street. The site of the school was formerly the Old Holy Ghost (Picker's) Cemetery, a cemetery which was at some distance from the residential district at the time of purchase. The city acquired this land when expansion became necessary, and in 1917 families were notified to remove the remains of their loved ones. All unclaimed bodies were removed to Zion Cemetery. Then South Saint Louis found need of a high school and twelve and five-eighths acres of this land was used for this purpose.

Roosevelt High School was constructed at a total cost, for building and equipment, of \$1,665,000. The cornerstone was laid on April 22nd, 1923, and in the crypt of the cornerstone were placed copies of St. Louis newspapers, Colonel Roosevelt's gold life-membership card, presented to him in 1907 by the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, the list of the members of the Board of Education, coins of various denominations, and other articles. The silver trowel used on this occasion is now kept at Roosevelt.

Dedication services were preceded by a parade which started from Battery "A" Armory, and included Civic, Military, and fraternal organizations. Governor Hyde and Mayor Kiel were among the speakers.

In January, 1925, Armand Miller, of McKinley High School, his teaching staff and students moved in a body to the newly-completed high school; about six hundred and fifty pupils from Cleveland and twenty-five additional teachers were also transferred to the new building.

Formal terraces and landscape parking form the front approach to the building, while in the rear there is a large athletic field with regulation football, baseball, and basketball grounds; tennis courts are at the east end west sides.

The building itself rises three stories, with the center portion carried up four. It is of brick with stone trimmings, designed in the English Renaissance style. Strictly fireproof in construction, it has eleven entrances, four double flights of stairways, and two single flights.

The building contains fifty-five class rooms, ten laboratories, one band and one orchestra room, one library, and three gymnasiums (with a separate dressing-room for boys and girls for each gymnasium), six shops, with wash rooms and material storage for each shop, a swimming pool twenty-five feet wide and fifty-eight feet long, with dressing-rooms and showers for boys and girls.

The auditorium, the scene of many a gala occasion, has a seating capacity of 2200 persons, and a stage of sufficient capacity to seat 800 persons. The loud speakers are so placed that the faintest whisper on the stage is carried to the farthest corners of the room.

One of the busiest, and certainly the most popular of rooms, is the cafeteria. Here, at one sitting, 1500 boys and girls can relax and satisfy the pangs of hunger, as well as discuss the news of the day. It boasts of a sanitary kitchen with all modern conveniences.

The plan of the building groups the various departments of the school in the proper position to permit instruction in the different branches, as well as to allow for expansion in the educational field.

A special feature of the school is the power heating and ventilating plant, which is the last word in equipment used for that purpose. It furnishes eight complete changes of pure ozonated and revitalized air to all parts of the building each hour. This system eliminates all odors and provides a healthy atmosphere. The temperature is automatically regulated to maintain a constant temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees. The humidity is also automatically controlled. All of the machinery is electrically driven, and the required amount of electric energy is generated in the school's own plant.

Roosevelt is a democratic school, prepared to train boys and girls for worthy living. Therefore it is with a great deal of pride I say, "I AM GLAD I BELONG TO ROOSEVELT."

EDGAR WENDEL

THINGS I ENJOY DOING ON MID-WEEK HOLIDAYS

Visiting friends, going shopping, or just staying at home with the family are some of the things I do on mid-week holidays. These holidays give me time out from my regular routine, a chance to do things that I have wanted to do all year but never succeeded in doing. I thrill at the thought of going on shopping trips, seeing many pretty clothes, useful things for the house, or toys for the younger children. Seeing friends I have not seen in some time, talking over good times we had had together and all wishing that we may have many more is a pleasure. I enjoy, too, staying at home with mother and helping with the house work or baking cakes or cookies for the boys.

BERNITA GRAY

MID-WEEK HOLIDAYS

When we are lucky enough to get mid-week holidays, I usually try to get done the things which I had failed to do last Saturday or the Saturday before that. For instance, the last time we had a mid-week holiday, I took my bicycle apart and oiled it. Things which I usually get done are carrying out the ashes, cleaning out the basement, working on my bicycle, and many other odd jobs. But I do not always work on holidays, sometimes I play football or other games. Of all the holidays we have, I think mid-week holidays rank among the best.

JAMES MILLER



TORCH, APRIL, 1941

EIGHTS

Virginia Achenbach
Anita Adams
Virginia Baier
Harry Becker
Robert Biedermann
Jean Boitano
Jane Buescher
Betty Burkhardt
Edna Burtelow
Stanley Callicott
Mabel Ellermann
Fay Faber
Mildred Falk
Betty Foerster
David Galey
Myrtle Gaun
Edwin Goerner
James Haff
Virginia Hahn
Lillian Hecht
Edward Herchert

Dorothy Herrmann
Harold Heye
Eugene Hohlfeld
Lorraine Horst
Jack Hughes
Alice Jecmen
Thelma Jones
Ruth Kahn
Clare Kannawurf
Ruth Kotner
Mary Krausnick
Mary Lehn
Byron Leonard
Audrey Lorenzen
Ruth Malone
Ruth Mathae
Mary McKenzie
Robert Meyer
Ruth Millinger
Gerald Moeller

Pearl Nalley
Jack Niedner
Edward Nugent
Mary Ocker
Joe O'Connor
Mary Peck
Ulrich Potthoff
Dorothy Reif
Edna Schlagenhauf
Lois Schubel
Dolores Senseney
Roberta Siebert
Evert Sloop
George Spala
Frank Stewart
Sam Strother
Frances Tihen
Johanna Weidhauss
Roy Weinzettel
Mary Westendorf
Ritchey Williams

SEVENS

Blanche Aderholt
Jane Cavanah
Jack Easterday
Eva Grimm
Shirley Lyon
Ruth Mohlman

Maureen O'Leary
Walter Osterkamp
Emma Radosh
Richard Redden
Leslie Robinson

Donald Sanburn
Shirley Schneppe
Kenneth Teel
Michael Waldner
June Wilson
Elliott Wyloge

One Hundred Thirty-two

*Speedy
Success,
Love Mabel*



TORCH, DECEMBER, 1941

EIGHTS

Nancy Abbott
Blanche Aderholt
Allen Barrow
Arthur Bauer
Joy Burton
Jane Cavanah
Jack Easterday
Edith Freivogel
Eva Grimm
Elise Kiesel
Patricia Linn

Kenneth Linzeman
Shirley Londe
Shirley Lyon
Gloria Miller
Ruth Mohlman
Maureen O'Leary
Walter Osterkamp
Emma Radosh
Richard Redden
Leslie Robinson

Donald Sanburn
Herman Schalk
Shirley Schneppe
Myrtle Schweiss
Hildegard Stanze
Kenneth Teel
Michael Waldner
Dorothy Wasem
William Weller
June Wilson
Elliot Wyloge

SEVENS

Betty Botts
Ruth Brielmaier
Ellen Dickerson
James Dickoff
Jack Goymerac
Carolyn Hackman

June Hunt
William Hurst
Bonnie Mathews
Margaret Nickolaus
Lydie Pecqueur
Mary Ann Ponder

Colleen Routt
Audrey Schneider
June Tubbesing
Jayne Turpin
Wilfred Weltge
Karl Wolf

HONOR STUDENTS

The names of honor students, students who have an average over ninety, are posted every term on the Big Ten Chart in the main corridor. Ties in averages often occur; hence the same number may appear before two or three names.

JANUARY, 1941

TERM I

1. Anna Williams
2. Martha Ryder
3. Helene Krebs
4. Barbara Hampton
5. Arthur Jokisch
5. Marcella Schmitt
6. Rosemarie Temen
6. Rosemary Eisenmenger
7. Barbara Bressie
7. Joyce Woodney
8. Jimmie Gleeson
9. Bill Boniface
10. Herbert Mack

TERM II

1. Jean Whitehouse
2. Donald Katt
3. Jack Dye
4. Mary Minney
5. Grace Veinfurt
5. Robert Strain
6. Jessie Casner
7. Ruth Sartorius
8. Herbert Wahlmann
9. John Johnson
10. Arthur Young
10. James Redden
10. Virginia Lessing
10. Carol Anderson

TERM III

1. Joseph Vogt
2. Sue Blakey
3. Mary Davis
4. Robert Gomien
5. Ruth Mae Eisenmenger
6. Erna Nauert

7. Geraldine Hake
8. Marian Aulbach
8. Doris Wodraska
9. Mary Jane Megel
10. Virginia Bernthal

TERM IV

1. Alfred Jennings
2. Kathryn Tihen
3. Virginia Herthel
4. Laurence Maze
5. Bill Hurst
6. Bob Richardson
7. Irene Margaritis
8. Doris Wooley
9. Fred Hronicek
10. Robert Ziem

TERM V

1. Karl Wolff
2. Ellen Dickerson
3. Betty Seabaugh
4. Lydie Pecquer
5. Colleen Routt
6. Audrey Schneider
7. Helen Nichols
7. James Dickoff
7. Dorothy Meyer
7. Jayne Turpin
8. Jack Goymerac
9. Ruth Brielmaier
9. June Wilson
10. Gloria Cochran

TERM VI

1. Michael Waldner
2. Jane Cavanah
3. Shirley Lyon

3. Kenneth Teel
4. Richard Redden
5. Jean Weidhaus
6. Blanche Aderholt
7. Elliott Wyloge
8. Shirley Schneppe
9. Mary McKenzie
10. Elise Kiesel

TERM VII

1. Harold Heye
2. Betty Foerster
3. Ulrich Potthoff
4. E. Schlagenhauf
5. Robert Biedermann
6. Betty Burkhardt
7. Myrtle Gnau
8. Edward Nugent
9. Sam Strother
9. Lorraine Horst
9. George Spala
9. Mary Ocker
9. Alice Jecmen
10. Mary Westendorff

TERM VIII

1. David Goldberg
2. Dorothy Weltge
3. John Youngbluth
4. Betty Bialick
5. Anna Manglis
6. George Trigg
7. Joyce Derwostyp
8. Robert Geldman
9. Jeanne Hinrichs
10. Dolores Masson

JUNE, 1941

TERM I

1. Robert Horn
1. Arlene Schlagenhauf
2. Virginia Wagner
3. Georgia Griesse
3. Charles Hief
4. Shirley Berlinger
5. Jane Killeen
6. Florence Zwick
6. Billy Weisz
7. Jack Ewing
7. Frank Hummel
7. Harold Coulter
8. Richard Krachenberg
8. Alice Easter
8. Alice Schwarze
9. Ruth Mann
10. Betty Adcock
10. Marilyn Breidecker

TERM II

1. Anna Williams
2. Patricia Cronin
2. Martha Ryder
3. Marjorie Haile
3. William Boniface
4. Jimmie Gleeson
5. Otto Thiele
5. Wigand Howard
6. Joyce Woodney
7. Doris Wilkins
7. Marcella Schmitt
8. Barbara Hampton
8. Erwin Schneider
9. Betty Other
9. Rosemary Eisenmenger
10. Frances Leaf

TERM III

1. Mary Alice Minney
1. Jean Whitehouse

2. Donald Katt
3. Frances Potthoff
4. Grace Veinfurt
5. Don Armstrong
6. Robert Trigg
7. Jessie Casnar
8. Marjorie Blumenkamp
9. Arthur Certel
9. Suzanna Guge
9. Dewey Overbey
10. Madeleine Housemann

TERM IV

1. Joseph Vogt
2. Robert Gomien
3. Jack Nohl
4. Marian Aulbach
5. Jane Berndt
5. Sue Blakey
6. Betty L. Benning
6. Dorothy Komrska

7. Richard Jotte
8. Geraldine Hake
9. Virginia Bernthal
10. Helen Faymon

TERM V

1. Lawrence Maze
2. Kathryn Tihen
3. Doris Wooley
3. Virginia Herthel
4. Margorie Fleming
5. Alfred Jennings
6. Mary A. Bruckner
7. David Murray
8. Fred Hronicek
9. Edward Samuels
10. Richard Novak
10. Alice Burkhardt

TERM VI

1. Karl Wolf
2. James Dickoff

3. Jack Goymerac
4. Jayne Turpin
5. Virginia Koch
6. Jean Herman
7. Carolyn Hackman
8. Ruth Brielmaier
8. June Wilson
9. Shirley Koeneman
9. Betty Seabaugh
10. June Hunt
10. Theresa Boehmer
10. Jeanne Miller

TERM VII

1. Michael Waldner
2. Jane Cavanah
3. Emma Radosh
3. Kenneth Teel
4. Richard Redden
5. Henry Bandini
5. Shirley Lyon
6. Dorothy Wasem

6. Ruth Mohlman
7. Elliott Wyloge
7. Herman Schalk
8. Hildegard Stanze
9. Elise Kiesel
9. Maureen O'Leary
10. Gloria Miller

TERM VIII

1. Ulrich Potthoff
1. Dorothy Stark
2. Harold Heye
3. George Spala
4. Robert Biedermann
5. Mildred Falk
6. Edith Schlagenhauf
7. James Haff
8. Betty Burkhardt
9. Edward Nugent
10. Sam Strother
10. Virginia Baier
10. Myrtle Gnau



1941

Roosevelt's debating season was the most successful in years. For the first time in a decade, the championship came to the Rough Riders.

The teams were fortunate in having two experienced debaters from the year before: Robert Bergs and Leighton A. Nugent.

Our affirmative team was composed of Robert Bergs and Edward Nugent in the beginning, and, in the middle of the season, when Robert Bergs graduated, of Edward Nugent and Frank Stewart. The negative team consisted of Leighton A. Nugent and Harold E. Heye.

Both teams were equally successful. Each won five debates and lost two. This record of victories and defeats was surpassed by only one other high school, and tied by another. The winners were adjudged not on a win-lose basis, but on points; and when the total number of points had been calculated, Roosevelt and St. Louis University High were found to be tied for first. These results show us that our losses had been close, but our victories decisive. Our coaches decided on a play-off between the two schools. Roosevelt was winner. This victory secured for the Rough Riders the City Championship in Debating.

EDWARD NUGENT
HAROLD E. HEYE

One Hundred Thirty-five

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT

On December 10, 1941, thanks to the Board of Education, Roosevelt had an outstanding musical treat—that of hearing the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of its internationally known conductor, Vladimir Golschmann. After a brief introduction by Mr. Beumer, Mr. Golschmann opened the concert with the playing of our national anthem. With the majestic chords of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture the program proper, which included works of the classical, romantic, and modern composer, began.

At the conclusion of the Wagner overture to "Die Meistersinger," Mr. Golschmann gave a talk concerning the construction of the modern Symphony Orchestra, demonstrating with the aid of various members of the orchestra how its three sections, the string, the woodwind, and the brass, can unite to express either the solemn majesty of Beethoven or the light, ariel-like music of Mendelssohn. This delightful auditorium session ended with much sincere applause on the part of the students.

PROGRAM

1. Overture to "Egmont" Beethoven
 2. Excerpt from Symphony No. 4 Tschaikowsky
Fourth Movement—Finale: Allegro con fuoco
 3. Overture to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" Wagner
 4. Perpetual Motion J. Strauss
 5. Polka and Fugue from "Schwanda" Weinberger
- JAMES DICKOFF



RAIN

Probably most of us know of the discomforts of rain, such as having it start at 2:45, when we are without an umbrella, or having it come down in bucketfuls just as we step out of the door to go somewhere; but few of us stop to think of the pleasures of it. Have you ever sat in front of a fireplace with a fire burning in it, just doing nothing but listening to the rain? And have you ever been in the attic of an old house with a flat roof and heard the patter of rain on the roof? The sound almost puts one asleep. If you haven't, you have missed something. You who can answer "yes" to both of these questions will probably agree with me when I say that there is nothing like the pleasure of rain.

LOIS SCHRIEBER

ROOSEVELT'S INSTRUMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS

Every student at Roosevelt is proud of Roosevelt's instrumental organizations which include the Junior Orchestra, Senior Orchestra, Junior Band, and Senior Band. These organizations are always ready to help their school in every way possible whether it be at graduations, auditorium sessions, senior plays, operettas, football games, or track meets. Everywhere that instrumental music is required, you'll find one of these organizations. They also perform at community functions.

Members of these organizations derive pleasure and inspiration from good music. The student is taught the genuine value of music whether it be compositions by such immortals as Brahms, Beethoven, Bizet, Dvorak, Handel, or the modern composers. In addition to musical training other factors necessary in the early training for life, such as good habits, concentration, cooperation, discipline, coordination, patience, are developed almost unconsciously.

The instrumental organizations of Roosevelt are conducted by a talented, dynamic leader, Mr. Hahnel, whose musical background was enriched through his associations as violinist, playing under the great conductors and composers such as Grieg, Strauss, Wengartner, Nikisch, Mahler, and many others of equal fame and reputation. Mr. Hahnel studied and played in Berlin, from 1900-1907. In 1913, Mr. Hahnel was made Supervisor of Music in the St. Louis Public Schools. As a matter of fact, it was he who introduced instrumental music into our St. Louis school system. Since he has come to Roosevelt, our instrumental organizations have reached a high standard of achievement.

Roosevelt can rightly boast of its instrumental organizations which are truly an asset to the school.

WALTER OSTERKAMP



OUR LIBRARY

Books to the right of us, books to the left of us, books in front of us, volumes and magazines! Fiction, non-fiction, encyclopedias, magazines, atlases, dictionaries—all these comprise the 7,500 volumes in the library at Roosevelt. Each book is listed under author, title, or subject in the card catalogue.

The library, which is largely non-fiction, includes, also, a fiction section containing a variety of types of novels by contemporary as well as by writers of the past. In order to facilitate finding the book desired, the library is divided into sections, containing books on history, science, English, reference books, biography, and books of other departments. The magazines, too, have their section.

As a special asset, there is available a delivery system in order to send and receive books from the downtown Central Public Library.

When one desires to go to the library, he must obtain a library slip, or permit, from the teacher by whom the work is assigned. If attending the library during a study period, the pupil must have this slip signed by the study room teacher, who retains the stub of the slip. The name of the book, or information desired, is written on the back of the slip. When entering the library, one gives his slip to a monitor who will find the book for him. So as not to form congestion around the entrance, students go to a table immediately and sit down. When one's name is called by Miss Bowman, the librarian, one gets his book and returns to his seat.

The library is of value to all as it gives the student the opportunity to obtain the information required during school time, and prevents a trip to a public library which may be far away. For recreational reading the student may take out books for a few days after obtaining permission from Miss Bowman.

DOROTHY WASEM



THE BOOK ROOM AND THE SUPPLY ROOM

Two departments which are very essential parts of every school are the book-room and supply-room. At Roosevelt both of these rooms are under the direction of Mr. Moehle, who is assisted by certain pupils who want to secure service points.

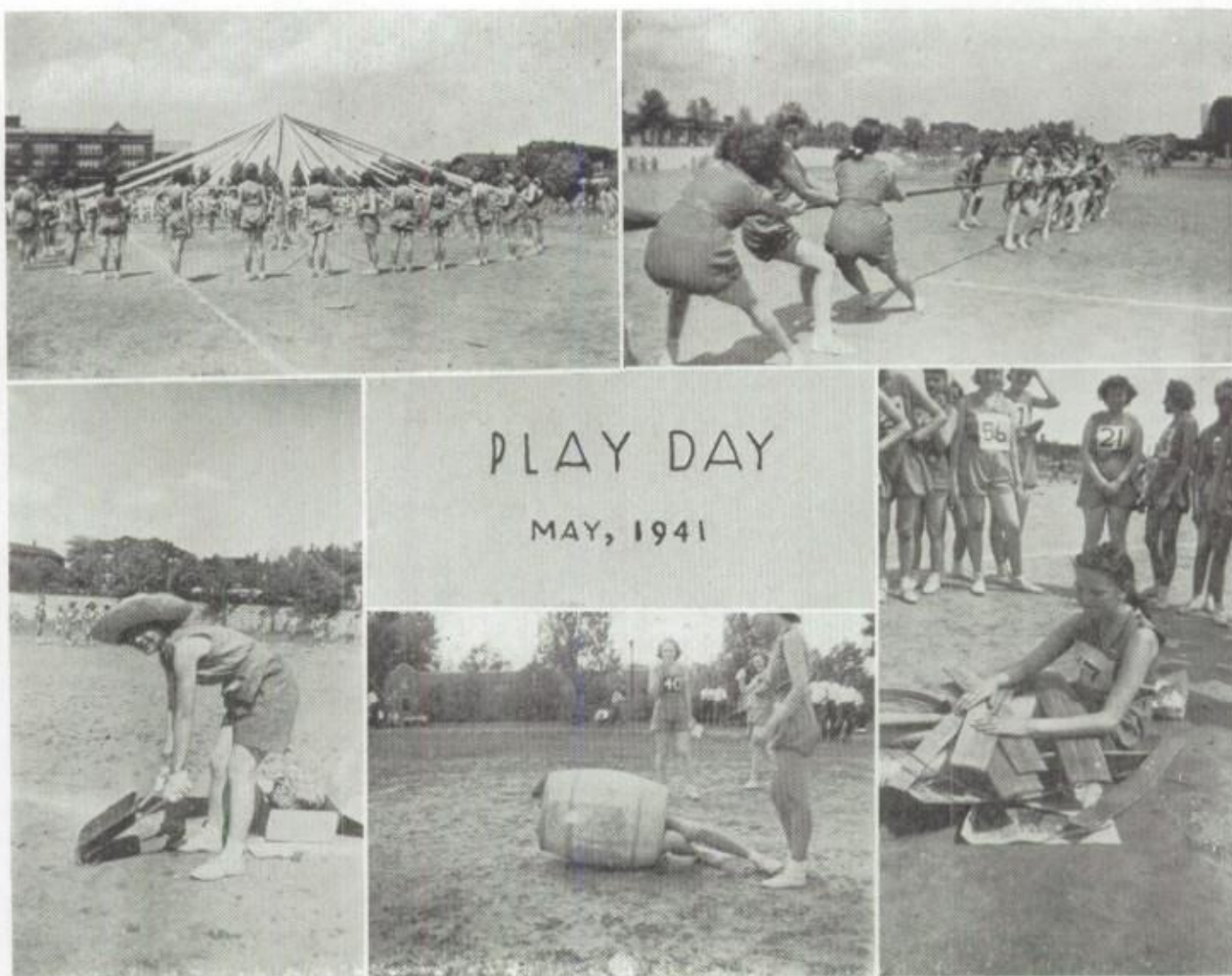
The supply-room has a very simple yet efficient system of operating. When stock is given out, the teacher for whom it is intended makes out a slip listing the various articles needed and presents it to the one in charge, who stamps the slip and checks it with a colored crayon, which represents the boy who receives it. The order is then filed and the stock given out. Keeping the room in stock is a big problem. One or two boys are permitted to make out requisitions, requesting the supplies needed for the month. These are checked by Mr. Moehle and signed by the Principal, Mr. Beumer. All requisitions have to be in by the third of the month, and the supplies are delivered the tenth of the same month. When the supplies arrive they are checked in against lists; and if everything is right, the lists are filed and the shelves stocked. Besides receiving supplies, such things as softballs, volleyballs, and basketballs are sent back when they are in need of repairs. The work in the supply room is not overly hard but is usually continuous, as teachers are continually asking for supplies.

In the book-room, 205, not far from the supply room, is Mr. Moehle's desk, behind which all his business is transacted. When teachers desire books they make out duplicate orders. These are stamped with the identical number and one slip is kept by the teacher, while the other one is filed in the book-room. The number of books taken out is recorded on a special card of the teachers. The procedure for returning books is just the reverse of the taking out of books! The teacher fills out a credit slip in duplicate and the number of books returned is subtracted from her total on hand. In this way everything is done in an orderly and exact way. When a pupil is withdrawn from school his books are taken from the locker and notices are sent out, asking for the receipt cards of books issued to him. When these are turned in, the books are returned to the respective teachers or credited to their accounts. Lost books make another problem for Mr. Moehle. Besides this he is constantly receiving new and rebound books and sending away books to be rebound and books to be discarded. The boys who work in the book-room seem to have little work to do during the semester, but when a term is over and a new one is beginning the boys are rushed taking in and giving out books. This is no easy task for anyone, since over a thousand books are handled on some days. These same boys also clear the lockers of all school and library books at the end of a term, usually working on a day when other pupils are free.

You have probably realized by now that Mr. Moehle is a very busy man. These things mentioned above are not the only duties he has to perform. He is in charge of selling street car passes and also collecting money for various funds from the teachers. So, hats off to Mr. Moehle! for his splendid work in the book-room and supply-room.

RICHARD SARTORIUS

One Hundred Thirty-nine



PLAY DAY

Did you hear about, or see, Roosevelt's Play Day. The name fits the day, of course. Every spring one day is set aside for the girls of Roosevelt. This spring eight hundred girls, making up fifty-six teams, participated in the seventh annual Play Day. This group was the largest group since Play Day was originated in 1934.

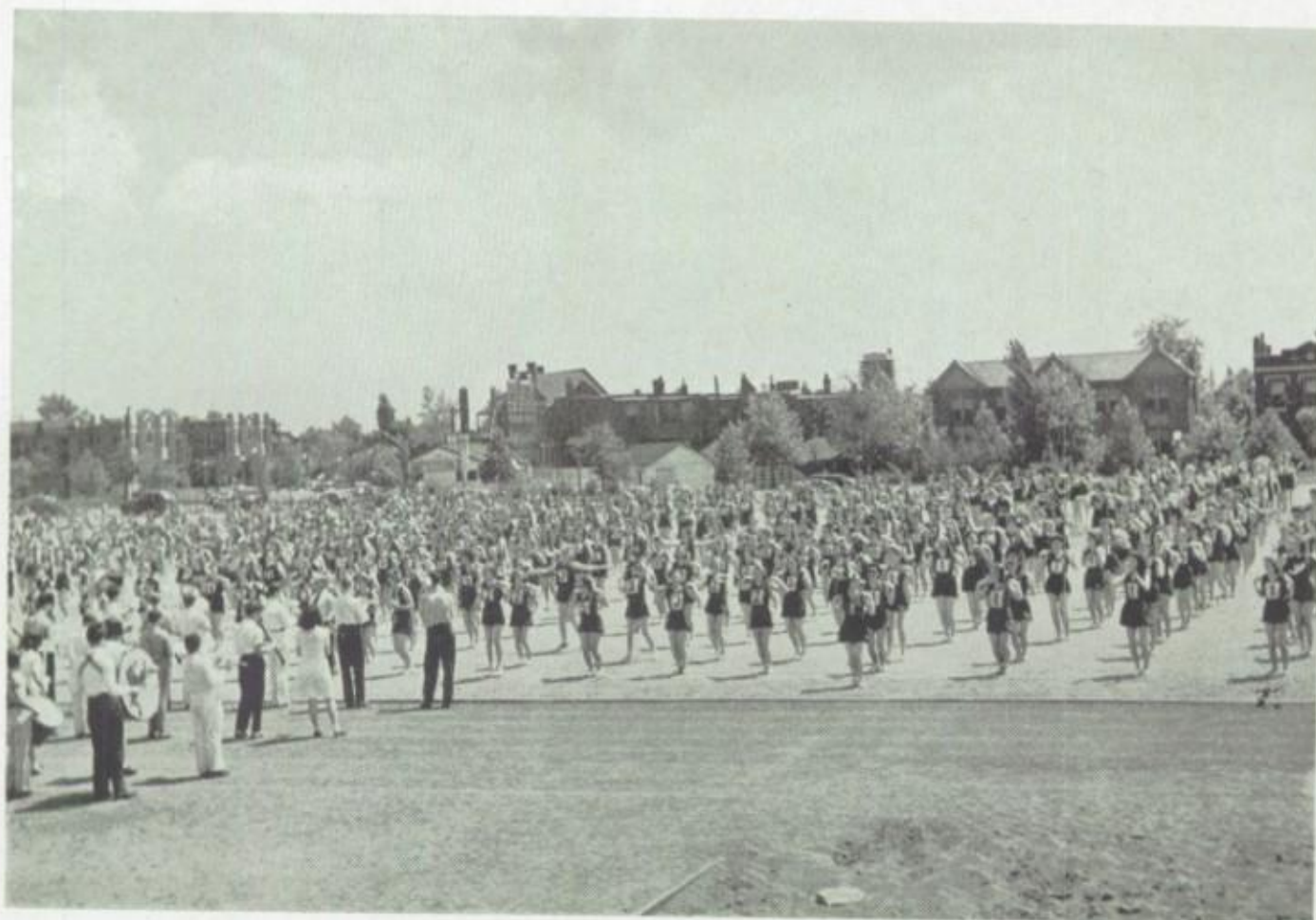
All morning there was an undercurrent of excitement felt by everyone and at one o'clock the great moment came. Eight hundred girls, four abreast, marched in the posture parade around the campus with the band leading. The exercises led by six of the sponsors were a beautiful sight and the new event added this year, the Maypole dance, with its streamers of red and white woven by the "girls in blue", capped the climax. But this was by no means the end, for the competitive games were yet to come. The games ranged from baseball and volley-ball to three-legged sack races and crawling through barrels.

Finally, there was another grand parade, only this time to the lunch room for those famous luscious ice cream sandwiches you hear so much about. During the appeasing of appetites, rousing cheers were raised for the gym teachers and Play Day came to an end as the girls compared sunburns and left for home.

Every girl is appreciative of the four gym teachers, Miss Varian, Miss

Higgins, Miss Haeseler, and Miss Schmidt, who planned the entire program. Months before the great day, they had been working on the schedule of games and the many little details which tend to make the program run smoothly and which made this 1941 Play Day the best of all Play Days.

DOROTHY BORMAN
LUCILLE SIMON
BERNYCE STOVALL



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The program of girls' athletics follows the seasons very closely this year, from September, 1941, until June, 1942. Beginning with September, these sports are offered: ping-pong and badminton, on Tuesday, volley-ball, on Monday and Thursday, and square-dancing, on Wednesday. The swimming club meets on Thursday.

After Thanksgiving, the schedule will include basketball and captain basketball. This program will continue until March.

Beside after-school activities, the girls' gym or tennis courts are available to any group of girls wishing to use them. The school furnishes the equipment for the games.

A definite schedule for the regular gym classes is followed by the teachers. That is, terms one and two play volley-ball; terms three and four, soccer; terms five and six, speedball; and terms seven and eight, hockey.

Faculty members in the girls' Physical Training activities include: Miss E. Haeseler, Miss B. G. Higgins, Miss V. Schmidt, and Miss M. D. Varian.



AUDREY RUESTER
Coronation Dance Queen

CORONATION DANCE

Our first Coronation Dance, sponsored by the Roosevelt High School Mothers' Club at the request of the Student Council, was given on the stage in the auditorium June 7, 1941. The purpose of the dance was to raise money for the general fund.

Each ticket entitled the holder to one vote for the Queen of the dance. After the votes had been counted, the trumpets sounded announcing the entrance of the four maids of honor: June Breen, Virginia Hahn, Lucille Schmidt, and Wilma Simpson. Then came the Queen, Audrey Ruester, with her escort, Carl Kohl. When the procession had reached the stage, the Queen was crowned by Roosevelt's Mayor, Haydn Parks. After the coronation, the royal party opened the dance and fun and merriment were in evidence for several hours. Students hope that the Coronation Dance will be an annual affair.

BILL HURST

SCHOOL CALENDAR—JANUARY, '41, TO JUNE, '41

SCHOOL EVENTS

January 27—Once again registration is here for the old and the new.

January 28—Whoopee! An extra day of vacation for registration of "New Jays".

January 29—Groan. School starts once again. The registration for this term is 3201.

February 13—Those old jokes again! Yes, it's election day. The new mayor—Haydn Parks; New Bwana editors: Byron Leonard and Betty Foerster; New Rough Rider editors: Jack Ansehl and Marjorie Morris. Seniors nominate officers.

February 17—First Bwana meeting under our new editors, Byron Leonard and Betty Foerster.

February 20—Senior elections.

February 24—Since no candidate for office received a majority, the Seniors held a re-election. President Sam Strother serves a third term.

February 24—A representative of Greenbriar College, Kentucky, interviews any Senior girls interested in that college.

We knew that the good luck couldn't last. Here are those dreaded report cards.

February 28—Roosevelt again victorious in the Interscholastic Swimming Meet.

March 4—The P. T. A. sponsors a benefit show at the Shenandoah Theater. The films shown were "Hudson's Bay" and "Four Mothers".

March 11—The Student Court holds a mock trial to acquaint the members with court proceedings.

March 15—Torch candidates pass in review before the faculty.

March 17—Dr. McKnight of Columbia University, New York, speaks to senior boys who are interested in the university.

March 21—Mr. Fredericks of Jefferson College of Y. M. C. A. interviews senior boys interested in the college.

March 22—Mr. T. L. Jones of Texas A. & M. College interviews senior boys.

March 24—A representative from Rolla interviews senior boys interested in Rolla.

March 27—Mrs. Pronko, representative of Drury College, interviews senior girls in regard to attending Drury.

March 31—Miss Savage, of Webster College, interviews senior girls interested in Webster College.

April 3—Mrs. Dikroeger, representative of William Woods College, interviews senior girls interested in attending William Woods College.

April 8—Gloria Kraehe and Edward Nugent represent Roosevelt at the Washington University Oratorical Contest. Roosevelt wins second place in the girls' division.

April 9—O-o-o-o-o-oh! Report cards come again.

April 10—At last! Sixes organize and nominate officers.

April 11—Mrs. Rutherford of Central College interviews senior girls interested in attending Central College.

April 17—A representative of Harris Teachers College interviews senior girls interested in Harris. Torch induction at 8:00 P. M. Mr. Thomas Tierney, a graduate of Roosevelt, is the speaker. Sixes elect officers.

April 18—Mrs. Mayhew from MacMurray College interviews senior girls interested in MacMurray.

April 24—Since no candidate received a majority, the Sixes held a re-election. An amazing occurrence! Every one who was elected on a plurality vote in the preceding election received a majority in the election. The lucky president is Margaret Nickolaus.

April 30—A representative of Lindenwood College interviews senior girls interested in attending Lindenwood.

May 1—Matinee of our first operetta, "The Waltz Dream". A colorful and entertaining spectacle.

May 2—Evening performance of the operetta.

May 6—With the Band, Sea Scouts, Boy Scouts, Pep R Girls, Pepette Girls, and student body, Roosevelt parades to Tower Grove Bank to buy Defense Stamps.

May 12—Girls interested in Nursing attend a tea at the Washington University School of Nursing. Senior girls interested in Christian College, Columbia, interviewed by a representative.

May 14—Here they are again! Report Cards!!!

May 22—What does this blue gym suit emphasis mean? Why, it's Play Day. And—NO—you're wrong this time: The sun shone in full splendor and the girls got a good dose of sun tan.

May 26-27-28 and June 2—Seniors go through the torture of exams.

May 27—The Band Tag Show, "THINGZAPOPPIN" was at last presented and it proved to be an amazing performance. Very amusin' and very confusin'.

May 28—Hurray! We vote for Field Day Queen. The track meet is very near now.

May 29—It's here at last! We come home with the victory again. Our team earns the Midget, the Junior, and The Big Cup of the Day. Yes sir, we're aiming now for the FIFTEENTH straight victory.

May 30—Memorial Day brings us a much needed holiday to recuperate from Field Day and hoarseness. (Need we have mentioned it?)

June 4—First night dance at Roosevelt. A "Coronation" Dance and the queen is Audrey Ruester.

June 4-5—Bwanas go from hand to hand as the Rooseveltians collect autographs.

June 6-9-10—Comprehensive Reviews once again.

June 9—Senior Class Day at the Chase Hotel.

June 12—Graduation! Oh, wonderful day . . . !

June 13—School's out! School's out . . . !

AUDITORIUM SESSIONS

February 10—Mr. Jones speaks on Religion.

February 11—William Woods girls sing in the Auditorium. Could this explain why boys like singing?

One Hundred Forty-four

February 13—Candidates for school offices present their speeches for the Rooseveltians. The mayor is Haydn Parks.

February 21—Judge Mix speaks on "Honesty".

March 3—Mr. Hays, a member of the Civitan Club of St. Louis, speaks to the 5's, 6's, 7's, and 8's on the Civitan essay contest entitled "What America Means To Me".

March 19—Swimming Auditorium to present trophies won by our boys.

March 25—Motion picture "Parade of Champions" shown.

April 4—Entrants in Washington University Oratorical Contest present their speeches.

April 24—Preview of the operetta, "The Waltz Dream".

April 29—Preview of General Motors "Parade of Progress" given student body.

May 5—Senior boys see a film entitled "Service With the Colors" presented by Sergeant Hutchins of the United States Army.

May 21—Awards were given in this Auditorium Session: The Civitan award; Harvard Book prize; later the winning essay was read.

May 25—Ah-h-h! What a bevy of beauties! You guessed it—the track queen candidates. Something tells me that more boys will go out for track just to be represented by these beauties.

May 29—Pep rally and then the glorious ceremony of the crowning of the Track Queen, June Breen, followed by speeches from the boys on the team.

June 4—The trophies won at the field meet presented to Mr. Ammerman.

AFTER SCHOOL PARTIES, SOCIALS, AND DANCES

February 25—The sevens hold the first dance of the new spring term.

March 4—The Girls' Basketball Club has its first and its last social in the gym.

March 21—Those "New Jays" are now in the social world at Roosevelt after their party.

March 28—The Seniors have a dance, too.

April 2—The Spanish Club takes spills and bumps in their stride at their roller skating social.

April 9—The Pep R Girls go bus riding, with cokes and potato chips as refreshments.

April 26—Sevens have their second social—a wiener roast—at Forest Park.

May 7—The Mathematics Club traipsed up to the Boulevard Sweet Shop for a luncheon.

May 14—The Spanish Club went on a wiener roast at Forest Park.

May 16—The mothers of O'ita Club members are honored at a Mother's Day Party held in the lunch room.

May 17—The members of the College Club enjoyed a luncheon at the Busy Bee Tearoom.

June 4—Coronation Dance. Audrey Ruester chosen queen.

June 9—Senior Class Day. They celebrate at the Chase Hotel.

June 14—Sixes celebrate the close of school at their Boat Excursion on the Steamer Admiral.

CATHERINE HEFFERNAN

One Hundred Forty-five



SCHOOL CALENDAR

September, 1941, to February, 1942

SCHOOL EVENTS

September 2—Registration.

September 3—Registration for the freshmen. Another free day, but we don't care.

September 4—School resumes with a registration for the term of 3213.

September 8—First Bwana meeting of the term.

September 10—The Seniors meet for the first time this term and nominate their officers.

September 11—A new type of street-car and bus pass was installed, for a thirteen-week trial.

Sevens meet and nominate their officers.

September 16—The school elections roll around again. The lucky officers are: Mayor, Bob Higginbotham; Editors of Rough Rider, Grace Kohnle and Michael Waldner; Editors of Bwana, Bill Hurst and Bernyce Stovall.

September 18—Seniors elect Kenny Linzeman President.

Sevens elect John Vogel President.

September 20—Roosevelt defeats McBride 6-0 in their first football game of the season.

September 22—First meeting of the Bwana Staff under its new editors, Bill Hurst and Bernyce Stovall.

September 26—Since our co-editor, Bernyce Stovall, moved to Massachusetts, a vote was taken in the advisories and Margaret Nickolaus, her opponent in the election, was elected her successor.

September 27—The Rough Riders took a trip to Paducah, Kentucky, to play the Tilghman High Tornadoes, and, in spite of a well-played and hard-fought game, the Tornadoes defeated our boys, 31-6.

October 2—Sixes nominate officers.

October 9—Sixes elect Nick Eckerle their President.

October 20—A new three-way plan for our report cards is initiated. Today we take them to the teachers for our grades.

October 21—The report cards are given to our advisers for safe-keeping.

October 22—Home with those cards. Ouch!

Miss Margaret Hamma, internationally famous typist, visited Roosevelt and demonstrated her unusual typing skill.

October 25—Seniors are sporting their buttons which went on sale today.

October 29—The students present Mr. Ammerman with a token of appreciation for his service as Principal.

November 4—Senior girls interested in attending MacMurray College were interviewed by a representative of that college.

November 11—Hurrah! No school. It's Armistice Day.

November 12—What's this? Blue Jeans at Roosevelt—and, did I see a few boys flitting around the halls with their skirts? Dunno'. Could be wrong.

November 18—Eenie, Meenie, Miny, Moe. You guessed it. Those aptitude tests are here again. Woe is me!

November 21-22—Thanksgiving holidays.

November 25—The annual benefit football game, originally scheduled for the twenty-second and postponed because of rain, was played today.

The West defeated the East only after a good battle by a score of 9-6.

November 28—Roosevelt Rough Riders opened their basketball season with a battle against Bayless, resulting in a defeat by a 27-21 score.

December 4-5—No school. Three cheers for the Teachers' Convention.

December 5—LaVerne Kruse wins honorable mention in essay contest sponsored by the Modern Language Association of Missouri.

December 9—Those report cards get taken to the teachers again.

Torch Induction.

December 10—Our advisers can have them gladly.

December 10—Did the parents like them or not? Well——

December 11—Hello! What's this? Hello Day? Well, well.

December 24-January 5—Christmas Holidays. Let's hope that Santa Claus is good to us.

These autograph hunters. Tsk! You've guessed it. The BWANAS are out again.

Senior Comprehensives.

Here come those exams again. Oh! Oh!

And report cards, too.

No more school—till Monday.

AUDITORIUM MEETINGS

September 5—An introductory auditorium meeting for the purpose of introducing our new principal, Mr. Beumer, and our new assistant principal, Mr. Inbody.

September 26—Rah! Rah! Rah! Football. The team was presented in full glory.

October 7—Lieutenant Quinlivan gave a very interesting talk on Fire Prevention.

October 13—After a few selections from the A'Cappella Choir, we heard a speech on Defense.

November 7—Miss Grace's Dramatic Class gave a very colorful and entertaining presentation entitled, "We Hold These Truths," as a prologue to American Education Week.

November 17—A musical aud. It was also the first time that the bands and the orchestras had performed in the same aud.

December 8—The whole school heard the President broadcast the war message to Congress.

December 10—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in our auditorium.

Harvard Book Prize awarded to Fred Hronicek.

Junior Rotarians—Richard Novak and Nick Eckerle.

AFTER SCHOOL PARTIES, DANCES AND SOCIALS

October 17—The seniors have the first dance of the term and also a very good time.

October 28—Is this Leap Year? No? Oh, I see, it's the backward dance which the Athletic Committee is giving.

October 31—The New Jays are now a part of Roosevelt, having entered the social whirl at the semi-annual party.

Cornstalks and pumpkins give a very Hallowe'enish air to the stage for this and also for the Sevens' Barn Dance, which was held on the stage in the evening. Need I say that a very good time was had by all?

November 27—O'ita's social this term consisted of a matinee luncheon at the Tunnelway in Famous-Barr.

December 3—Senior Tacky Dance. What a lot of fun!

December 11—Hello Day Dance. That's the right spirit. Anything goes at this combination backward-forward dance. This backward-forward simply means anyone, boy or girl, can cut in. Oh, Boy!

December 17—The Pep R Social consisted of wrapping gifts for a family and then having refreshments in the lunch room.

CATHERINE HEFFERNAN
ARLINE MOXTER
CHARLOTTE WETTEROTH



Bill Appelbaum



Betty Blaker

FIRST TERM PUPILS

Barbara Ward





SECOND TERM PUPILS



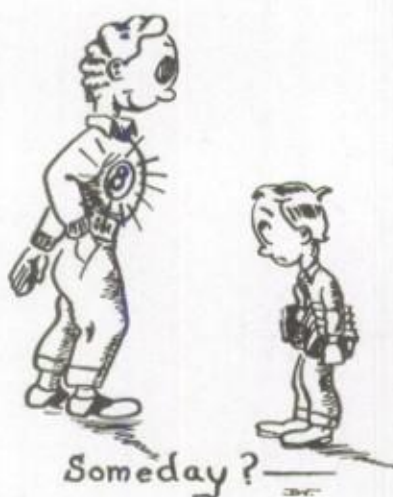
THE NEW JAY PARTY

Who comes out on Hallowe'en? Why ghosts and witches! Everyone knows that. But this year it was different; this year has made history. On October 31, almost every Freshman of Roosevelt filed orderly into the auditorium to enjoy their first party together. They weren't afraid of ghosts and witches, our Freshmen helped them celebrate.

The Welfare Committee, which is in charge of all "New Jay" parties, planned a colossal program. Rollin Phipps proved himself a very entertaining master of ceremonies. He first introduced Mr. Hahnel who is in charge of Roosevelt's orchestra. Accompanied by the orchestra, the new Juniors sang various numbers from the song sheets which they received as they entered. This was followed by a speech from Mayor Higginbotham, several songs blended beautifully by Two Dots and a Dash, and two novelty dance numbers by Mary Frances and Bonnie Huskamp. Then came more fun. The master of ceremonies quizzed one boy and one girl from each advisory on popular song titles. A burst of enthusiasm was shown by each advisory as its representative was asked a question. "Would he recognize that song? Can she think of song titles with 'I' in it?" Well, at any rate, Helen Sauerberger of Miss Richoi's advisory did, for she walked off with the first prize closely followed, however, by Thelma Cain from Miss Stansell's group.

But no party is complete without refreshments. So, the groups retired to the lunch room for ice cream and cookies. Thus the afternoon ended.

RICHARD SARTORIUS
PATRICIA RADENTZ



DIARY OF A NEW-JAY

Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1941.

Today I dropped a half-dollar in our coal bin. You can imagine what I looked like when I came out, but I found it.

Thursday, Sept. 25, 1941.

As I was riding my bike, on my paper route, I had to go through an alley. While doing so I had a flat, and had to carry my papers, and push my bike at the same time.

Friday, Sept. 26, 1941.

This evening I saw my newly born nephew for the first time. He is a boy, and am I glad. The only thing wrong is that he sleeps too much to suit me.

Saturday, Sept. 27, 1941.

My friend and I watched a Yo-Yo contest at a \$.10 store. We found it very interesting.

Sunday, Sept. 28, 1941.

My mother, dad, and I went to the country for a picnic today. We had a large and exquisite lunch, then we came home.

Monday, Sept. 29, 1941.

We played in an old vacant lot, a game of football. We weren't bothered with the rain until we went to meet our mothers' fist or broom.

Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1941.

As I was done selling papers, I watched boys play pin-ball machines. Some of them were so good they got free games almost all the time.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1941.

This morning I wore woolen trousers to school. It rained a little and they got wet. They began to stretch, and looked as if I were very bowlegged.

Thursday, Oct. 2, 1941.

After dinner we played "Iron-horse." I had lots of fun, until I was the "Iron-horse."

Friday, Oct. 3, 1941.

At last Friday came; I am tickled pink because tomorrow we will really have fun.

Saturday, Oct. 4, 1941.

Today my parents went to see my nephew. I was going to clean my bike, and then go to the show. They had the key to the house. I had cleaned my bike, and my older nephew, Joe, and I went to the show. We were well seated when I noticed that Joe was nowhere around. I sprang to my feet and started searching for him. After hunting for a while, I thought he might have decided to go home. So I went to see if he had. He hadn't, and I couldn't get in the house or go back in the show for I had spent all of my money in the show. I had to wait until my Mother came home to unlock the door. We were still worried about Joe, who hadn't come home yet. All of a sudden, the door swings open, and in tramps Joe with, "Reach for the sky. Your goose is cooked."

Sunday, Oct. 5, 1941.

I didn't have time to write this yesterday (Sun.), so I will today (Mon.).

One Hundred Fifty-three

We went skating last night, at the Grand Roller Rink. It was the first time I had been on a rink so I don't think I did too much damage.

Monday, Oct. 6, 1941.

After school I had to go to the store. As I was walking down the street it started raining. I ran home and grabbed an umbrella, but just as I reached the door the rain stopped. Boy, was I mad!

Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1941.

This morning in our advisory, our advisor told us when we would get our report cards. There was a loud "oooooing" followed by a lot of girl gossipers; you know who they are.

Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1941.

Today, in health, we played football. Our team beat the other team so badly it isn't even funny.

Thursday, Oct. 9, 1941.

My unlucky day must be on the ninth instead of the thirteenth as many unfortunate things happened to me today. As I was going down the steps, minding my own business, some of those old new-jays knocked my books out of my hands. The books went hopping down the steps, to stop at the bottom with papers and books everywhere. To top that off I found I was going down the wrong stairs.

Friday, Oct. 10, 1941.

Friday is my easiest day at school. It seems as though I am always dreaming of tomorrow. At least that is what I was doing today in my General Science class. The teacher marked me with a zero, and said it made a "setting," whatever that is.

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1941.

At last the day has come. The most wonderful, the most gorgeous day! We play all day. Sometimes we have to clean windows, clean up the basement, go to the store about a dozen times, but we usually have fun.

Sunday, Oct. 12, 1941.

This morning we were going to play football (after church) in Gravois Park. We won't murder each other, but we'll do our best.

Monday, Oct. 13, 1941.

It is really refreshing to think that in six more days it will be Saturday again. Boy time sure flies.

Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1941.

Our club met in Charlie's basement, we made plans for a Hallowe'en party. We are gonig to have seven boys and seven girls. The boys will chip in \$2.00 apiece. We should have a swell time.

BILL FRANKLIN





ROOSEVELT'S HOME PROBLEMS COURSE

It has been said that the home is the backbone of the nation. The home and family was the earliest form of government and from this comparatively simple organization have developed the complicated governmental systems of today. But still the welfare of a nation depends on the families of which it is composed. A country of happy homes is a peaceful, prosperous country just as a country of dissatisfied homes is an unstable nation. Simple deduction, isn't it? But the real question is—what is the difference between the happy home and the unhappy home? the cause? and the remedy?

To help the homemakers of tomorrow learn the answers, classes in the art of organizing and maintaining a good home have been added to college and high school curricula all over the country. Educators realize that a home, good in both material and moral factors, will produce children with high physical, mental, and spiritual standards. In other words, the type of child depends on the type of environment.

Here at Roosevelt a course in the Problems of Home Living is offered, only to students in their senior year, in an endeavor to make capable homemakers of them. "Problems in Home Living" makes up the last two terms of the home economics group—a decided advantage—since shortly after graduation many students will have need of such knowledge and training.

The class in Home Problems meets five periods per week each semester. During the course every phase of successful home management is covered. Each term's work is divided into six units, time being allotted to each unit in relation to its importance or its difficulty. The first six units studied include: Food Needs in Relation to the Individual; Clothes for the Occasion; Dollars in Relation to Daily Living; Personality Development through Family Living; Problems in Safeguarding the Family's Health; and the Family's Recreational Problems. The units covered in the second term are: Setting Up Standards of Successful Family Life; The Housing Problem; Home Management in Relation to Time, Labor, and Money; Consumer Problems of the Family; Children in the Home; and Social Responsibility of the Home.

Furnishing a home comfortably and pleasantly is one of the most important home problems, and, consequently, a great deal of time and effort is spent on this project. In order that pupils might obtain actual experience in the furnishing of a home, the class of June, 1941, planned and fitted a room in one of the local large furniture establishments. The class decided on the amount to be spent and discussed the type of room to be formed, and planned the appointments and the color scheme.

The accompanying photograph shows the room furnished by the home problems class. The color scheme is rose, gold, light blue, and harmonious shades of brown. The walls are painted a pastel shade of rose. Period furniture of the eighteenth century was selected. A semi-modern tone was introduced in the floor covering, a twist-weave broadloom carpet in a light sand color, and in the draperies which were made of striped satin having a blue background with a floral design in rose, gold, and light blue. A desk, of Chippendale design, was added. Over the desk, a mirror, also Chippendale, was hung. A desk chair, of the design of the American, Duncan Phyfe,

One Hundred Fifty-six

was covered in brown leather with brass nail trim. The lounge chair was upholstered in bright gold damask; the Hepplewhite wing chair was covered in a gay floral cretonne repeating the color scheme. Illumination was supplied by a three-way-lighting bridge lamp in bronze finish. Additional pieces not shown in the picture include: a pair of Chippendale tables—one at either side of the lounge; and a Sheraton wall bracket above the lounge. The room was furnished entirely in mahogany.

The estimated cost of decorating this room was about three hundred and fifty dollars. Besides learning the cost of furnishing a home, a knowledge essential to the homemaker, these students have had opportunity to discover the difference between a dull and depressing room and the one that is alive and invigorating. This discovery will be useful for the rest of the students' lives.

A modern and progressive school that presents such useful and practical courses as the "Problems in Home Living" course is indeed doing a valuable service in training young people to make the most of opportunity to achieve success and establish good homes that will be the strength of America tomorrow.

MARGARET NICKOLAUS



STUDENT COUNCIL

Today, in progressive education, the student is given an opportunity to voice his opinion, and, often to take action in matters concerning himself. When, however, the student is only one of three thousand, individual action is impractical and a representative body must be formed. Such is the Student Council of Roosevelt, an organization whose purpose it is to inquire into, inform as to, and act upon matters which concern the welfare of the entire school population.

Our student council is a representative body composed of students in the fifth term or above. After an advisory group has reached the fifth term it may elect its representative from its own number. In terms earlier than the fifth, the advisor selects the representative from a list of eligible students.

The extent and the limit of power, the manner of conducting meetings, the method of taking action, the procedure of electing the officers are provisions of the constitution and by-laws conceived, drawn up, and adopted by the first Roosevelt council.

The chairman and president of council is the mayor elected by popular school vote. However, candidates for this office are nominated by the council from the student body. The vice-president, secretary, and parliamentarian are elected by the council at its first meeting of the term. The chairmen of the standing committees—athletic, citizenship, finance, welfare, and property—are selected by popular vote although the candidates are nominated in the usual manner by the council.

The duties of the chairman are: to preside at all meetings; to preserve order; to recognize the various speakers; and to appoint the special committee. The vice-president presides only in the absence of the mayor. The secretary takes the roll call and keeps the minutes of the meetings. The business of the student council is conducted according to preliminary procedure. It is the duty of the parliamentarian to see that this procedure is carried out to the letter.

The order of business is: calling meeting to order, roll call, reading of the minutes, unfinished business, committee reports, and new business. The manner of action is simple. A motion is made and seconded. Discussion is then in order. After the discussion, a vote is taken. A majority vote is necessary to carry the motion. If the motion is carried, its provisions are put into effect.

The council's chief functions are to maintain and to improve student conditions; to investigate changes desired by the student body; and if approval is received from the office, it goes into effect. Student council develops in youth discretion, reasoning, and judgment in self directing and is essentially a worthwhile educational factor.

MARGARET NICKOLAUS



STANDING
COMMITTEES



SIGHT CONSERVATION CLASS

Roosevelt provides sight conservation work for all those pupils who, because of some eye defect, are unable to do their work unaided. Many devices are used for making school and its activities more interesting and worth while. The school text books are typed in large print that is easy to read. There is available for the class a copy of almost every text book used in this school. There are also large printed volumes for home reading, books, like "Old Creole Days." For those taking some form of social studies, history or the like, there are enlarged maps with a legend to determine different places.

The pupils are encouraged to use the blackboards. It isn't unusual to see five or six students at the board, working mathematics problems and doing other types of homework. The pupils are encouraged to work puzzles, cryptograms, and similar projects.

A spirit of sociability exists among the sight conservation pupils who make firm friends and are together both in school and out. Occasionally, parties are given for the group.

The pupils are taught parliamentary procedure and can conduct meetings quite capably. They take care of most of the work in their advisory, taking attendance, counting ballots at election time, and managing other matters that come up during the term.

Miss Riefling who directs the work of sight conservation is conducting a very worth-while project.

MARY JANE MEGEL



THE TYPE ROOMS

Have you ever sat in your study hall at the west end of the third floor, just listening to the rhythmic tat-tat-tat of the typewriters? These sounds come from rooms 321, 323, 325, the type rooms.

Each room has thirty modern machines of well-known makes, such as Underwood, Royal, Woodstock, and L. C. Smith. The students are taught the proper care of their typewriters in everything from cleaning the keys with a small brush to putting on a new ribbon.

Standard speed tests are provided by the typewriter companies, and the "Twentieth Century Typing Manual" is used. This manual contains useful exercises for office practice such as how to center a letter, how to cut a stencil for the mimeograph, and other essential business forms.

In Type Four, many students reach a speed of sixty words per minute, which is all some firms require to hold a position. A few students get as high as seventy words per minute.

Under the careful instruction of Mr. Carlson, Miss Crowder, Mr. Griggs, Miss Peterson, Mr. Smith, and Miss L. Solfronk, students are taught the essentials of becoming rapid and accurate typists.

DOROTHY WASEM



CHEMISTRY

Away in a corner, as far from the rest of the school as possible, are the chemistry rooms. The real reason for this is that, in case of explosion, only the laboratory and the rooms adjacent to it would be damaged. Even if other people tell you the rooms are so placed because of the smell, this is the real reason.

Room 15 is a lecture room, and Room 13 is a combination of lecture room and laboratory. The lecture rooms have rows of seats arranged in tiers, while the laboratory is equipped with eight tables, each accommodating four persons. Every two pupils have a sink which they share, and each person has his own equipment. The equipment consists of a black rubber apron that doesn't exactly add to a person's glamour, various glass containers that usually get broken in the course of a term, and some other equipment that is very useful in chemistry, but isn't easy to put into the drawer so as to have room for other big pieces. By the end of the term, the drawer reveals utter confusion and a person can't find what he is looking for.

During each of the two laboratory periods per week, one or two assigned experiments are supposed to be accomplished. In this time, many things are liable to happen, and usually do. In every class there are a few people who, either due to carelessness or over-confidence, make mistakes and have minor explosions and accidents. These don't happen to everyone, though, at times, even the most careful people have accidents.

MARY JANE MEGEL



BIG BUSINESS

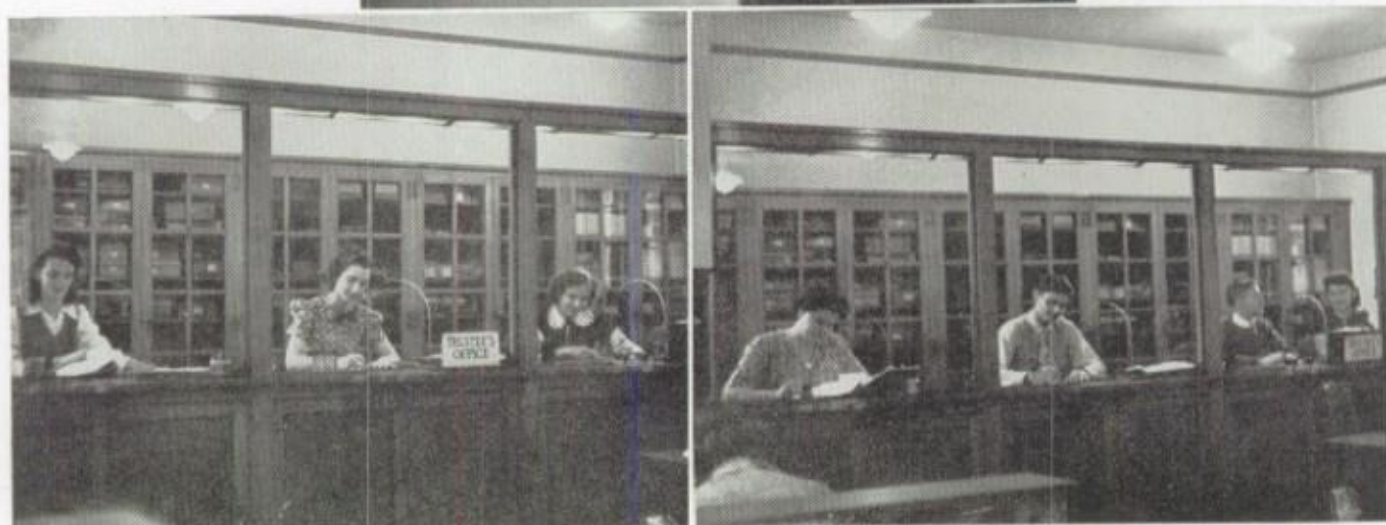
When we refer to the big business of the Roosevelt High School, many students do not realize that we are speaking seriously; few pupils know what extensive bookkeeping is carried on in a fiscal school year. It is our purpose to explain the scope of this "Big Business" and tell who carry it on.

The Trustee's Office is located in a corner of Room 309. Here a fifteen-thousand dollar business is conducted during the average school year. Eighty-six different organizations have accounts in this office. These groups bring to this room dues, profits from parties given by clubs, money from the sale of tickets to football games and other athletic events, plays, and social affairs. All bills incurred by school organizations must be paid through the trustee's office. Books and records of these transactions are kept accurately and each year a School Board auditor checks the records.

The personnel of this department of the school now includes seventeen students and two teachers. Miss Edith M. Hewitt, the trustee and chief-of-staff, selects her assistants most carefully for their dependability and honesty. Miss Stansell, the other teacher, writes the checks. The workers are trained to keep the records and books according to accepted business practice. This is the present staff of the Trustee's office: Charles Fields, Doris Eisenberg, Carolyn Hackman, Audrey Hanstein, Betty Herrin, Lorraine Merkel, Bill Randolph, Robert Rapp, Bobbye Richardson, Dorothy Richardson, Gloria Ringgold, Leslie Robinson, James Smylie, Arlene Washford, Mary Zervas, Miss Hewitt, Miss Stansell.

Through the clubs of the Roosevelt High School, the students become a vital part of this big business, for it is the students' money that goes into circulation and that gives Roosevelt High School a financial rating.

JAMES SMYLIE





DRIVER EDUCATION

TODAY we find it necessary to add to our curriculum to meet the changing conditions of the swiftly moving time in which we live. To the traditional three R's, Reading, wRiting, and aRithmetic, are now added two new R's: Rules of the Road. Although we may have to pay for a mistake in one of the old R's—and heavily, too,—a mistake in the new R's may well prove tragic.

Because of the appalling number of automobile fatalities in the United States, several devices have been tried to foster careful, intelligent, and courteous driving. None was successful because none recognized the need of a basic, well-organized educational program. Now police, safety councils, industries, and schools are all being called upon to help. The strong movement for driver education in the high schools is a reflection of the strong public demand for action. We are meeting that demand at Roosevelt.

Unfortunately, the number of students who may take the course is limited to seventy-two per semester because of the amount of time which must be spent on the road. Only four students can be taken out for a road lesson each period. Each student receives five periods behind the wheel every three weeks. Each day there is also one classroom period.

Every year, then, one hundred forty-four competent drivers can be graduated from Roosevelt. If we multiply this number by the twelve St. Louis high schools, and we can readily see the great increase in good driving there should be in the space of a few years. Remember the student of today is the driver of tomorrow.

THE SWIMMING POOL

Splash! Splash! Splash! This is a familiar sound that can be heard almost any period of the day, coming from the regions of the swimming pool, behind the closed doors of Room 24.

Swimming is one of the most enjoyable subjects a pupil at Roosevelt can take. Indeed, we, who attend public high schools in this city, are very fortunate to have such well-equipped pools where, under the guidance of competent instructors, we are taught to swim.

The pool at Roosevelt is quite large, being sixty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. The white tile bottom slopes gradually so that while the depth of the water at the shallow end is three feet, it increases to six and a half feet at the deeper end.

A great advantage of our pool at Roosevelt is that we have a filter system of drainage. By means of this process, water which has been purified and to which chlorine has been added, is continuously flowing into the pool through two narrow pipes. At the same time, the water is slowly going out through a drain in the center of the pool. This constant movement of water forms a cycle of repurification and, therefore, the fresh water which fills the pool at the beginning of the term remains there, as pure as at first, until the end of the term. By this method our pool is cleaner than other pools where the water is changed every few days.

Whether or not you know how to swim, take swimming here in your own pool, and who knows what recreation and help you might gain from this knowledge!

MARTHA BLANKENSHIP
ELLEN DICKERSON



ROOSEVELT'S SHOPS

UST as Roosevelt High School offers to the student languages, arts, and the other studies necessary to prepare him for a college education, so also does it give the student who is less fortunate, a chance to prepare himself for a skilled position in the industrial world through its shops.

Roosevelt is one of the best equipped high schools in the city, and this fact is reflected in its shops. Not only are the machines and the tools of the best quality, but they are distributed and their use is explained in such a way as to benefit students in the best way possible. There is so much that can be said about each separate field of learning in shop that I will not try to elaborate on any one of them for it would surely take a whole book to do them justice.

I will, however, endeavor to name all of the courses which are open to each eager student, and will try to point out the benefits of each. The metal and the woodworking shops offer the pupil a chance to be a good furniture or a pattern worker. If the student is ambitious enough, he can learn and practice the fundamental steps which constitute a good machinist.

Good mechanics are made in the machine shop, for the student experiences the same conditions found in any every day garage. These mechanics gain such a knowledge of the parts of an automobile engine that they would be able to enter the auto-making industry, and with a little training, they could become skillful auto or airplane workers.

The number of trades for which one can prepare himself, by taking advantage of Roosevelt's excellent shop courses, is amazing. Through the experience of good shop teachers, which the Roosevelt students are fortunate in having, one can learn certain basic principles which will help him to grasp a trade more easily.

These courses will also give him a certain skill and surety that will make him more adept and efficient at whatever job he may work.

Even if the accomplished Rooseveltian does not follow an industrial career, he will have gained such a practical knowledge through his shop courses, that he will be benefited by using it to a great extent in his home. His knowledge of tools and his skill in using them will help him much in pursuing a hobby in his spare time. Thus, it may be said, that a student who takes a shop course gains a rich, practical knowledge not offered in any other subject.

FRANK MERTA





CLASSES IN SPEECH TRAINING

Classes for speech training are held in 109A on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week. These classes, under the direction of Miss Dorothy Woldstad, are arranged to meet particular speech problems common to high school pupils.

Fear of speech, talking too fast, weak voices, faults in articulation and pronunciation, lisps, as well as the more serious difficulties such as stuttering and cleft palate speech are given help.

When a new pupil enters the class his difficulty is analyzed and the type of training to fit his particular need is applied. The parents can be very helpful in this task, by working with the pupils in the home to help correct his speech defect.

Because many speech problems are psychological in nature, a real development in personality, attractiveness, and adjustment frequently accompanies speech improvement.

Today everybody needs correct, pleasing, and convincing speech. In our daily work in school, in our ordinary every-day lives, and in our preparation for our future jobs in the business world or in the professions, we need good understandable speech which is the one way that we "get ourselves across" to other people, and we shall continue to need it as long as we live.

From fifty to sixty pupils a week are given this opportunity for personal development in Roosevelt High School.

MARY MEGEL



ROOSEVELT'S JANITOR SYSTEM

Brrr, these rooms are cold! The girls are rolling down their ever-pushed up sweater sleeves; the boys, too, feel the chill. Teachers don't seem to understand—the temperature is at the regular 70 degrees. And wasn't the first started at two o'clock this morning?

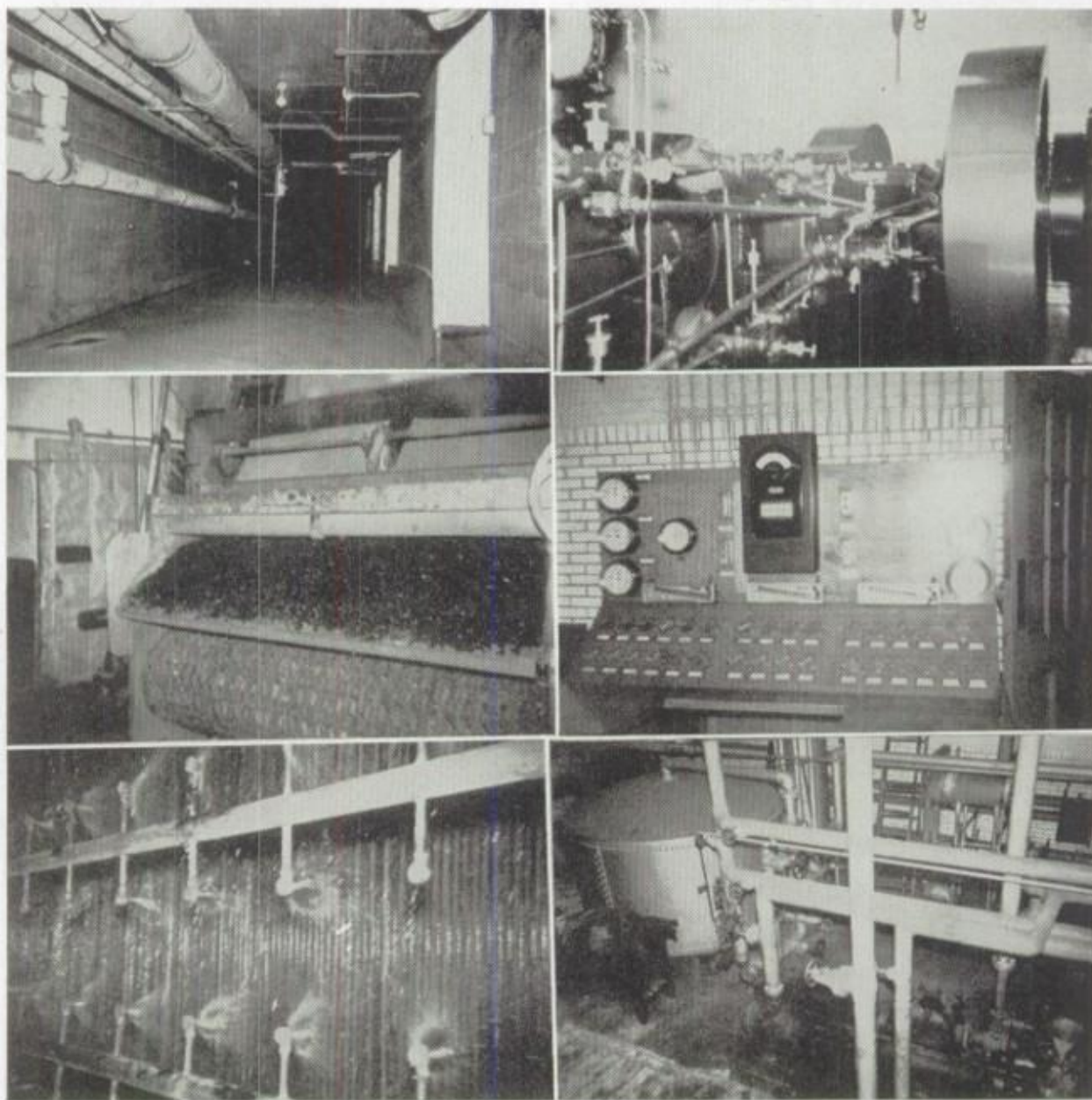
It isn't often that Roosevelt's excellent heating and air-circulating system is lax—then only on Monday mornings. We'll send our complaint to the chief engineer. Ah, this is much better.

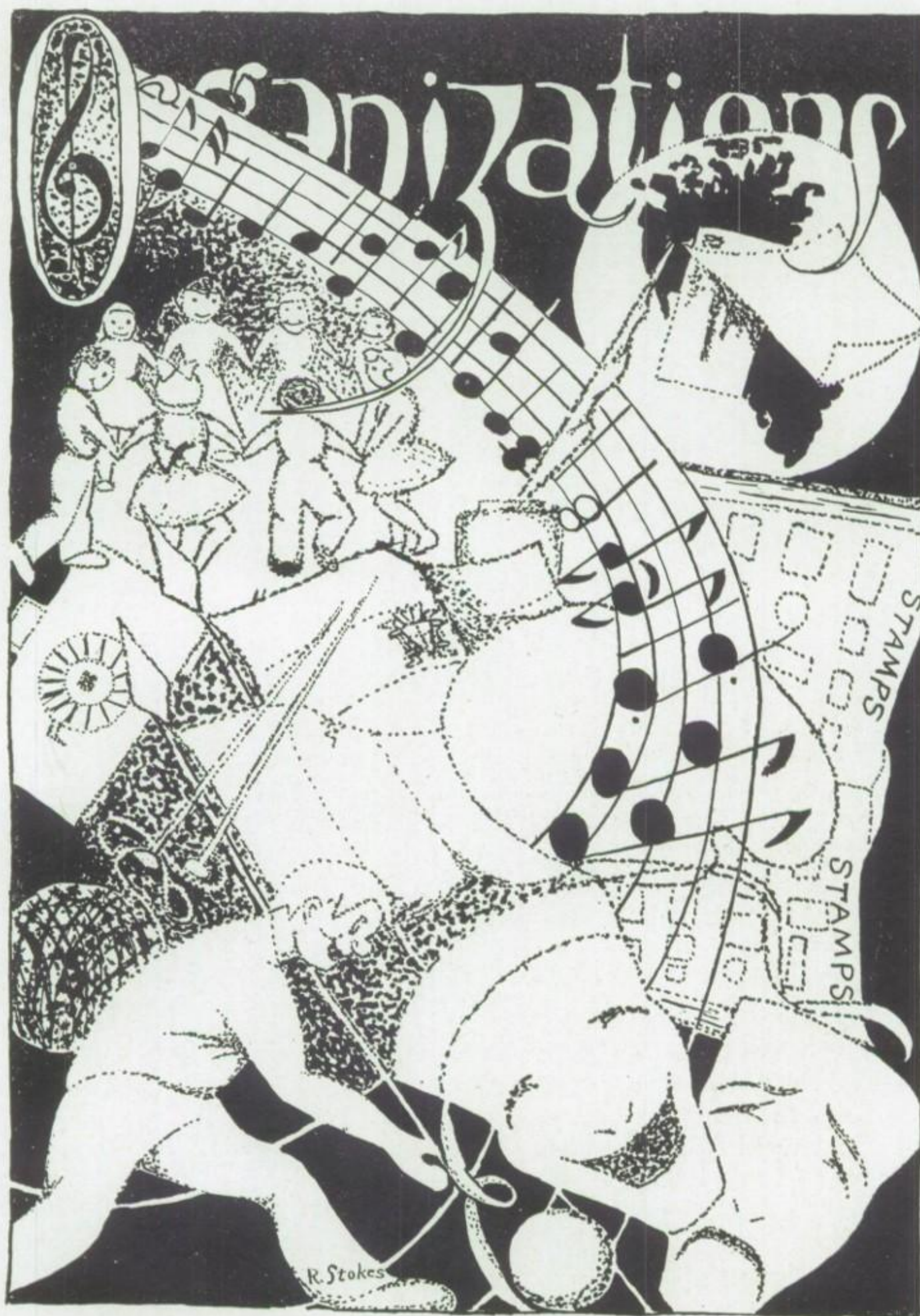
The average person here at Roosevelt—and, of course, those not here—have no idea of the intricate, fascinating, and most necessary job of our janitorial system.

Did you know that our school is undermined by tunnels—tunnels which hold thermostats and air-circulators? That more coal is needed for one day than the average home uses all winter! That the coal supplies the energy for direct current, which, in turn, keeps the lights burning and engine motors running? That engines wash, warm, and circulate the air; that engines frost the super-refrigerators in the lunch; purify the water in the swimming-pool, and vacuum-clean the floors?

What a tremendous responsibility!

GEORGE LIESMANN
LOUISE FREDERICKS







Row 1—P. Linn, K. Linzeman, C. Rueter, B. McGough, R. Kullenberg, E. Herchert, N. Abbot, A. Rueter, H. Jarosik, A. Herson, A. Strigel.
 Row 2—P. Usher, J. Morris, E. Kadera, S. Daniel, E. Haller, D. Gessel, B. Mummert, J. Meyer, D. Feager, J. Archer, R. Mueller, D. Meyer, R. Pechan, D. Pesout, N. Fitzsimmons, B. Hampton.
 Row 3—H. Reno, D. Hall, J. Harris, C. Schubel, N. Bena, S. Haase, J. Statler, J. Sykes, L. A. Parott, M. Canada, E. Roediger, M. Tasch, P. Dick, M. Berryman, K. Wuebbold.
 Row 4—B. Dunn, L. Droste, M. Larcom, S. Peterson, S. Bosch, W. Robbins, S. Nalley, J. Gounis, J. Courley, M. Killmar, M. Wagner, G. Jurrens, R. Ellermann, M. Visnevac, E. Adams, O. Harris.
 Row 5—H. Thompson, R. Green, S. Wright, D. Fleming, B. Bennett, B. Thompson, B. Thompson, A. Barrow, R. Mullins, W. Hopson, H. McNally, R. Other, D. Eckles, J. Crouch.
 Row 6—C. Sowell, J. Dunne, C. Null, R. Faser, J. Richardson, B. Speitel, D. Stinehart, C. Forrest, B. Scherer, A. Berri, R. Ott, V. Long, N. Bradley, J. Felgenhauer, C. Sanburn.

*"Good Luck
 to the world
 #3 screw has
 also a sweet
 kid!"*
*David
 Meyer*

A'CAPPELLA

Purpose of Club: To participate in and appreciate the finest music with precision of performance.

Moderator:

Miss B. Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Every day, the first period, in 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

No officers elected.

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Edward Herchert

Vice-President:

Art Horn

Secretary:

Anita Striegel

Treasurer:

Nancy Abbott

Librarians:

{ Allan Barrow
 { Kenneth Linzeman



Row 1—M. Huff, H. Jarosik, A. Striegel, L. Hale, J. Wegener, B. Mummert, P. Dick.
 Row 2—J. Harris, M. Wagner, H. Sloss, B. Heyward, L. Parrott, S. Daniel, I. Koerner, K. Wuebbold.
 Row 3—A. Lewis, J. Stege, J. Huff, M. Killmar, W. Robbins, N. Bena, C. Schubel, N. Abbott, S. Nalley, J. Zeitler.
 Row 4—R. Faser, E. Stiften, E. Hampel, L. Turner, A. Mueller, B. Phillips, J. Dye, A. Berri, S. Anderson, B. Thompson.
 Row 5—E. Herchert, R. Mullins, W. Clarkson, D. Stinehart, A. Barrow, R. Bohley.

ROBED A'CAPPELLA

Purpose of Club: To have a higher degree of finesse and uniformity in singing.

Moderator:

Miss B. Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" period everyday, in Room 301.

ART CLUB

Purpose of Club: To promote interest in and appreciation of art; to afford opportunity for self-expression; to extend one's knowledge of art through: visits to Art Exhibits; art projects; art lectures.

Moderator:

Miss Edna Braun

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesday, 3:00, Room 308.

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Stuart Anderson

Vice-President:

Betty Uhlemeyer

Secretary:

Carol Fusco

Treasurer:

Theo Beth Brownlow

One Hundred Seventy-one



Row 1—L. Novak, M. McDowell, C. Carroll, D. Joedecke, R. Rehboyen, B. Mik, B. Conroy, J. Nolan, R. Pechan, V. Sweeney, J. Stieglitz, D. Ulrich, I. Daniels, E. Freivogel, I. McKenna, J. Martin.
 Row 2—T. Meyers, G. Shuman, B. Lauck, C. Fusco, V. Leiser, S. Hampshire, J. Kurtz, P. Koch, A. Liebermann, L. Clauss, K. Callewaert, L. Messineo, H. Hayes, R. DeQuire, L. Badder, B. Heins, L. Lambert.
 Row 3—J. Hardy, J. Hindert, J. Feuerborn, R. Pollman, C. Ott, B. Harris, K. Linzeman, D. Krahn, F. Maihn, J. Lawson, D. Redfield, T. Duggan, L. LaMont, R. Other, A. Spargo, C. Black.

ATHENAEUM

Purpose of Club: To add greater variety to school life.

Moderator:

Miss Elmore

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesdays—Room 8.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Trula Duggan

Vice-President:

Emmet Schurwan

Secretary:

Richard Novak

Treasurer:

Betty Mik

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

June Mier

Vice-President:

Justine Carey

Secretary:

Virginia Lukens

Treasurer:

Betty Mummert



Row 1—J. Finley, R. Kaufmann, E. Herchert, D. Stinehart, L. Vize, F. Loeffler, J. Montague, J. Birk, E. Schmidt, J. McCluskey.
 Row 2—N. Honer, J. Pieber, E. Hampel, G. Dinwiddie, R. Hildebrand, A. Mueller, A. Barrow, J. Dietz, N. Bleisch, L. Chamberlin.
 Row 3—N. Tyler, A. Sewell, R. Chrisman, D. Boucher, J. Toma, K. Morris, M. Korte, B. Murphy.
 Row 4—H. Price, H. Nichel, E. Luecking, D. Nelson, J. Wheeler, R. Worseck, D. Morris, R. Baron, L. Eckert.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Purpose of Club: To obtain a greater appreciation of fine music.

Moderator:

Miss B. Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Every day, the fifth period, in 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Orla Huddleson

Vice-President:

Emile Frossard

Secretary:

Charles Meier

Treasurer:

Charles Meier

Librarian:

Harold Hopper

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Leroy Vize

Vice-President:

Kenneth Morris

Secretary:

Howard Michel

Treasurer:

Ted Loeffler

Librarians:

{ David Stinehart

{ John Dietz

{ Marvin Korte



Row 1—E. Wolff, F. Fischer, D. Stinehart, R. Others, G. Fears, L. Strebler, A. Lieberman, K. Callewaert, L. Clauss, K. Scherer, G. Halamicek, K. Queensen, R. Phipps, M. Epstein, B. Scherer, M. Tettambel, J. Goymerac.
 Row 2 (Standing)—B. Moloney, A. Hughes, R. Sloss, E. Herchert, J. Eder, R. Ries, H. Prenzel, L. Messmer, C. Odenwald, L. Schmitt, B. Patteson, J. Hensel, C. Eisleben, G. Wendel, G. Schweitzer.
 Row 3 (Standing)—C. Lammlein, E. Wendel, H. Stoeppelman, D. Temple, B. Ziem, T. Wolf, N. Epstein, C. Kruse, R. Barcheck, E. Lipschitz, L. Young, G. Haskenhoff, R. Piskulick, O. Kortjohn, B. Gall, W. Millersehultz, F. Stephan, J. Riley.
 Row 4 (Standing)—J. Cox, R. Miller, A. Werner, E. Grote, D. Reid, R. Vieten, H. Honigfort, L. Jones, R. Gray, G. Hauck, M. Dosenbach, B. Zimmer.
 Row 5 (left rear)—D. Fleming, A. Wetzol, F. Potthoff, J. Sissel, D. Weber, K. Arnold, K. Goodenough, W. Heuer, H. Bandini, J. Kelley, R. Simon, A. Blaha, A. Theobald, R. Schwenker, G. Nussbaum, B. Lindsay, G. Liesmann.

BOYS' BOWLING CLUB

Purpose of Club: To stimulate an interest in bowling.

Moderator:

Mr. Griggs

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesdays, 3:15, Gravois Bowling Alley.

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Bob Maloney

Secretary:

Fred Fischer

Treasurer:

Ed. Wolff



Row 1—P. Wieder, M. Schmittling, B. Pickett, P. Heath, S. Harbstreet, C. Folluo, M. Throgmorton, M. Canada, E. O'Leary, D. La Plante, B. Battles.
 Row 2—R. Pechan, M. Baumer, L. Hall, A. Kirkpatrick, D. Singer, M. Schmitt, E. Wilkat, S. J. Hampshire, D. Ansley, A. Pyle, E. Bettlach, D. Nennert, L. Hawkins, M. Williams, A. Harder.
 Row 3—D. Kimberlin, D. Garrett, G. Wood, B. Mummert, P. Cronin, B. Conroy, A. Howard, P. Cotter, H. Mickelivich, M. Neal, J. Riebe, M. King, L. Reuter, L. Mertzluft, A. Schrader.
 Row 4—N. Gradoff, E. Knarr, J. Lawson, L. Badder, R. Dieckgrafe, J. Meier, B. Mik, S. Donahue, J. C. Zeitler, L. Scheffels.
 Row 5—J. Janke, A. Gabriel, W. Dees, J. Gounes, D. Kaeller, S. Eckles, E. Kiesel, R. Smith, A. Kuechenmeister, M. Litsch, P. Boyher, L. Meagher, D. Redfield.
 Row 6—R. M. Schultz, D. Woods, M. McClain.

GIRLS' BOWLING CLUB

Purpose of Club: To stimulate an interest in bowling as a form of recreation.

Moderator:

Miss Manheimer

Time and Place of Meeting: 3 P. M. Wednesday, at the Grand Bowling Alleys.

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Charlotte Folluo

Secretary:

Shirley Harbstreet

Treasurer:

Margaret Throgmorton

Assistant Treasurer:

Peggy Heath

GYM ART GUILD

Purpose of Club: To make signs advertising athletic events and other school activities.

Moderator:

Mr. Neeb

Time and Place of Meeting: In Room 127, meeting subject to call.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Steve Lekometros

Vice-President:

Paul Lamb

Secretary:

Al Mikes

Treasurer:

Al Mikes

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Don Weber

Vice-President:

Dale Kirchhoff

Secretary:

Harold Neusitz

Treasurer:

Ken Queensen



Row 1—B. Moore, R. Hammond, H. Arlington, C. Fotenos, M. Mueller.
 Row 2—J. Hinkle, P. Cox, J. Wineke, P. Thornton, J. Brooks, J. Hoisington, C. Crackel.
 Row 3—L. Wandersee, R. Detweiler, L. Herd, A. Lewis, L. Luecke, C. Botts.
 Row 4—Mr. Hahnel, H. Pryor, R. Pfander, D. Edwards, D. Langeneckert, B. Meyers, F. Beadle.

JUNIOR BAND

Purpose of Club: To study and practice the fundamentals of a marching band; also to perfect skills in elementary instrumental techniques.

Moderator: Mr. Eugene M. Hahnel

Time and Place of Meeting: Daily the third period, in Room 402.

OFFICERS

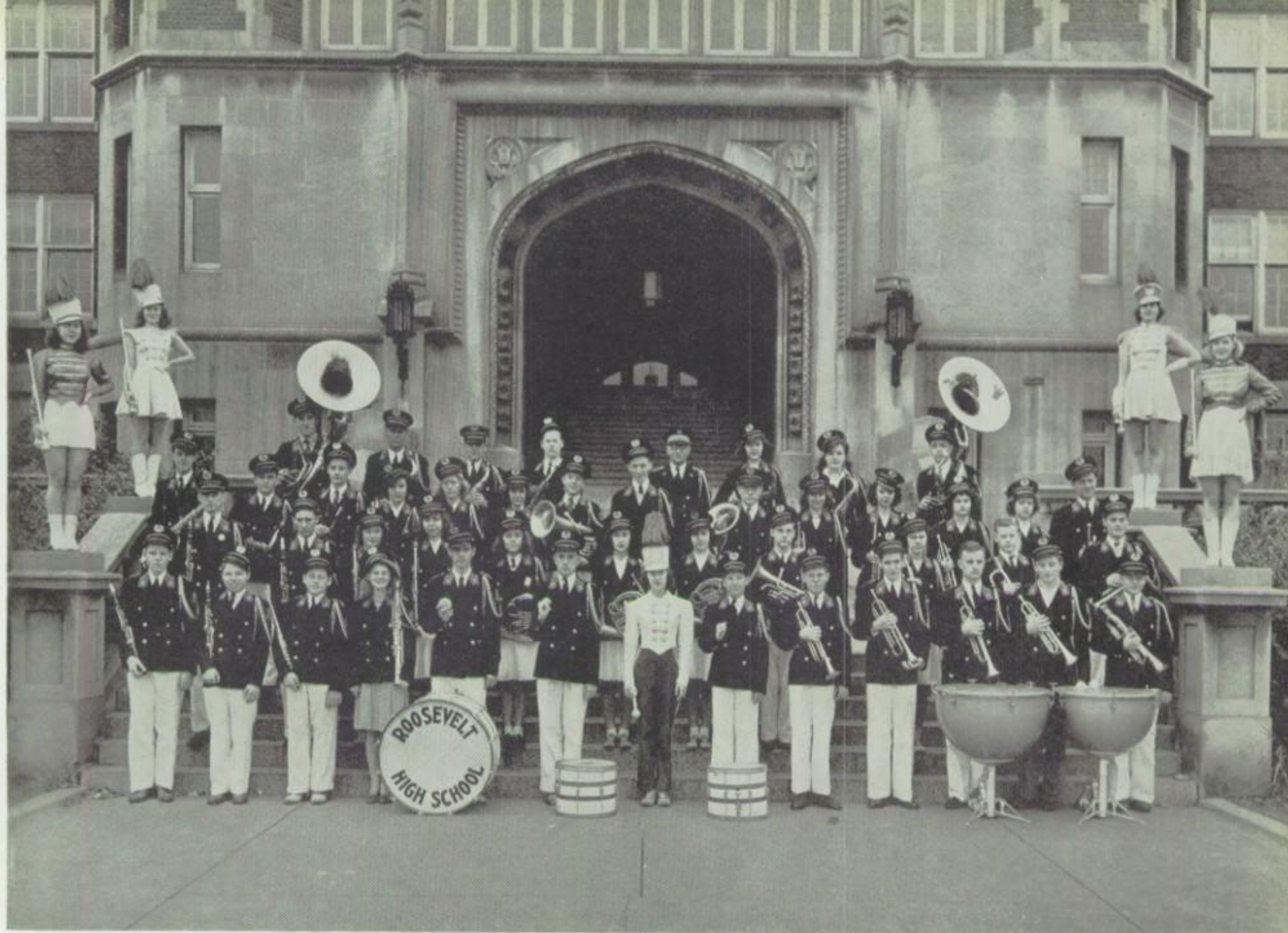
January to June, 1941

President:	John Furbacher
Vice-President:	Warren Sparks
Secretary:	Ben Harris
Treasurer:	Roland Reinhardt
Librarian:	Lee Luecke
Assistant Librarian:	Jack Lekar

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Bob Meyers
Vice-President:	Charles Miller
Secretary:	Patricia Thornton
Treasurer:	Lee Luecke
Librarian:	Juanita Brooks
Assistant Librarian:	Peggy Cox



Row 1—B. Thiele, O. Wickers, R. Green, G. Radford, B. Harris, J. Alsbury, I. Armbruster, P. Hammermeister, R. Turner, D. Babin, J. Lekar, C. Lammlein, L. Turner.
 Row 2—M. Allen, J. Stoecker, B. Herrin, A. Heisele, L. Herd, K. Linn, A. Lewis, B. Wessel, J. Sampson, F. Wessel, R. Sutter.
 Row 3—G. Pankau, H. Maurer, J. McMurray, R. Presley, R. Helbig, F. Stamm, D. Sanburn, M. Ocker, R. Reinhardt, R. Kohne, M. Schroeder, S. Daley, L. Seip, B. Berdeaux.
 Row 4—D. Nulsen, A. Strebe, H. Ninker, D. Tharp, P. Stullken, R. Thorpe, B. Busch.
 Drum majorettes standing on pillars on left side—G. Queen, M. Taft; on right side—E. J. Adams, J. Easley.

SENIOR BAND

Purpose of Club: To develop a crack marching band, to represent the fine spirit of Roosevelt. Also, to perform and enjoy the best in music.

Moderator:

Mr. E. M. Hahnel

Time and Place of Meeting: Seventh period, daily, in Room 39.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Dorothy Berberich
Vice-President:	Russell Sutter
Secretary:	Gertrude Queen
Treasurer:	Edward Reinhardt
Librarian:	Irma Armbruster
Assistant Librarian:	Clifford Stoltz

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Mortimer Allen
Vice-President:	Russell Sutter
Secretary:	Irma Armbruster
Treasurer:	Bob Berdeaux
Librarian:	Harry Maurer
Assistant Librarian:	David Nulsen



BWANA STAFF

MODERATORS

Miss L. A. Nerud, Miss S. F. Lancaster, Miss L. B. Solfronk

February to June, 1941

Editors: Betty Foerster, Byron Leonard

STAFF MEMBERS

Helen Abell
Billie Beinker
Roger Berg
Robert Bernthal
Martha Blankenship
Catherine Bono
Dorothy Borman
Ellen Dickerson
James Dickoff

Virginia Forchee
Catherine Heffernan
Bill Hurst
Margaret Hurst
Ray Konta
Eunice Malke
Mary Megel
Frank Merta
Arline Moxter

Margaret Nickolaus
Walter Osterkamp
Lydie Pecqueur
Patricia Radentz
Richard Redden
Richard Sartorius
Lucille Simon
Bernyce Stovall
Arthur Swenson

Belmont Thiele
Kathryn Tihen
Bill Truscheit
Bernard Uhan
Michael Waldner
Dorothy Wasem
Edgar Wendel
Charlotte Wetteroth
Wallace Will

September, 1941, to January, 1942

Editors: Bill Hurst, Margaret Nickolaus

STAFF MEMBERS

Helen Abell
Janet Aichner
Billie Beinker
Roger Berg
Robert Bernthal
Martha Blankenship
Catherine Bono
Dorothy Borman
Matt Collins
Ellen Dickerson

James Dickoff
Virginia Forchee
Louise Fredericks
Catherine Heffernan
Mary Jane Howarth
Bill Hurst
Margaret Hurst
Ray Konta
LaVerne Kruse
Jean Lawson

Eunice Malke
Mary Jane Megel
Frank Merta
Arline Moxter
Margaret Nickolaus
Walter Osterkamp
Lydie Pecqueur
Patricia Radentz
Richard Redden
Richard Sartorius

Gloria Stieglitz
Arthur Swenson
Belmont Thiele
Kathryn Tihen
Bernard Uhan
Michael Waldner
Dorothy Wasem
Ed Wendel
Charlotte Wetteroth
Wallace Will
David Winger



Row 1—D. Gastorf, G. Hermann, N. Greenstreet, G. Castile, S. Greenfield, P. Usher, C. Anderson, P. Browning, B. Ball, J. Cooper, A. Harder, M. Haus, S. Zahringer, L. Blanton, E. Cohen, D. Mills, R. Rosenauer, B. Gable.
 Row 2—L. Rothweiler, M. Blumenkamp, D. Huebner, R. Carlo, M. Brigman, J. Harrison, E. Brown, V. Schott, N. Niedringhaus, M. Valentine, J. Botts, J. Zeitler, I. Koerner, A. Craig, S. Strickler.
 Row 3—A. Gutman, M. Kersens, J. Stege, B. Mathews, M. Stathopoulos, S. Elias, M. Ruzicka, M. Huff, J. Huff, M. Bohn, J. Stengel, M. Hartson, L. Meagher, V. Simpson, A. Ferris, J. Thomure.
 Row 4—M. Stelloh, M. Robidoux, H. Lumpee, M. Portell, B. Zeis, P. Boyher, A. Heckman, L. Mueller, D. Novak, K. Baker, M. Blair, T. Rugroff, M. Smith.
 Row 5—K. Kraus, D. Chaney, P. Tabacnik, V. Carter, A. Williams, N. Pennington, S. Shelley, M. Buback, J. Venable, D. Jestus, A. Schlagenhauf, S. Newman, J. Jackson, M. Greenfield, P. Pfeifer, B. Hancock, L. Phinney.
 Row 6—V. Bowen, P. Lees, R. Rose, L. Lutz, A. Riggs, L. Lambert, V. Leiser.
 Row 7—H. Gildehaus, C. Ward, A. Blair, V. Meyer, W. Williams, A. Toemann, M. Mathews, A. O'Shea, R. Faszholz, G. Kemp, E. Soldman, J. Riggio, M. Baker, G. Linn, J. Schening.

CAROL CLUB

Purpose of Club: To acquire appreciation of the finest music.

Moderator:

Miss B. Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Every day, the seventh period, in 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Nancy Abbott

Vice-President:

Audrey Ruester

Secretary:

Pat Statler

Treasurer:

Sadie Greenfield

Librarians:

{ Louise Galey
 { Beverly Lueders

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Carol Anderson

Vice-President:

Jane Cooper

Secretary:

Pauline Browning

Treasurer:

Sadie Greenfield

Librarians:

{ Betty Ball
 { Roberta Harris

One Hundred Seventy-nine

Anita Blair

Audrey Gutman



Row 1—C. Ruester, N. Abbott, L. Galey, K. Tihen, M. Hurst, E. Dickerson, P. Statler, S. Greenfield, B. Hampe, D. Wasem, M. O'Leary, R. M. Eisenmenger.
 Row 2—M. Burnett, B. Gruber, L. Lueders, L. Robinson, G. Miller, E. Brown, M. Milner, L. Merkel, J. Huwe, M. Miller, B. Lueders, R. Eisenmenger, S. Lyon, A. Moxter, V. Brandt.
 Row 3—C. Bono, G. Castile, B. Matthews, M. Williams, M. Henley, P. Wilder, P. Radentz, M. Flynn, K. Mears, M. Megel, V. Herthel, H. Epstein, A. Ruester, M. Neal.
 Row 4—E. Grimm, J. Breen, J. Johns, M. Bruckner, R. Neuhoff, L. Stoffler, B. Schlosser, C. Alcorn, M. Burk, E. Landgraf, S. Dial, B. Behring, B. Bressie, N. Boefer, M. Blankenship.
 Row 5—D. Knudsen, D. Meyer, E. Kiesel, M. Killman, J. Malone, V. Bernthal, V. LaBoube, D. Herald, J. Breville, B. Silbey, G. Schaan, M. Grafe, G. Hoffmann.

COLLEGE CLUB

Purpose of Club: It aims to develop the latent literary powers of the members and to cultivate in them ability in public speaking.

Moderator:

Miss M. C. Dockery

Time and Place of Meeting: The second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Audrey Ruester
Vice-President:	Hortense Teschner
Recording Secretary:	June Breen
Treasurer:	Mary Megel
Corresponding Secretary:	Martha Blankenship
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Miriam Grafe

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Patricia Statler
Vice-President:	Ellen Dickerson
Recording Secretary:	Ruth Mae Eisenmenger
Treasurer:	Kathryn Tihen
Corresponding Secretary:	Sadie Greenfield
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Margaret Hurst



Row 1—R. Kuhlman, L. Pecqueur, J. Aichner, K. Kraus.
 Row 2—R. Ottomeier, P. Casey, F. Pothoff, M. Pothoff, S. Peterson, J. Holland, A. Tetart.
 Row 3—B. Bryan, J. Feuerborn, J. Carey, S. Mayo, M. Weber, B. Theisen, A. Durston, P. Stecker.
 Row 4—I. Bower, I. Margaritis, J. Cavanah, J. Whitehouse, Mr. De la Roche, B. Davis, M. Bowerman, H. Defford.

ANATOLE FRENCH CLUB

Purpose of Club: To encourage the study of French and to give the students opportunities to use the French language which the limited time of regular classes does not permit.

Moderator:

Mr. Georges De La Roche

Time and Place of Meeting: Every B Wednesday, in Room 23 at 3:00 o'clock.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Jack Ansehl
Vice-President:	Edward Cook
Secretary:	Jane Anne Buescher
Treasurer:	Evert Sloop
Editor of Paper—La Sottise:	Fay Faber

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Lydie Pecqueur
Vice-President:	Janet Richmer
Secretary:	Rhoda Kuhlman
Treasurer:	Kathryn Kraus
Editor of Paper—La Sottise:	Janet Aichner



Row 1—E. Scholten, H. Stanze, V. Hanneke, E. Beckerle, R. Phipps, E. Krey, R. Ries, G. Kuhne, J. Dierkes, M. Thornton.
 Row 2—G. Cochran, L. Mueller, A. Heckman, B. Botts, J. Malone, M. Killmar, R. Eisenmenger, R. Neuhoff, R. M. Eisenmenger, B. Heins, P. Leman.
 Row 3—W. Arnold, B. Speichinger, R. Ottomeier, B. Mik, J. Meier, B. Mummert, D. Redfield.
 Row 4—M. Kullenberg, C. Kolk, M. Hubert, J. Reichenbacher, J. Perry, B. Grant, P. Thornton.
 Row 5—J. Morris, E. Braun, A. Schneider, D. Gastorf, S. Donahue, S. Harbstreet, F. Ulmer.

ICE SKATING CLUB

Purpose of Club: To enjoy, with our friends, one of the most healthful and invigorating sports, and at the same time, to acquire grace, balance, and rhythm.

Moderator:

Miss Slattery

Time and Place of Meeting: Winter Garden, every other Friday afternoon.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Rollin Phipps

Vice-President:

Mary Virginia Sullivan

Secretary:

Evelyn Krey

Treasurer:

James Reeves

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Rollin Phipps

Vice-President:

Evelyn Krey

Secretary:

Evelyn Beckerle

Treasurer:

Robert Ries



Row 1—J. Aichner, M. Farrell, S. Peterson, J. Klopfer, I. Borders, L. Pecqueur, M. Anglin, D. Ban, A. Schneider, K. Robertson.
 Row 2—M. Metzler, E. Wohlstadter, M. Ruzicka, D. Komrska, M. Potthoff, M. Ehlen, R. Pechan, L. Davis, M. Wilhelm, V. Zacher, B. Kramer.
 Row 3—R. Kuhlman, V. Hanneke, D. Killen, H. Faymon, D. Stubits, A. Jorcke, J. Miller, J. Katzenberger, M. Bohr, B. Mummert.
 Row 4—B. Pursey, D. Hahn, P. Thornton, C. Crnko, N. Lumpee, B. Beinker, R. Berendt, E. Walters, B. Mik, D. Huber, L. Dippel, R. Killen.
 Row 5—M. Thornton, L. Baisch, H. Epstein, G. Camenzind, L. Fredericks, A. Lesch, E. Beckerle, G. Haller.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Purpose of Club: To learn to write well, to get first hand information about how other children live and work.

Moderator:

Miss N. L. Heddergott

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Thursday, 2:45 P. M., Room 110.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Inez Borders
Vice-President:	Mary Lee Farrell
Secretary-Treasurer:	Shirley Peterson
Social Secretary:	Lucille Borders

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Inez Borders
Vice-President:	Shirley Peterson
Secretary-Treasurer:	Jewell Kloepper
Social Secretary:	Lydia Pecqueur



Row 1—G. Fears, D. Sparks, A. Durch, P. Adams, B. Randolph.
 Row 2—A. Williams, S. Peterson, S. Young, P. Boggs, A. Tetart, R. Kuhlman, E. Applegate.
 Row 3—H. Aubuchon, H. Seymour, J. Flowers, B. Franklin, D. Ray, A. Durston, A. Mephram.
 Row 4—B. Uhan, B. Hopkins, J. Pierce, P. Michaels, F. Griesbauer, B. Phillips, E. Pfeiffer, T. Schmitt, K. Carstens.

JOURNALISM CLUB

Purpose of Club: To develop interest in creative writing.

Moderator:

Miss Peterson

Time and Place of Meeting: On "A" Tuesdays, after school, in Room 315.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Betty Burkhardt
Vice-President:	Phillip Hess
Secretary:	Marilyn Moody
Treasurer:	Harold Heye
Editor of News Column:	Ruth Malone

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Arline Durch
Vice-President:	Donald Sparks
Secretary:	Peggy Adams
Treasurer:	Bill Randolph

Bill Krieg



Row 1—E. Dauernheim, H. Heiligemann, G. Brimer, S. Miller, M. Meyers, B. Joedicke, G. Broadwater, C. Pitlats, M. Lackey.
 Row 2—E. Courry, M. Rinne, V. Beck, G. Mauzy, R. May, B. Eggers, G. Gott, R. Bertram, P. Eckert, M. Macek.
 Row 3—J. Waldner, B. Krieg, C. Danzer, Y. Yokum, D. Nelson, A. Heidtmann, G. Hantack, M. Boucher, G. Yesly, E. Sieving, W. Lyles, E. Hicks.

JUNIOR MIXED CHOIR

Purpose of Club: This is a new venture for First Term pupils in music: To learn as much as possible about vocal and instrumental music and perform creditably when called upon.

Moderator:

Mr. Eugene M. Hahnel

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Edward Conroy

Vice-President:

Shirley Miller

Secretary:

Yvonne Yokum

Treasurer:

Rita May

Librarian:

William Lyles

Assistant Librarian:

Paul Eckert



Row 1—A. Majtas, G. Miller, J. Malone, M. Matteson, J. Huwe, M. Maier, S. Neutzing.
 Row 2—D. Hoag, P. Gardner, S. Rodenberg, M. King, B. Boefer, R. Marm, R. Killen, A. Lekometros,
 K. Lambros, C. Manolakos, L. Lieneke.
 Row 3—B. Gable, E. Shmagranoff, M. Scaiato, C. Tashman, W. Stearn, M. Flynn, M. Deven, A. Yowell.

*Dear Love
 Best wishes
 & loads of love
 to a sweetest
 Kathie*

*Dear this
 Remember not to
 forget to remember
 your friend
 for a girl.*

*Look up Luck
 on student girl
 Kelly*

Pat Finley 

THE KNIT WITS

Purpose of Club: Working for the Red Cross, this term.

Moderator:

Miss Binnington

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Tuesday at 2:50 P. M., in Room 212.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Mary Jean Flynn

Vice-President:

Gerry Hoffman

Secretary:

Marjorie Matteson

Treasurer:

Shirley Donahue

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Marjorie Matteson

Vice-President:

Joy Malone

Secretary:

Janice Huwe

Treasurer:

Georgia Lee Miller



Row 1—R. Redden, S. Lyon, B. Franklin, M. Waldner, M. Tettambel.
 Row 2—B. J. Arnold, M. Housemann, P. Heggs, B. Koupal, C. Crnko, M. Schrepfer, R. DeGuire,
 P. Jordan, E. DePew.
 Row 3—D. Murry, L. Maze, P. Sullivan, M. A. Bruckner, H. Binder, P. Cronin, J. Werle, J. Dickoff,
 J. Vogt, J. Naslund, C. Williams.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

Purpose of Club: To develop a greater interest in mathematics, and to study its relation to scientific progress through the ages.

Moderator:

Miss T. Schlierholz

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" Wednesdays, at 2:50 P. M., in Room 11.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Mildred Falk

Secretary:

Dorothy Rief

Treasurer:

Don Steckhan

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Michael Waldner

Vice-Presidents:

{ Shirley Lyon
 { Richard Redden

Secretary:

Billie Franklin

Treasurer:

Michael Tettambel



*Lots of Luck
Barbara Aubuchon*

Row 1—C. Wetteroth, J. Smylie, M. Nickolaus, P. Linn, M. Killmar, D. Mawdsley, L. Robinson.
Row 2—G. Waller, R. Phipps, K. Linn, J. Malone, R. Neuhoﬀ, R. Eisenmenger, D. Wodraska,
B. Aubuchon, G. Hermann.
Row 3—A. Lewis, H. Koutsoumpas, R. Wind, A. Casey, A. Roy, P. Radentz, A. O'Shea.
Row 4—Mr. Biegelsen, M. Miller, E. Herchert, B. Phillips, G. Liesmann, G. Magann, A. Durston.

MASK AND BUSKIN

Purpose of Club: To further the student's interest in dramatics and play appreciation.

Moderator:

Mr. Biegelsen

Time and Place of Meeting: "B" Tuesdays, in Room 109.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Bill Phillips
Vice-President:	Bill Truscheit
Secretary:	Kitty Linn
Treasurer:	Lynn Hickman
Librarian:	Leslie Robinson
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Charles Hall

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Pat Linn
Vice-President:	Leslie Robinson
Secretary:	James Smylie
Treasurer:	Marion Killmar
Librarian:	Margaret Nickolaus
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Richard Mawdsley



Row 1—L. Murphy, L. Hagenow, C. Wetteroth, M. Lyons, J. Turpin.
 Row 2—S. Neutzling, R. Pemberton, A. Williams, M. Grothe, A. Lewis, G. Linn, D. Redfield, M. Larcom, P. Linn, M. Ponder, B. St. Denis.
 Row 3—J. Reichenbacher, J. Perry, J. Rammelsburg, G. Stieglitz, M. Kren, M. Nickolaus, D. Falk, B. Setzer, D. Hahn, B. Pursey.
 Row 4—F. Issott, V. Fischer, E. Graul, M. Portell, J. Wegener, B. Klipstine, A. Reynolds, L. Quest, V. Ottitsch, M. Howarth, A. Craig, B. Beinker.
 Row 5—M. Paschedag, A. Keller, J. Lawson, J. Hunt, L. Kren, J. Herman, L. Fredericks, J. Sampson, R. Wind, E. Wilkat, L. Patient, D. Wilkens.

O'ITA

Purpose of Club: To further literary interest and to create a desire for good reading; also, to encourage original writing in the form of plays, poems, and short stories.

Moderator:

Miss Sleater

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Fridays, 3 P. M., Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Lynell Murphy
Vice-President:	Charlotte Wetteroth
Corresponding Secretary:	Betty Pursey
Treasurer:	Dorothy E. Hahn
Recording Secretary:	Shirley Koeneman
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Anita Striegel

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Charlotte Wetteroth
Vice-President:	Mary Catherine Lyons
Corresponding Secretary:	Jayne Turpin
Treasurer:	Lynell Murphy
Recording Secretary:	Betty St. Denis
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Lucille Hagenow

One Hundred Eighty-nine



Row 1—B. Uhan, I. McKenna, E. Schuster, M. Fuchs, J. Perry, J. Reichenbacher, J. Pierce, B. Harris, M. Ellis.
 Row 2—D. Davis, J. Berndt, P. Dahms, M. Thornton, R. Allen, C. Anderson, P. Neu, B. Neu, B. Collins, P. Kelley, A. Heisele, A. Kelley, J. Woodney.
 Row 3—G. Fishell, D. Catsigianis, M. Bruckner, L. Johnson, E. Heil, W. Hess, A. Lewis, L. Herd, J. Luechtefeld, E. Rhymer, H. Truesdale, B. Hopkins, D. Mueller, P. Sullivan.
 Row 4—B. Dvorak, F. Shiroky, L. Renner, W. Osterkamp, M. Collins, G. Bardwell, C. Stief, J. Moriarty, R. Reinhardt, J. Furbacher, A. Schulze, R. Haldiman, W. Leard, R. Beichel, G. Mooty.

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Purpose of Club: To study and perform the classical, romantic, and other fine masterpieces in the field of instrumental composition.

Moderator: Mr. E. M. Hahnel

Time and Place of Meeting: Sixth period daily, in Room 39.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Bill Dvorak
Vice-President:	Frank Shiroky
Secretary:	Walter Osterkamp
Treasurer:	Lloyd Renner
Librarian:	Stuart Anderson
Assistant Librarian:	Marie Magerstaedt

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Bill Dvorak
Vice-President:	Ben Uhan
Secretary:	Frank Shiroky
Treasurer:	Lloyd Renner
Librarian:	Jane Berndt
Assistant Librarian:	Matt Collins



Row 1—C. Watson, B. Weisz, J. Pierce, W. Kichner, E. Gladstone.
 Row 2—E. Winterman, I. Young, D. Ray, V. Hayes, A. Craig, P. Boggs, J. Kolar, B. Berdeaux, G. Baker, D. Warren, W. Sparks.
 Row 3—L. Wooliver, W. Wallner, A. Young, M. Adams, A. Durch, J. Faeth, B. Hopkins, A. Stricker, B. Miller, L. Herd, A. Lewis, S. Peterson, W. Hess.
 Row 4—D. Sparks, J. Flowers, H. Canter, T. Bommarito, J. Upchurch, M. Presley, L. Jones, E. Krummel, R. Reinhardt, L. Johnson.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

Purpose of Club: To develop skills and inspiration from performing orchestral music. Music appreciation becomes greater as one performs music.

Moderator:

Mr. Eugene M. Hahnel

Time and Place of Meeting: Daily, the third period, in Room 402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Patricia Dahms
Vice-President:	James Upchurch
Secretary:	Arline Durch
Treasurer:	Margaret Barnett
Librarian:	Arnold Stricker
Assistant Librarian:	Robert Schwartz

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Arnold Stricker
Vice-President:	John Pierce
Secretary:	Arline Durch
Treasurer:	Loretta Johnson
Librarian:	Donald Sparks
Assistant Librarian:	Jane Flowers



Row 1—A. Tetart, L. Pechan, B. Mik, E. Kelley, D. Knudsen, A. Guse, M. Trueblood, D. Ketterer, D. Wand, J. Duchek, R. Hyer.
 Row 2—M. Haile, D. Krahn, M. Greenfield, H. Sloss, E. Volk, M. Stellah, B. Starr, A. Schwarze, D. Feager, J. Orr, A. Young.
 Row 3—B. Boefer, R. Mann, J. Rammelsburg, D. Rustige, G. Kemp, M. Dreyer.
 Row 4—C. Schubel, J. Perry, A. Gutman, L. Ackebauer, L. Lutz, J. Missey, P. Schubert, A. Williams.
 Row 5—J. Hindert, J. Feuerborn, L. Dugger, A. Wells, L. Davis, H. Tichacek, P. Burnett, J. Loncaric, J. Lawler.

PEPETTE

Purpose of Club: Preparatory to membership in Pep R.

Moderator:

Miss M. Schlutius

Time and Place of Meeting: 2:50, B Wednesdays, in Room 228.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Muriel Busdiecker

Point Chairmen:

- { 1. Audrey Guse
- { 2. Bernice Martin

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Virginia Fischer

Junior President:

Edna Kelly

Secretary:

Joy Malone

Point Chairmen:

- { 1. Dorothy Knudsen
- { 2. Audrey Guse



Row 1—R. Eisenmenger, E. Kiesel, D. Wasem, G. Castile, S. Greenfield, J. Breen, J. Turpin, M. Miller, A. Rueter, C. Rueter, R. Pechan.
 Row 2—R. Neuhoﬀ, R. Eisenmenger, A. Harris, C. Heﬀernan, M. Ball, D. Knudsen, A. Guse, V. Fischer, B. St. Denis, J. Herman, V. Allgire, A. Striegel.
 Row 3—S. Eckles, A. Knoll, L. Scott, V. Crigler, L. Gardner, M. Ott, G. Miller, A. Hoﬀmann, M. Grafe, E. Gaul, A. Neulist, P. Lemon, B. Bryan, M. Williams.
 Row 4—H. Epstein, M. Menckel, M. Herde, A. Koerner, D. Hawkins, L. Haarhaus, J. Hunt, J. Grant, C. King, V. Herthel, R. Kullenberg, C. Verrillo, K. Wuebbold.

PEP R

Purpose of Club: Organized for the purpose of backing all school activities.

Moderator:

Miss Schlutius

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" Wednesdays, 2:50 o'clock, in Room 228.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Patricia Fitzgibbons

Vice-President:

June Breen

Secretary:

Gloria Kraehe

Treasurer:

Marilyn Miller

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

June Breen

Vice-President:

Elise Kiesel

Secretary:

Sadie Greenfield

Treasurer:

Jayne Turpin



Row 1—Mrs. C. Buescher, Mrs. C. Phipps, Mrs. H. Beans, Mrs. H. Liesmann, Mrs. P. Thornton.
 Row 2—Mrs. E. Gornet, Mrs. A. Strebe, Mrs. G. Dahms, Mrs. R. Weinzettel, Mrs. J. Steiner,
 Mrs. A. Reinhardt, Mrs. A. Theobald.
 Row 3—Mrs. Herbert Kreitz, Mrs. E. Lessing, Mrs. E. Bruton, Mrs. F. Schoen, Mrs. H. Grich,
 Mrs. H. Prenzel.
 Row 4—Miss O. Solfronk, Mrs. G. Kiesel, Mrs. J. Sampson, Mrs. G. Altman, Mrs. J. Vuck, Jr.,
 Mr. E. Beumer.

THE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The Roosevelt High School Parent-Teacher Association is an organization numbering two hundred twenty-two mothers, fathers, and teachers of students in the school. It meets the fourth Friday except during November, and December, when it meets the third Thursday at 1:15 P. M. in Room 109. Four night meetings are held on the second Wednesday of October, December, February and April at 8 P. M. These meetings have programs of inspirational and educational value with speakers well-known in their fields of endeavor.

Each meeting is followed by a social hour in the lunchroom, one of which is a tea for the faculty; another, a tea for the officers of contributing schools and fellow high schools; and another, a style show by students of the school.

Other social and financial activities during the fall were a boat ride, book review and silver tea at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Homer W. Anderson, card parties, bake and rummage sales. Plans are being made for an annual dinner, observing the founding of Parent-Teacher Associations.

All parents and interested adults are cordially invited to become a part of this national organization, whose membership is more than two and one-third million.

MRS. A. L. REINHARDT



Row 1—M. Goerner, J. Hunt, M. Kren, A. Kuechenmeister, B. Klipstine.
 Row 2—R. Sartorius, D. Gricus, R. Doerner, G. Stieglitz, M. Brandt, M. Grothe, B. Ossenber.
 Row 3—B. Joyner, L. Adams, C. Ruwwe, M. Kersens, G. Miller, L. Kren, M. Eiffert, M. Eveland.

PHOTO-PLAY APPRECIATION CLUB

Purpose of Club: To create an appreciation for the good in motion pictures; to review and score good pictures.

Moderator:

Miss Maloney

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" Wednesdays, at 2:45, in Room 10.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

June Hunt

Vice-President:

Arline Kuechenmeister

Secretary:

Betty Guge

Treasurer:

Marian Goerner

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

June Hunt

Vice-President:

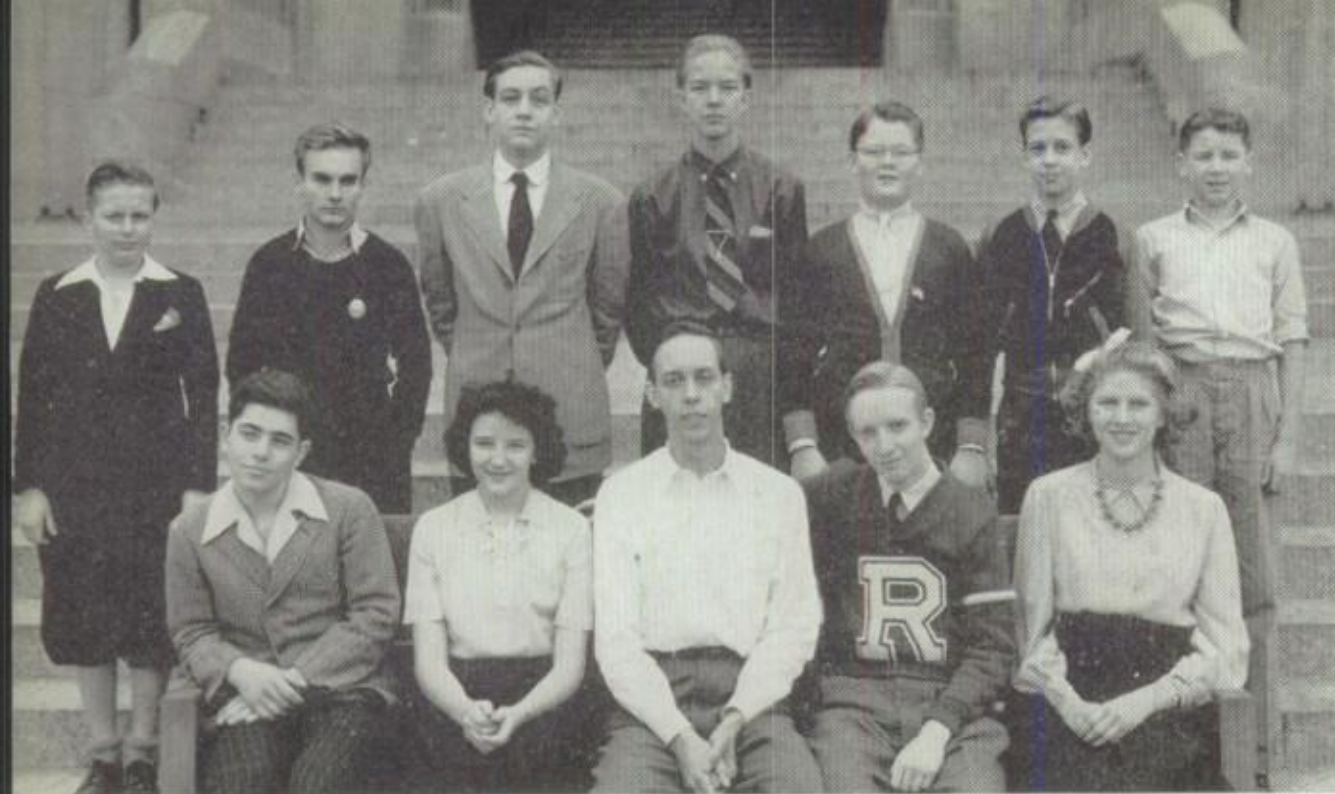
Marion Kren

Secretary:

Marian Goerner

Treasurer:

Lorraine Kren



Row 1—M. Taxman, M. Litsch, R. Sartorius, R. Weiss, C. Zeitler.
Row 2—E. Brucker, R. Konta, A. Swenson, E. Kocian, R. Fritz, V. Horning, E. Collier.

THE ROOSEVELT PHILATELIC CLUB

Purpose of Club: To exchange information about stamps, their issue and denominations, and to trade or exchange stamps. Each term an exhibit from the members' own collections is put up either in the exhibit case of hung in the library. Once or twice a term an auction is held. Members exhibit their stamps at various club sessions or conventions in the St. Louis area.

Moderator:

Miss Harris

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Thursday after school, Room 209.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

Arthur Swenson

Vice-President:

Ray Konta

Secretary:

Richard Sartorius

Treasurer:

Lawrence Mose

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Richard Sartorius

Vice-President:

Rodney Weiss

Secretary:

Marcella Litsch

Treasurer:

Jean Carol Zeitler



Row 1—J. Kurtz, A. Liebermann, L. Clauss, D. Hoag, C. Bruce, A. Roy, T. Boehmer, M. Frederick, L. Hawkins, M. Trueblood, A. Casey, D. Wood, C. Gahn, M. Berger, G. Fears, K. Queensen, M. Barchek, J. Koutsoumpas.
 Row 2—B. Scherer, L. Messmer, K. Scherer, L. Strebler, L. Callewaert, J. Gardner, L. Colborn, D. Hager, R. Zell, M. Schmitt, M. Swehla, D. Krohn, L. Novak, D. Walters, W. Spargo, L. Lambert, S. Bierman, G. Gerken, B. Harris, R. Harris, G. Hardy.
 Row 3—C. Sindell, T. Duggan, J. Rochester, B. Kopsky, M. Sullivan, A. Berta, A. Ellison, A. Rumping, L. Hager, R. May, D. Nelson, E. Pfeiffer, R. Kullenberg, T. Ellebracht, V. Fowler, N. Engle, B. Smith, A. Theobald.
 Row 4—B. Ross, L. Davis, A. Wells, P. Koch, E. Sullivan, D. McCarty, M. Nelson, J. Kreher, A. Knoll, S. Eckles, D. Urich, M. Blanton, A. Williams, H. Seymour, D. Wilkins, I. Harris, T. Ousley, B. Hoffmann, B. Wetteroth.
 Row 5—P. Brauner, P. Gephart, R. Poelker, B. Davidson, J. Missey, E. Volk, B. Blackwell, C. Leighton, L. Schmitt, R. Harris, K. Sweeney, H. Binder, D. Richardson, A. Washford, B. Richardson, G. Wendel, J. Hammersmith.
 Row 6—H. Sloss, J. Dye, H. Davis, J. Finck, E. Beach, R. Piskulick, S. Miller, V. Cumming, J. Gnau.
 Row 7—P. Sullivan, T. Tong, H. Lee, R. Hill, E. Schmidt, J. Anderson, L. Walter, J. Johnson, K. Ittner, G. Lucas, J. Hensel, W. Leard, J. Meyer, R. Schrader, L. Campbell, R. Schulz, D. Woods.

ROLLER SKATING CLUB

Purpose of Club: To roller skate once a week.

Moderator:

Miss J. Pipkin

Time and Place of Meeting: Grand Roller Skating Rink, every Friday from 3 to 6.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

William Hoffmann

Vice-President:

Robert Barchek

Secretary:

Clementine Gahn

Treasurer:

Dorothy Woods

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

William Hoffmann

Vice-President:

Robert Barchek

Secretary:

Clementine Gahn

Treasurer:

Dorothy Woods

One Hundred Ninety-seven

*Best Wishes
C. Cam*



ROUGH RIDER STAFF

1941-1942

Moderators: Miss H. Hogan, Mr. E. Kammerer

Editors: Spring: Marjorie Morris, Jack Ansehl; Fall: Grace Kohnle, Michael Waldner

STAFF MEMBERS

Cherie Alcorn
Paul Anderson
Jack Battles
Al Becker
Clarence Becker
Betty Benning
Robert Bernthal
Walter Blatt
Martin Bowerman
Bernard Brockmeyer
Betty Burkhardt
Don Carlson
Helen Dambach
Marjorie Erlinger
Fay Faber
Harry Fults
Irene Gerhardt
Edwin Gillerstron
James Gleeson
Marian Goerner
Eunice Graul
Bonnie Gruber
Robert Harper
Marvin Heifner
Harold Heye
Jeanne Holland

Wilma Hudson
Bill Hurst
Marion Killmar
Carl Kohl
Blanche Kovacik
Sam Kraus
Mary Krausnick
Arline Kuechenmeister
Loretto Litzinger
Bill Lucas
Herbert Marle
Richard Mawdsley
Charles Meier
Jack Melchior
Bob Meyer
Harold Mills
Marilyn Miller
Russell Morrow
Pearl Nally
Jack Niedner
Maureen O'Leary
Maxine Ott
Ben Overhoff
Hayden Parks
Paul Pauge
Rollin Phipps

Mary Ann Ponder
Ken Queensen
Paul Rally
Richard Redden
Shirley Schneppe
Wilma Simpson
Charles Sindell
Evert Sloop
Leroy Smith
James Smylie
Dean Sorrel
Marvin Steiner
Sam Strother
William Stuckey
Bob Tracy
Herbert Wahlman
Ed Wandersee
John Wheeler
Leonard Wiehe
Phyllis Wilder
June Wilson
Elliot Wyloge
Opal Yaggie
Frank Zeman
Robert Ziem



Row 1—E. Sufuth, E. Doyen, W. Spargo, M. Thornton, A. Calabrese.
 Row 2—H. Knaack, B. Grant, R. Killen, B. Benning, M. Mattheson, M. Davis, J. Jackson, E. Adams, D. Wodraska, D. Doyen.
 Row 3—M. Weiss, E. Bow, B. Pounds, D. Joedicke, M. Ryden, D. Kunze, D. Killen, W. Lewis, M. DuBouchet, M. Duke, M. Coke, M. May.
 Row 4—D. Heckert, D. Mawdsley, M. Aulbach, J. Botts, G. Fouke, E. Flachmeier, H. Rheinnecker, B. Spooner, S. Wright, R. Witte, J. Sturdevant, Mr. Hall.

EL CLUB ESPAÑOL

Purpose of Club: To acquaint the members with Spanish countries and customs, to foster an interest in them, and to cultivate a better appreciation of oral Spanish.

Moderator:

Mr. Hall

Time and Place of Meeting: "B" Wednesdays, in Room 324.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

Presidente:	William Spargo
Vice-Presidente:	Edith Doyen
Secretaria:	Marilyn Moody
Tesorero:	Richard Novak
Alguacil:	Dave Winger

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

Presidente:	William Spargo
Vice-Presidente:	Edith Doyen
Secretaria:	Mildred Thorton
Tesorero:	Edward Seiferth
Alguacil:	Anthony Calabrese



Row 1—F. Issott, A. Lewis, E. Boca, G. Neulist, E. Metzler, D. Nulsen, G. Magann, A. Bartosz, L. Horstman, A. Kirkpatrick, G. Hauck, W. Gerding, J. Hensel, A. Berman, E. Cohen.
 Row 2—V. LaBoube, D. Erdmann, G. Hermann, S. Neutzling, H. Karcher, M. Grothe, V. Herthel, L. Christmann, E. L. Jobe, V. Allgire, A. Crooks, R. Harris, P. Heath, D. Margaritis, A. Jennings, K. Carstens.
 Row 3—H. Knaack, M. Brandt, D. Joedicke, A. Burkhardt, B. Beinker, B. J. Arnold, L. Baisch, G. Camenzind, H. Epstein, L. Dippee, M. A. Bruckner, F. Meyers, R. Digiovanni, A. Mephram, R. Harris.
 Row 4—O. Kortjohn, K. Josias, B. Jordan, K. Linn, M. Menckel, A. Hornbeck, R. Maupin, D. Dunford, D. Huber, E. Hampel, M. Bowerman, B. Hurst, L. George, M. Dosenbach, H. Canaven, N. Eckerle.
 Row 5—W. Blatt, R. Nevak, C. Eichenlaut, F. Hronicek, D. Murray, L. Maze, D. Meyer.

SIXES

Purpose of Club: To carry on the business of the class. To promote good fellowship.

Moderator:

Miss Wade

Time and Place of Meeting: Every odd Thursday, in 402.

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Nick Eckerle

Vice-President:

Kathryn Tihen

Secretary:

Gayle Magann

Treasurer:

Willard Guding

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Russell Ott



Row 1—P. Dahms, J. Breville, E. Samuels, S. Sullivan, E. Wilkat, V. Theodosius, K. Tihen, B. Rathouz, A. Washford, L. Sherrel, F. Stamm, G. Stieglitz.
 Row 2—L. Ostmeyer, M. Schmittling, B. Richardson, J. Sampson, R. Wind, M. Hay, B. Schaffer, K. Wuebbold, F. Schmidt, C. Taylor, D. Wooley.
 Row 3—R. Sliger, C. Stark, B. Pickett, D. Richardson, J. Scheid, B. Samuels, E. Wendel, D. Schultz, E. Spinzig.
 Row 4—F. Shiroky, D. Weber, J. West, B. Thiele, A. Theobald, H. Stoeppelman, D. Temple.
 Row 5—P. Sullivan, J. Toma, H. Hyer, B. Fults, M. Kelly, T. Schmitt, B. Kuechler.

SCIENCE CLUB

Purpose of Club: To stimulate interest in science and encourage scientific study and research.

Moderators:

{ Mr. Buddemeyer
 { Mr. Colmey

Time and Place of Meeting: 3 P. M., Wednesday, Room 112.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:

William Tichy

Vice-President:

Karl Wolff

Secretary:

Alfred Jennings

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:

Walter Blott

Vice-President:

Keith Carstens

Secretary:

Alfred Jennings



Row 1—G. Fears, J. Adkins, R. Weiss, D. Heckert, R. Vieten.
Row 2—W. Stuhlman, A. Liebermann, J. Kurtz, B. Jordan, J. Cernik, B. Dorsey.

SPORTSMAN CLUB

Purpose of Club: To know good sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and to appreciate laws of conservation.

Moderator:

Miss N. L. Heddergott

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Tuesday, at 2:45, in Room 110.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Edward Williams
Vice-President:	Ted Althoff
Secretary:	Harold Neusitz
Treasurer:	Harold Neusitz
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Harold Stoeppelman

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Gene Adkins
Vice-President:	Rodney Weiss
Secretary:	Don Heckert
Treasurer:	Don Heckert
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Robert Vieten

CHESS AND CAMELOT CLUB

Purpose of Club: To promote a greater interest in chess and camelot and, possibly, develop scholastic competition.

Moderators:

{ Mr. H. J. Bock
{ Mr. Fiehler

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Monday afternoon in Room 310.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Alfred Jennings
Vice-President:	Howard Heald
Secretary:	Willard Gerding
Treasurer:	Howard Hartman
Librarian:	Helene Krebs
Librarian Assistant:	Charles Galla

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

President:	Howard Hartman
Vice-President:	Layman Brown
Secretary:	Jack Nohl
Treasurer:	Helene Krebs
Librarian:	Charles Galla
Librarian Assistant:	Corinne Carroll



Row 1—M. Potthoff, D. Ban, J. Livingston, S. Sullivan, G. Christiansen, J. Huwe, M. Green, P. Casey, J. Perren, L. Reuter.
 Row 2—H. Nichols, H. Karcher, F. Potthoff, M. Schone, B. Botts, I. Margaritis, R. Ottomeier, B. Speicher, J. Lederle.
 Row 3—M. Thornton, M. Meinberg, M. Farrell, R. Riddle, Miss Schmidt.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB

Purpose of Club: To acquire ease and grace in swimming.

Moderator: Miss V. Schmidt

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday, 2:50, in the Swimming Pool.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1941

President:	Dorothy Ban
Vice-President:	Maxine Hay
Secretary-Treasurer:	Jane Livingston

OFFICERS

September, 1941, to January, 1942

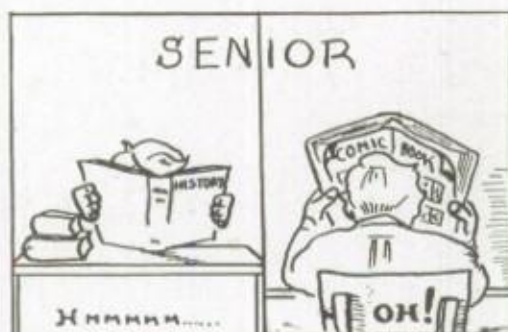
President:	Mary Potthoff
Vice-President:	Dorothy Ban
Secretary-Treasurer:	Frances Potthoff

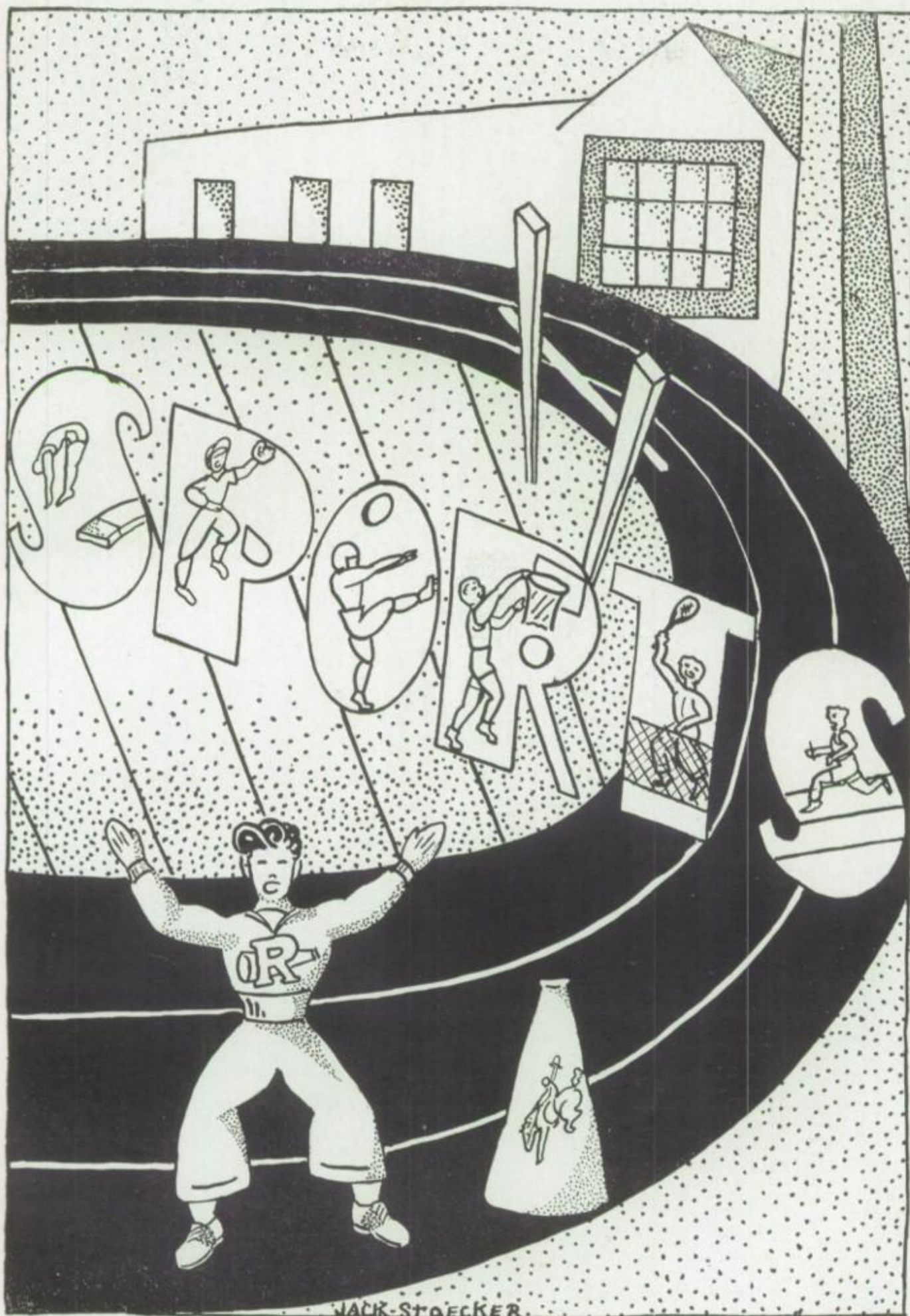


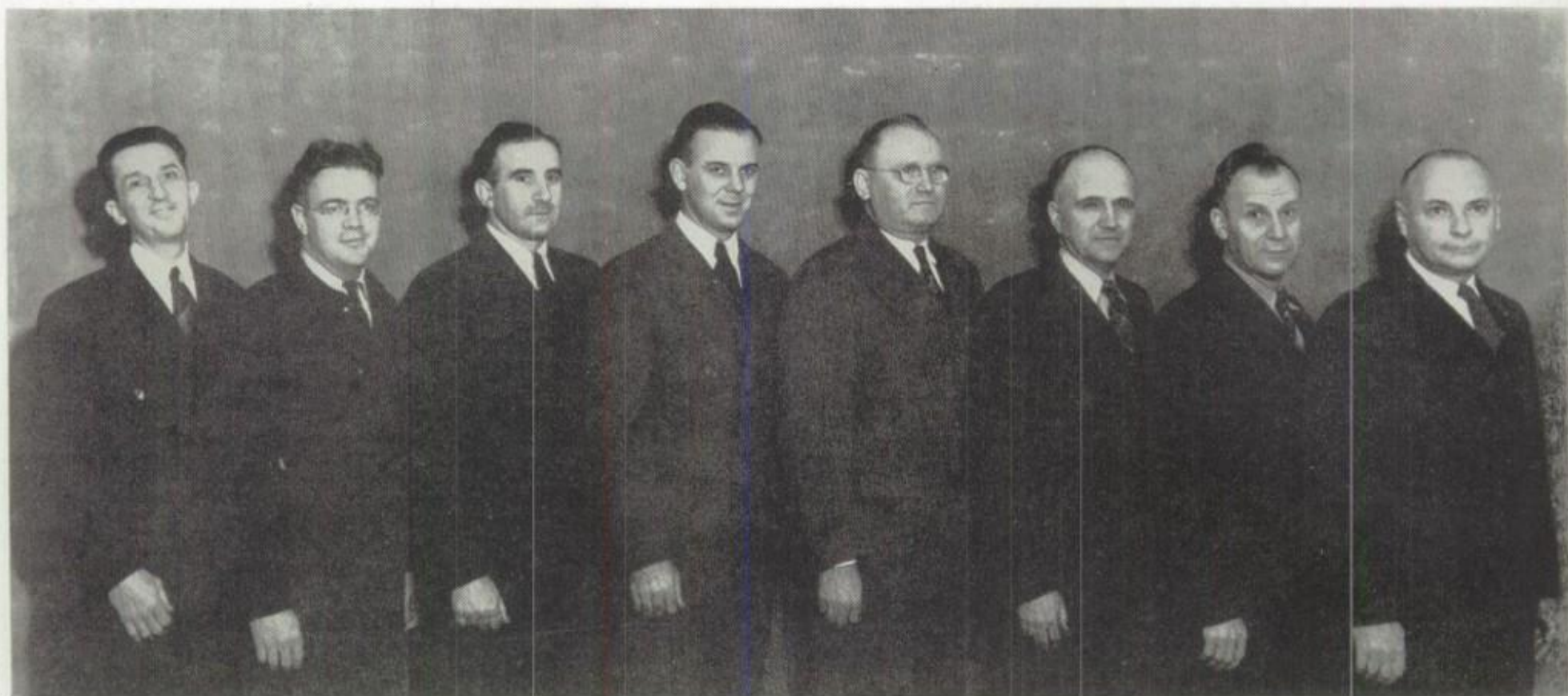
Row 1—K. Witbrodt, J. Smyke, R. Ziem, T. Wolf, A. Horn, T. Stewart, J. Kelledy, D. Winger, V. Thorp, L. Moser, K. Josias, F. Berlinger.
 Row 2—L. Pecqueur, P. Linn, M. L. Farrell, A. Ruester, A. Swenson, B. Higginbotham, M. Nickolaus, B. Hurst, M. O'Leary, B. Hampe, V. Forchee, J. Eder, J. Fries, R. Phipps.
 Row 3—P. Maret, B. Lafferty, B. St. Denis, H. Nichols, M. Ponder, C. Heffernan, G. Seigle, S. Sullivan, M. Potthoff, R. Wind, M. Kuhnert, E. Stabbert, M. Megel, L. Braun, V. Hanneke, H. Fayman, R. Shaw.
 Row 4—R. Mueller, M. Schweiss, M. Ball, D. Hahn, A. Ruzicka, P. Radentz, D. Wasem, G. Hake, V. Bernthal, R. M. Eisenmenger, A. Moxter, B. Aderholt, E. Knibb, J. Easterday, M. Maier.
 Row 5—R. Rolfe, J. Breen, S. Londe, E. Grimm, L. Hagenow, L. Murphy, M. Braun, E. Kiesel, M. Williams, E. Braun, A. Schneider, G. Cochran, E. Hampel, R. Novak, W. Blatt, R. Redden.
 Row 6—J. Regan, G. Paust, C. King, M. Hay, R. Brielmaier, S. Koeneman, E. Haller, J. Werle, R. Mullins, J. Conway, D. Sanburn, C. Moxley.

STUDENT COUNCIL

*Love
Gerry Hake*







THE COACHING STAFF

Winning teams are the proof of coaches' ability; and Roosevelt with over a hundred victory cups, can truly be proud of its coaching staff, which has in the past year augmented the school's huge aggregation of trophies with five new awards.

Unfortunately, however, Coach Granger, who has led many Crimson and White teams to victory in the Interscholastic Track and Field Meet, is no longer a member of the faculty; for he has been appointed principal of Rose Fanning grade school.

Responsible for Roosevelt's present achievements in athletic competition are the following competent men: Mr. Carlson, one whose football and baseball teams have brought many honors to the school; Mr. Close, the capable coach of the apparatus team and assistant basketball and football coach; Mr. Hochmeister, the golf coach; Mr. Kenny, the producer of outstanding swimming teams and spring football coach; Mr. Kuntz, the coach of the midget track squad; Mr. Lorenzen, the coach whose tennis team won the city championship and whose basketball team promises excellent results; and Mr. Neeb, who has for years carried an unopened bottle of red ink which he never intends to use—another testimony of his able management of the business and financial affairs of Roosevelt teams.

Because of these men, who have embodied in their squads the spirit of good sportsmanship and fair play, Roosevelt teams will bring even more laurels to their school.

Coaches, we salute you!

JAMES DICKOFF
ARTHUR SWENSON



First Row, left to right: Stoecker, Stewart, Simpson, Goymerac, Ullrich, Moelm.
Second row, left to right: Mr. Close, Kuechler, Hart, Pennington, Berg, Bernthal, Sherrer, Eder, Mr. Lorenzen.

BASKETBALL

"Carry on", each Roosevelt athletic team says to its successor,—and the 1940-41 basketball squad did that, and more, by raising the team's standing in the Public High School League into the first division.

For the first time in several years Mr. Lorenzen had a veteran team: Flachsbart, Boecler, Sliger, Keller, Melchior, and Morrow. These old boys and the promising recruits, who were only too few, really worked to get into form, and four consecutive victories in non-league games gave everyone great confidence that a basketball championship was at hand. But this was not to be, for a mid-season slump put an end to such aspirations. A fine start and a fine finish but a weak middle was the story of the season.

The season's first game saw Southwest fall by the wayside, 31-22, a game which saw Melchior, last year's captain, tally fourteen points to lead both teams.

Bayless was defeated in the highest scoring game of the season by a count of 53-44. Art ("Flash") Flachsbart rolled eight field goals and five free throws through the hoop for a total of twenty-one points; Melchior added fourteen points; and Jim Keller, captain of the team, added ten more.

The next game, in which South Side Catholic was handed a 24-20 loss, was in direct contrast to the preceding one. This game revealed the need of capable reserves as all five men played without relief.

The last exhibition, Roosevelt vs. McBride, was a thrilling victory for Roosevelt. McBride put on a late rally which brought their total points to 33, only two short of the Rough Rider total. This victory was sweet revenge for the defeat McBride, last year's champions, had given Roosevelt in the '39-'40 season.

A few days before their first league game, Jack Melchior, the Riders' ace center, became ineligible. Not only was Jack's talent missed, but the entire team was broken up. Consequently, Soldan team became the first to defeat Roosevelt's 1940-41 basketball squad. The disheartened Rough Riders fought all the way, even though Soldan gained a ten-point lead in the first quarter. But when the final whistle blew, the score stood Roosevelt 32, Soldan 47.

The Riders' bad luck continued through the Normandy Tournament. Roosevelt's first rival was Normandy, whom they could have defeated under normal conditions, but, due to an injury to Art Flachsbarth and to Melchoir's ineligibility, only three regulars played in this game. Even under this handicap, Roosevelt led most of the way; however, a last minute rush by their opponent gave Normandy a 27-20 victory. In their second game the Rough Riders played a team they had already defeated, namely, South Side Catholic. The value of the two missing regulars was again evidenced as South Side won, 35-27.

Back in league competition again, the team went down to a bitterly contested defeat at the hands of Blewett. The half time score was 12-12, but the players, who again played an entire game without relief, tired, allowed Blewett to forge ahead slowly and win, 28-20.

The next game, McKinley vs. Roosevelt, was one of the most interesting of the year. Although it had a slow start, the second half was packed with action. Neither team was ever ahead by more than four points. With only seconds to play, and with the Rough Riders in the lead and in possession of the ball, a McKinley man intercepted a pass, dribbled down the floor, and sank a shot that tied the score at twenty-six all. Before that ball hit the floor, the game ended and an overtime period of three minutes was necessary. A field goal and two free throws gave the Gold Bugs four points, but the Roosevelt players were unable to tally. The final score stood Roosevelt 26, McKinley 30.

Roosevelt won their first league game from the "Steers" of Southwest by a score of 31-26, in a game which marked the end of the high school basketball careers of Jack Melchior and Bob Boecler, who graduated in mid-season. These boys were the center of attraction in this game for the rest of the team constantly "fed" the ball to them, as Melchior's fourteen points will show. This victory broke the prolonged string of losses, and the only other game Roosevelt lost was the next one, in which the revamped Beaumont squad won, 27-20.

The last two games of the season were packed with action and excitement. After a fast and furious battle with Central, Roosevelt came from

behind to score ten points in the final quarter and thereby defeat the favored Central team by one point. The final score was Roosevelt 31, Central 30. Herb Sliger was high point man with thirteen points; however, much credit must be given to Tony Luzecky who came into the game in the last few minutes and accounted for six points.

Captain Jim Keller, who sank seven free throws and two field goals, led Roosevelt as they won their last game of the season against their old South Side rival, Cleveland. At the end of the first half Roosevelt led by the overwhelming score of 18-8. However, the Rough Riders were held to six points in the second half while Cleveland made fourteen. The score was 24-22 in favor of Roosevelt.

In league competition the Rough Rider percentage was .429,—good enough for a first division berth in the Public High School league. The percentage won in all games was .538.

Coach Lorenzen awarded letters to the following players: forwards,—Captain Keller, Flachsbart, Melchior, Luzecky; guards—Sliger, Berg, Koch, Boecler; center—Morrow; and managers—Wittenberg and Lafferty.

Roosevelt's opponents in 1941-42 season will be as follows: Dec. 19, Blewett; Jan. 9, McKinley; Jan. 23, Soldan; Jan. 30, Central; Feb. 6, Beaumont; Feb. 13, Cleveland; Feb. 20, Southwest.

MICHAEL WALDNER
ROGER BERG





BASEBALL

Row 1—K. Tichacek, A. Baisch, K. Callewaert, U. Sweet, L. Claus, P. Kock, J. Goymerac.
 Row 2—P. Hellweg, G. Khoury, K. Krummel, J. Dean, D. Carlson, R. Whitworth, C. Wandersee.
 Row 3—S. Eichenberger, G. Kallmeyer, R. Young, R. Morrow, R. Fledderman, J. Basta, R. Weast,
 Coach Carlson.
 Row 4—P. Raish, A. Hart, C. Hasser, B. Oestreicher, A. Schutt, T. Burke.

BASEBALL

The season opened with a bang for the Rough Rider baseball team of 1941 when they met and defeated Blewett in a practice game. Then followed a season in which Roosevelt tied Cleveland for the South Side leadership and held that position until the last game. Coach Carlson's task of building an entire new team around a nucleus of four returned lettermen certainly was not in vain as evidenced by the above facts and those following. Coach Carlson believes Hellwege's ineligibility and Dean's sore arm for the last game cost us the top honors.

Roosevelt finished the season with ten games won and four games lost. Of the latter, three were league games. Only one practice game was lost.

These are the score of the practice games:

Roosevelt.....	8	Blewett.....	7
Roosevelt.....	2	Webster.....	0
Roosevelt.....	1	McBride.....	2
Roosevelt.....	11	Blewett.....	7
Roosevelt.....	5	South Side.....	2
Roosevelt.....	2	Central.....	1
Roosevelt.....	14	Kirkwood.....	4

These are the box-scores from the six league games:

Roosevelt 10, Southwest 8

	A. B.	H.	E.
Khoury, s. s.....	5	2	1
Whitworth, c. f.....	4	1	0
Hellwege, l. f.....	6	3	0
Sweet, 3 b.....	6	2	0
How, l b.....	4	1	0
Clauss, f. f.....	4	2	0
Callewaert, 2 b.....	5	3	0
Oestreicher, c.....	0	0	0
Carlson, c.....	3	1	0
Morrow, p.....	0	0	0
Tichacek, p.....	4	0	3
Baisch.....	1	0	0

Roosevelt 4, McKinley 7

	A. B.	H.	E.
Kallmeyer, s. s.....	0	0	1
Whitworth, c. f.....	4	0	0
Sweet, 3 b.....	4	0	0
Hellwege, l. f.....	4	0	0
How, l b.....	3	0	1
Clauss, r. f.....	4	3	0
Khoury, s. s.....	3	2	1
Callewaert, 2 b.....	2	0	2
Carlson, c.....	0	0	0
Oestreicher, c.....	3	0	0
Morrow, p.....	2	0	1
Dean, p.....	0	0	0

Roosevelt 7, Cleveland 2

	A. B.	H.	E.
Khoury, s. s.....	3	2	1
Sweet, 3 b.....	4	1	0
Hellwege, l. f.....	4	2	1
How, l b.....	4	2	0
Clauss, r. f.....	4	0	0
Goyda, c. f.-l. f.....	3	0	0
Callewaert, 2 b.....	4	1	0
Oestreicher, c.....	4	0	0
Dean, p.....	4	1	1

Roosevelt 8, McKinley 3

	A. B.	H.	E.
Khoury, s. s.....	5	1	1
Sweet, 3 b.....	4	1	0
Hellwege, l. f.....	5	2	0
How, l b.....	3	1	0
Clauss, r. f.....	5	2	0
Whitworth, c. f.....	4	0	1
Callewaert, 2 b.....	4	0	0
Carlson, c.....	3	1	0
Dean, p.....	4	1	1

Roosevelt 4, Southwest 12

	A. B.	H.	E.
Khoury, s. s.....	5	1	0
Sweet, 3 b.....	4	1	0
Hellwege, l. f.....	4	2	0
Clauss, r. f.....	5	2	1
How, l b.....	5	1	1
Whitworth, c. f.....	2	0	0
Callewaert, 2 b.....	4	1	0
Carlson, c.....	0	0	0
Oestreicher, c.....	3	2	1
Morrow, p.....	1	0	2
Dean, p.....	1	0	0
Tichacek, r.....	0	0	0

Roosevelt 3, Cleveland 20

	A. B.	H.	E.
Khoury, s. s.....	5	2	0
Callewaert, 2 b.....	3	0	0
Luzeby, 2 b.....	1	1	0
Clauss, r. f.....	5	0	0
How, l b.....	5	2	1
Oestreicher, c.....	4	0	0
Sweet, 3 b.....	4	0	0
Goyda, c. f.-l. f.....	3	1	0
Whitworth, c. f.....	3	0	0
Morrow, p.....	1	1	0
Dean, p.....	1	0	0
Tichacek, p.....	2	1	0

Here are the season's batting averages:

Khoury, s. s.....	47	17	.362
Sweet, 3 b.....	50	11	.220
Hellwege, l. f.....	43	14	.325
Clauss, r. f.....	45	16	.355
How, l b.....	46	15	.326
Whitworth, c. f.....	37	8	.218
Goyda, c. f.-l. f.....	15	4	.267
Callewaert, 2 b.....	43	15	.348
Oestreicher, c.....	23	5	.216
Carlson, c.....	18	4	.222
Dean, p.....	7	1	.144
Morrow, p.....	14	3	.215
Tichacek, pl.....	17	3	.179

13 /3.410

Team average .262

Two Hundred Eleven

How and Sweet were chosen co-captains from the four lettermen who returned this year. The seniors on the squad are Sweet, Clauss, Whitworth, Carlson, Dean, Morrow, and Tichacek, leaving Khoury, Hellwege, Goyda, Callewaert, and Oestreicher to form the nucleus of next year's squad. Letters were awarded to How, Clauss, Oestreicher, Khoury, Sweet, Whitworth, Goyda, Carlson, Morrow, Callewaert, Hellwege, Dean, and Tichacek and the team's two managers, Raisch and Eichenberger.

BERNARD UHAN
FRANK MERTA



SWIMMING

Row 1—H. Reinecke, U. Potthoff, R. Crouch, J. Gass, C. Layton, J. Mainz, D. Kirchoff.
Row 2—G. Liesmann, R. Patterson, A. Mikes, Coach Kenny, K. Tichacek, H. Parks, L. Claus.
Row 3—A. Becker, W. Williams, J. Meyers, O. Kortjohn, D. Weber, C. Becker, R. Rolfe.



GYMNASTIC TEAM

Row 1—E. Nugent, F. Stewart, B. Staich, D. Beckman, A. Bauer.
 Row 2—T. Arenz, B. McGough, S. Wright, G. Moeller, B. Glick, L. Medley.
 Row 3—Mr. Close, W. Dare, A. Wetzels, H. Wright, B. Slusher, P. Michael, J. Vogel.





VOLLEY-BALL

Row 1—L. Fellhauer, J. Hammer, H. Pennington, L. Medley, F. Eccher.
 Row 2—J. Goymerac, L. McCoy, J. Karl, K. Scherer, D. La Plante, L. Lottmann, L. Hagiparis, J. Vogel.
 Row 3—H. Wright, G. Holtmann, L. Clauss, C. Eccher, R. Morrow, H. Sliger, B. Bernstein, R. Young, Coach Close.
 Row 4—J. Huckstep, W. Krummel, R. Oestreicher, J. Walker.

VOLLEY-BALL

Spring activity in one of the fastest growing Roosevelt sports, volley-ball, was officially started by the intramural volley-ball tournament, in which each of the boys' gym classes entered a team of its best players. Rivalry in both the Junior and Senior divisions was unusually spirited, even though the boys had to play their games before school. Since the tournament was of a knock-out type, both winning teams were undefeated. Consequently, the upper term championship squad of Eccher, Kattich, Koch, Walker, Fults, Duggan, Onanian, and Morrow, and the Junior victors, Zib, Eccher, O'Toole, Adkins,

Fults, Eisen, Durper, Wanker, Vieten, Gomien, Berdeck, and Mash, may justly be proud of their medals.

This tournament, however, was only a forerunner of Public High School interscholastic play, also held in Junior and Senior divisions. The competing schools were divided into two groups, North and South, the winners in each division to meet for the city championship. The Roosevelt Juniors easily won all of their games in the Southern division and the right to meet the Central Juniors, North Side victors. The Seniors had a harder time, for they were defeated by Cleveland; however, Cleveland had previously been conquered by McKinley. The resulting tie between the Rough Riders and Cleveland was broken in a play-off which the Riders won, bringing Roosevelt the South Side championship in both divisions.

When the Roosevelt Seniors met the Soldan squad at Southwest, they defeated their opponents in two games, 15-3 and 15-5. The Juniors upheld their standard by winning their games 15-12 and 15-5. The Roosevelt teams were able to run up such one-sided scores because of excellent team work among the members of the well balanced squads. These two outstanding victories are due in large measure to the excellent coaching of Mr. Close.

The members of the championship Senior team were Russell Morrow, Herbert Sliger, Robert Maloney, Jack Goymerac, Bernard Bernstein, Lee Clauss, Robert Oestreicher, Walter Krummel, George Holtmann, and John Vogel.

The Junior Champions were Kenneth Scherer, Harry Pennington, Lester Medley, Jack Karl, Leo Fellhauer, Lawrence Stewart, Dick La Plante, Lloyd McCoy, and Fred Eccher.

Letters were awarded to both squads since volley-ball is now an interscholastic sport.

MICHAEL WALDNER





JUNE BREEN
Track Queen



POINT WINNERS IN TRACK MEET

Row 1—E. Busch, N. Tichy, L. Wandersee, K. Tice, B. Wieselthier.
 Row 2—L. Blaker, E. Wandersee, C. Kruse, P. Michaels, W. Wills, C. Eisleben, W. Schultz.
 Row 3—Mr. Granger, L. Stewart, T. Levin, D. Heckert, H. Parks, R. Weiss, J. Kurtz, E. Wallis.
 Row 4—E. Spinzig, J. Zebrack, U. Pothoff, H. Sliger, C. Becker, H. Pennington, E. Riess.
 Row 5—E. Gagel, D. Nelson, H. Espenscheid, R. Mullins, R. Sutter, A. Paule, Mr. Kuntz.

TRACK

Once more the Rough Rider track team captured the interscholastic track and field championship, making it fourteen in a row. The team as a whole showed that gallant Roosevelt spirit by overcoming our closest competitors, Beaumont and Southwest, and beating them by eleven and fourteen points respectively. A well-balanced team was again organized under the direction of Head Coach Granger and Assistant Coach Kuntz. Roosevelt was presented with three of the four trophies, winning the Midget and Junior divisions and also the cup signifying the fourteenth consecutive championship.

In the Senior division Captain Ed Wandersee took fourth place in the 880-yard dash. Earl Wallace was the high point of the seniors, gathering

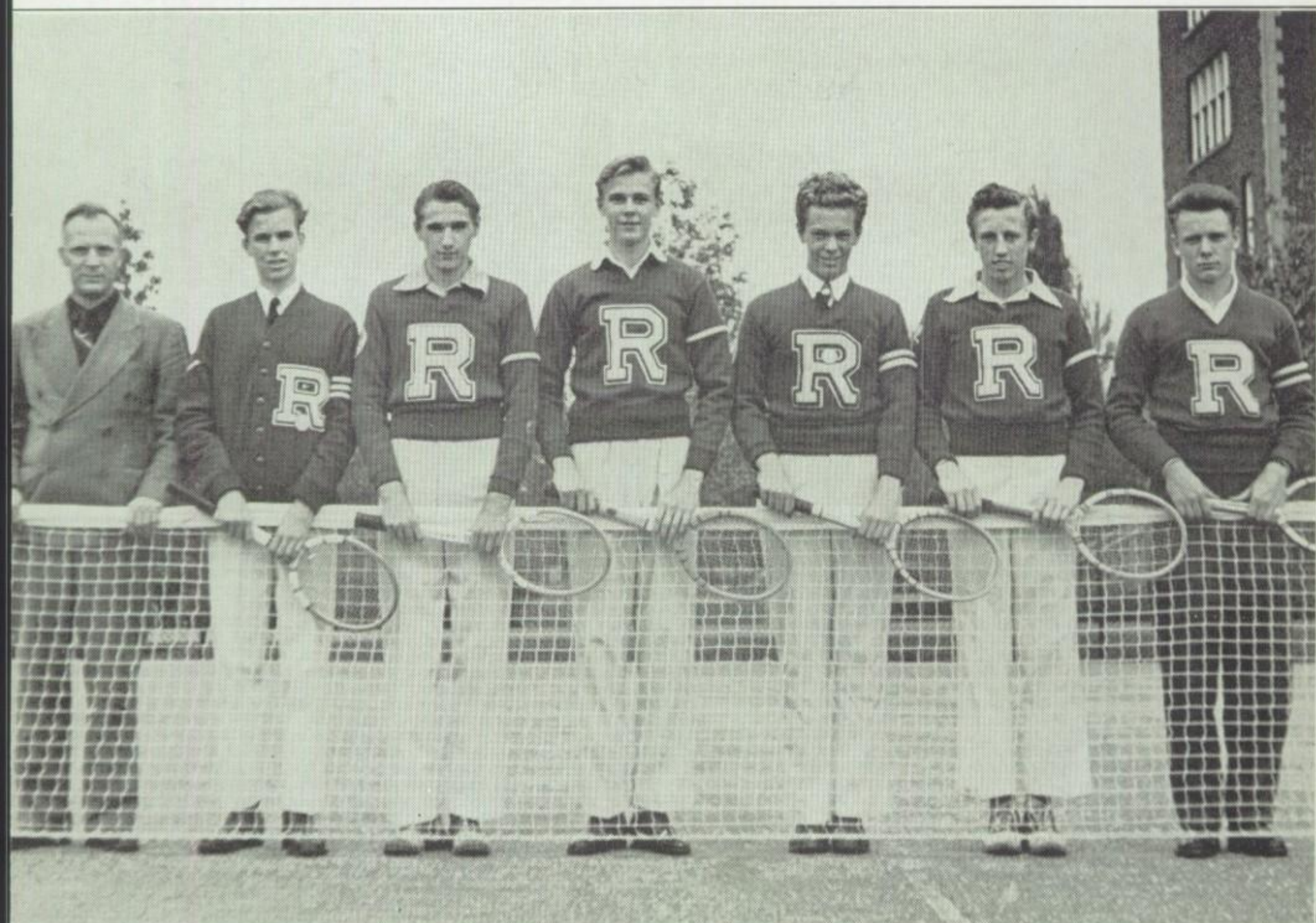
ten points by placing first in the 120-yard high hurdles and also the 200-yard low hurdles. His time of 15.1 seconds in the 120-yard high hurdles set a new record. This time was set in the preliminaries; but on field day, due to rain, the track was not in condition to permit the breaking of many records in the running events. Mullins gained a fifth in the high hurdles as well as a fifth in the 220-yard dash and a tie for fifth in the broad jump. Roosevelt was best represented in the mile with Paule coming in first and Will third. A record had to be broken in order to keep our two high jumpers, Espenschied and Sliger, from winning. Our senior 880-yard relay team, which was composed of Michels, Potthoff, Becker, and Parks placed third.

The Junior team easily won in their division, gathering forty-one points. Don Heckert, the number one dash man of the Juniors, finished fourth in the 100-yard dash, second in the 220, and fifth in the broad jump. Eric Gagh, captain of the Juniors, broke the broad jump record with a leap of twenty-one feet. He also placed third in the 220-yard dash. Ed Spinzig was another outstanding junior sprinter, as he galloped to a third place in the 50-yard dash followed closely by R. Weiss who finished fifth. Sutter fought his way to fourth place in the most grueling race, the 440-yard dash. In the Junior 880, we were well represented by Kruse, who finished first, and Sutter, who finished fourth. Another record was broken in the Junior pole vault as Stewart pole vaulted eleven and one-half feet, surpassing the former record by one-half inch. Harry Pennington also stood out as he placed second in the high jump. The Junior relay team, composed of Heckert, Spinzig, Eisleben, and Gagel helped to cinch the Junior trophy by placing second.

Led by Captain Nick Tichy who placed first in the hurdles, second in the broad jump, fourth in the 50-yard dash, and tied for second in the high jump for a total of fourteen individual points, the midgets won their cup. Wayne Schultz, a dash man, came in third in the 75-yard dash and tied for fifth in the 50-yard dash. Other midgets were Blaker, who placed second in the shot put; Tice who tied for second in the high jump; and Wandersee, who placed third in the 75-yard low hurdles. The midget relay team, with Schultz starting and handing the baton to Weiselthier, then to Busch, and finally to Tichy, placed second right upon the heels of Soldan.

ROBERT BERNTHAL
WALLACE WILL
RICHARD SARTORIUS





TENNIS TEAM

Coach Lorenzen, B. Bennett, L. Moelm, N. Eckerle, J. Eder, B. Lafferty, G. Fears.

TENNIS

Roosevelt's tennis team of 1941 had a magnificent record, as the boys easily gained the fourth tennis championship in the history of our school. The Rough Riders finished the season with twenty-four victories and four defeats, far ahead of Soldan or Blewett, our nearest rivals. This year's squad was chosen as a result of an intramural tournament, the winners of that tournament being placed on the team. Coach Lorenzen deserves much credit for developing this year's squad and, although our tennis team has always been in the fight for the championship, this year we proved that Roosevelt is superior in this sport and we are hoping that our 1941 victory will start a long string of championships. The squad consisted of outstanding singles players and a good doubles team. Led by the veterans, Gene Fears, former

Two Hundred Nineteen

captain, and Joe Eder, and because of the outstanding performance of newcomers Nick Eckerle, Bill Bennett, and Lloyd Moelm, the team had no trouble in defeating the other seven schools.

Roosevelt completely overwhelmed Beaumont, Central, Cleveland, and McKinley by taking four matches from each. The Rough Riders also gained three victories and experienced but one defeat against Soldan and Blewett. Southwest proved to be our hardest opponent as we divided four matches with them.

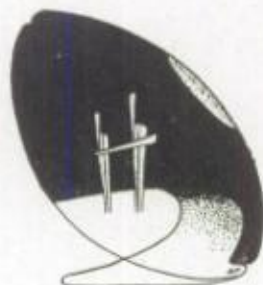
The individual records are as follows:

Gene Fears, first man	Won 7	Lost 0
Joe Eder, second man	Won 6	Lost 1
Nick Eckerle, third man	Won 7	Lost 0

Doubles teams:

Bob Lafferty—Bill Bennett	Won 0	Lost 1
Lloyd Moelm—Bill Bennett	Won 4	Lost 2

ROBERT BERNTHAL
JAMES DICKOFF



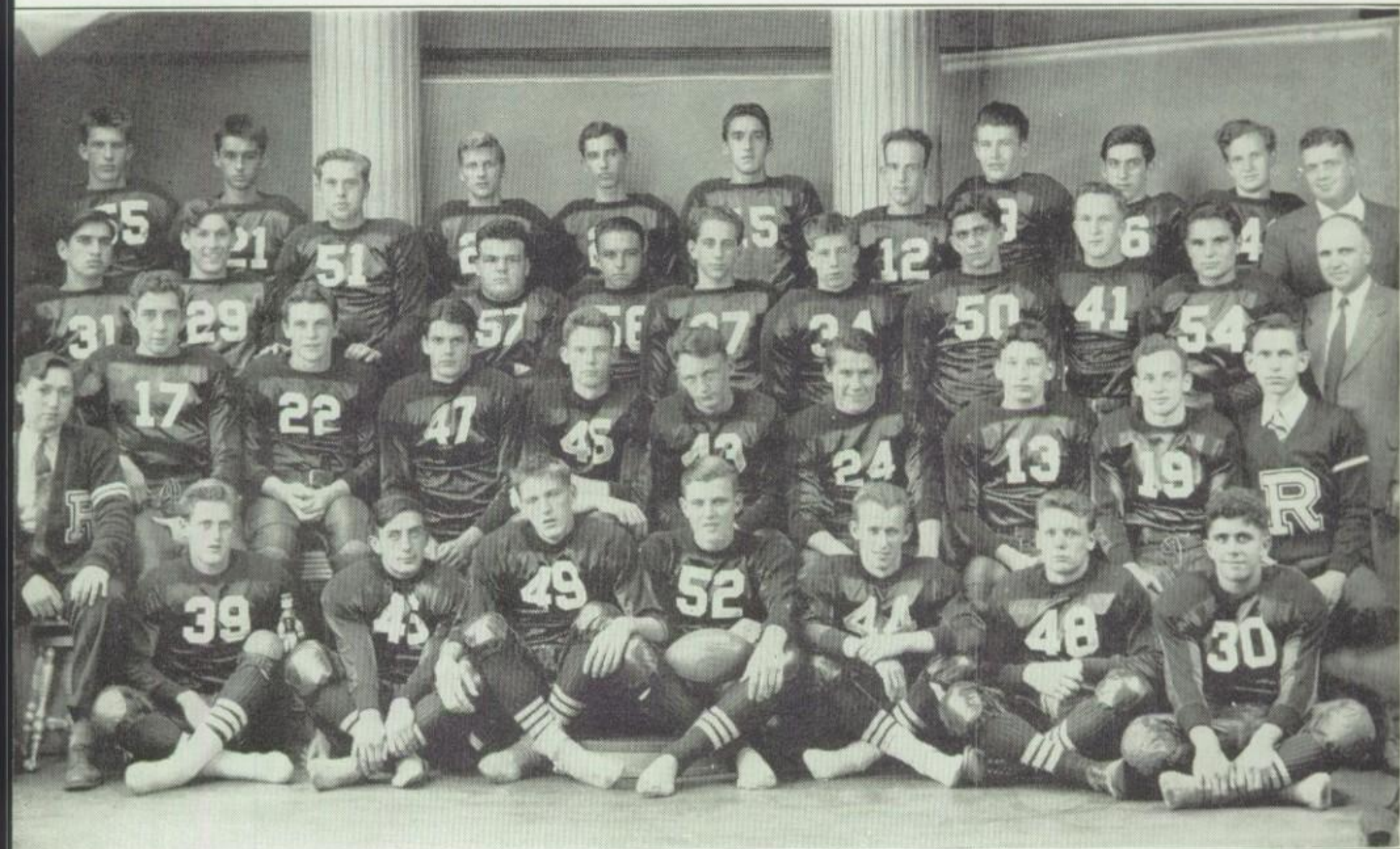
GOLF

The Roosevelt Golfers did not have an opportunity this year to exhibit their skill, as in former years, because of the postponement of the intramural matches from this autumn to next spring. Instead, the team had to content itself with seven non-league games, winning six of them and tying one. Since this new schedule eliminated all the regular tournaments, which were supposed to be played this autumn, there was no means of obtaining a letter in golf.

Even though the boys did not participate in any league contest, they did gain much valuable information from Coach Hochmeister and through actual experience in playing the game. Because most of its players are not seniors, Mr. Hochmeister expects the team to make an excellent showing in the 1942 season.

RICHARD SARTORIUS
JAMES DICKOFF

Rose Marie Schultz



FOOTBALL

Row 1—P. Burke, P. Hellwege, H. Sliger, B. Higginbotham, M. Heifner, G. Fears, J. Arbini.
 Row 2—Charles Turner, L. Clauss, R. Ott, H. Pennington, R. Morrow, K. Mann, P. Anderson, H. Feigenbaum, J. Zebrack, S. Eichenberger.
 Row 3—E. Lutke, J. Onanian, A. Lieberman, J. Kelledy, B. Meyer, A. Berger, G. Pickles, C. Hasser, R. Worsesk, J. Basta, Coach Carlson.
 Row 4—F. Blount, A. Kattich, H. Fults, J. Schmagranoff, G. Hoeynck, N. Sweet, C. Eccher, K. Josias, L. McCoy, Coach Kenny.

FOOTBALL

The 1941 Rough Rider football squad did much better than had been expected.

Indeed, it had been feared that Roosevelt might finish the season as in 1940, when the team won only one victory in Public High School League; but such was not the case, for the Riders had a 3-3 league record, good enough to land them in fourth place. Moreover, Roosevelt was never badly beaten during the 1941 season.

The first game of the year was against McBride, Prep League School. This game was scoreless for three quarters. In the first period, the Riders held the advantage and kept the ball largely in McBride territory; for the next two quarters McBride threatened to score. The Roosevelt pass game produced results when, in the last period, Mann shot an aerial to Sliger, who

was completely in the clear and raced for the touchdown, the only score of the game. The conversion attempt failed.

This year Roosevelt again traveled out of town for a game; Paducah, Kentucky, High School was chosen as the opponent. The first few minutes of play in this game produced a Roosevelt score on a pass by Paul Anderson to Captain Bob Higginbotham. The Blue Tornadoes were surprised, to say the least, for they had expected to win easily; however, the heavier Kentucky players soon asserted themselves; they scored after the kickoff following the touchdown, and four more times before the game was over. The final score was Paducah 31, Roosevelt 6. All in all, the Riders did very well considering Paducah's superior weight.

In their first league contest, the Roosevelt squad met the Beaumont Blue jackets. The Riders forgot that the kickoff is an outside kick if it goes over ten yards, and, consequently, allowed a Beaumont player to take over the ball on the Roosevelt 30-yard line, from which point the Bluejackets scored in two plays. The conversion was not made. In the third quarter, a Roosevelt punt was blocked, the ball rolled into the end zone, and Lieberman recovered the ball. Beaumont had two more points. Beaumont made the final touchdown when a Roosevelt pass was intercepted by a Bluejacket who ran for a touchdown. Final score: Beaumont 14, Roosevelt 0.

The Rough Riders won their first league game when they played Central. The only score of the first half was the result of a Central fumble on that team's 6-yard line; a pass by Glenn Pickles to Higginbotham produced a touchdown. The try for the extra point failed. In the third quarter Russell Morrow blocked a Central punt and Higginbotham fell on it in the Central end zone for another touchdown. Again the Riders failed to get the extra point. In the fourth period a run of forty-three yards by Norman Sweet and one of eleven by Ken Josias produced yet another score. Ken Mann scored the fourth and final Rough Rider touchdown on a 61-yard run, he also made good his kick for the extra point. Final score: Roosevelt 25, Central 0.

Roosevelt gained an 8-6 victory over Soldan in a game played in a pouring rain. In the first quarter Morrow blocked a Soldan punt which Higginbotham fell upon in the Soldan end zone for a score. The try for the extra point failed. Soldan tied the score in the second quarter by similarly blocking and recovering a Roosevelt kick. Higginbotham supplied the winning margin in the third period by blocking a Soldan punt which the Tigers recovered behind their own goal to give the Rough Riders a safety.

The Roosevelt squad next met McKinley, whose team ultimately won the championship. The Gold Bugs overcame the Riders by a score of 27-6. McKinley had to resort to a passing attack when the players found it difficult to pierce the Roosevelt line. A blocked Roosevelt punt which McKinley recovered on the Rough Rider 7-yard line resulted in the Gold Bugs' first score. McKinley again went over the goal stripe just thirty seconds before the end of the second quarter. A pass interception by McKinley in the third quarter brought another score. In this quarter the Rough Riders made their only score. Hellwege blocked a McKinley punt; Lieberman recovered the ball and ran for a touchdown.

Roosevelt 2, Cleveland 0, was the football score of the next contest. The two teams were fairly evenly matched. Several times, Cleveland threatened to score, but our fine defensive play held them at bay. In the third quarter Cleveland found themselves in possession of the ball on their own 2-yard line, after a kick by Anderson. The Cleveland ball carrier, who attempted to run the pigskin out of this spot, was tackled behind his goal line. The safety was enough to decide the contest.

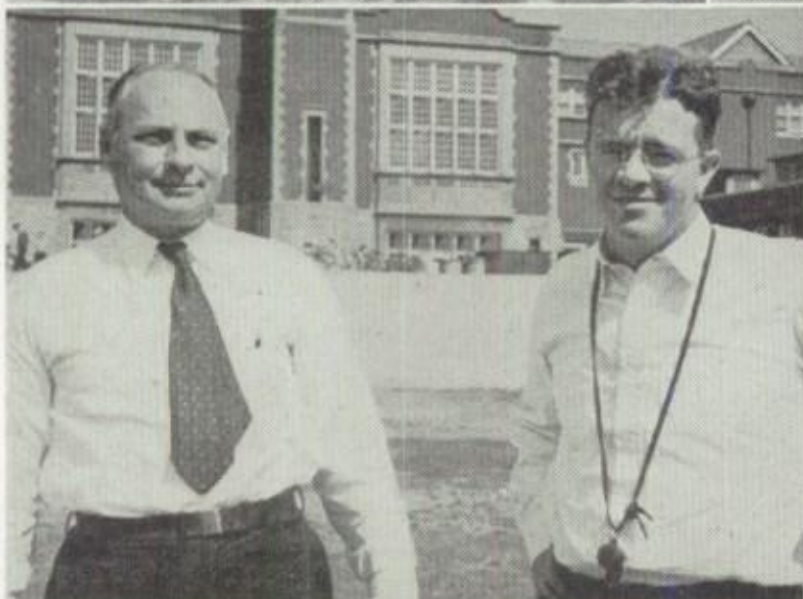
The second annual All-Star game was held on November 25, after having been postponed from Saturday, November 22. The teams were divided into East and West groups. The East consisted of Roosevelt, Central, Cleveland, and McKinley; the West, of Soldan, Beaumont, and Southwest. Each of the teams played as unit in the order mentioned, the eastern schools for fifteen minutes, the western schools for twenty. Soldan scored all the West's points, seven on a touchdown and a conversion and two more on a safety. McKinley scored the East's seven points on a long run by Howard and successful pass for the extra point. Final score: West 9, East 7.

In the last contest of the season, Southwest's Longhorns trounced the Rough Riders by a score of 25-0. The Riders had hard luck all day. Marvin Heifner tossed some beautiful passes right into the receiver's arms, but the receivers kept dropping the ball. Southwest scored once in the first half on a line plunge by Danner, whose placement was also good. All, of Southwest, took the second-half kickoff and ran 100 yards for a touchdown. Southwest scored twice in the fourth quarter on passes.

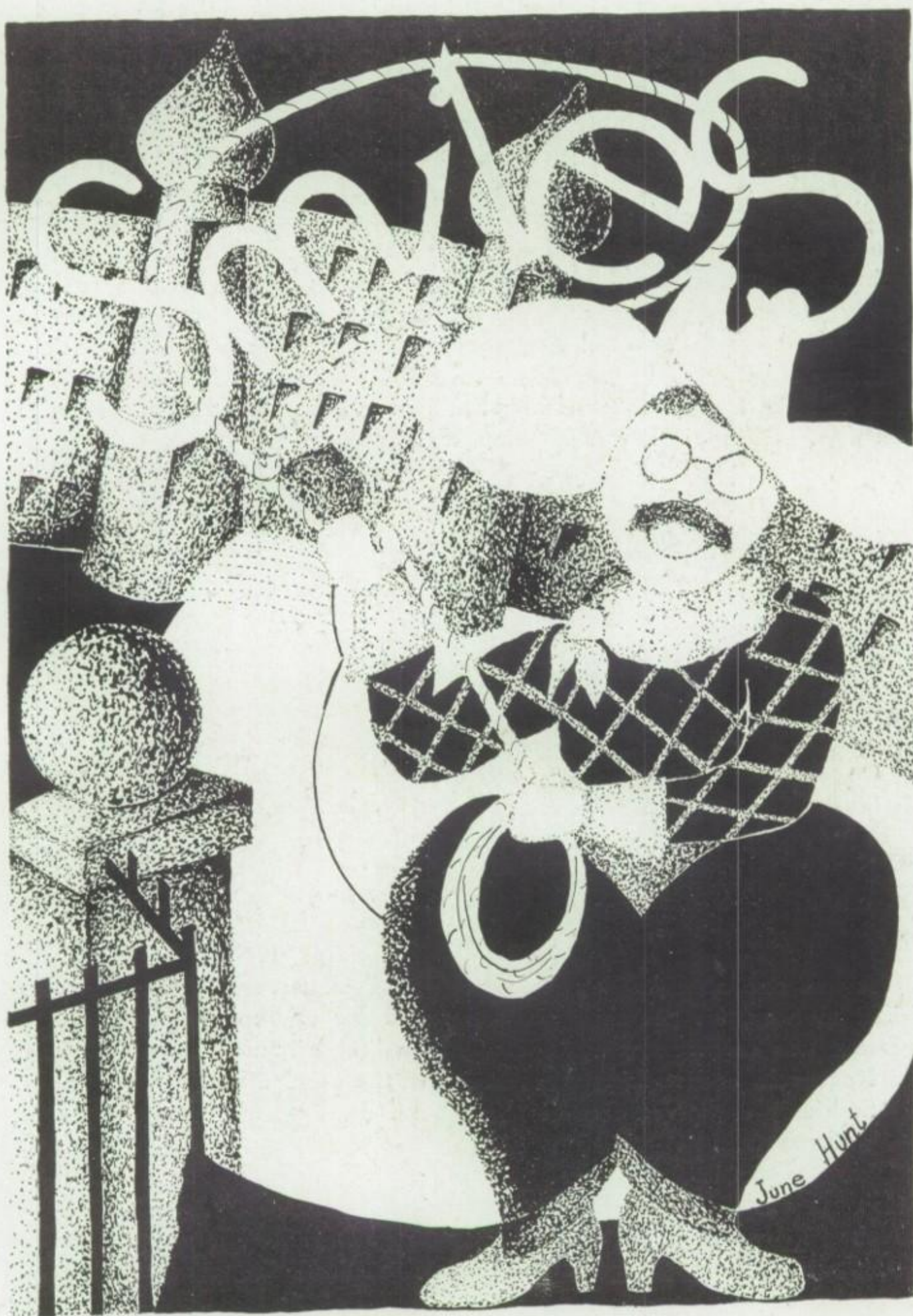
The players who were awarded letters are Paul Anderson, Frank Blount, Charles Eccher, Manager Eichenberger, Gene Fears, Harry Fults, Harry Feigenbaum, Charles Hasser, Marvin Heifner, Pete Hellwege, Captain Bob Higginbotham, Ken Josias, Alvin Katich, Joe Kelledy, Kenny Mann, Albert Lieberman, Bob Meyer, Russell Morrow, Jim Onanian, Harry Pennington, Glenn Pickles, Herb Sliger, Norman Sweet, Julius Zebrack.

MICHAEL WALDNER





D. Palmer



AMUSING INCIDENTS

"Delicious," I murmured, tasting crumbs of cold roast-pork for my would-be sandwich, "Simply delicious."

A glance at the clock prompted my mother to say, "Hurry, I'll fix your lunch."

Each long stride on the way to school brought bigger and better pictures of sandwiches to my imagination. At school, I tenderly laid the precious package in my locker. I was so hungry! The morning seemed so long. Finally the lunch bell rang. Ah, for the sandwich. Hurrying from my locker to the ever-crowded lunchroom, I found my seat and my friend. With my appetite at its peak, I opened the package to find—what!—two slices of bread! Two slices of bread and no more. Mom had forgotten the best part. Oh, me! It wasn't funny, then.

LOUISE FREDERICKS



It was one of those days that started off all wrong. The alarm clock failed to buzz, his pet shirt was too soiled for another wearing, and the weather was cold and rainy. He was in a "thick" mood when he started for Roosevelt, and walking was more than the usual effort.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind—"Why not use the old hitch-hike system?"

He stepped into the street and waited. Along come a low dashshund of an automobile. With his thumb crooked in the most dignified manner possible, he put forth his very best smile and waited. The machine slowed down and Bill's heart beat faster. Here was his chance to arrive at school in grand style.

Suddenly he froze in his tracks, his eyes bulged, and his heart gave a couple of flip-overs.

Instead of the door opening in a friendly fashion, the window was lowered and a deep voice boomed: "We're detectives, Bud, and if I were you I wouldn't try this stunt anymore."

ED WENDEL

Another dreary Monday morning! Everyone was sleepy and everything seemed gloomy. A morning class was in full swing when a very humorous thing happened. The teacher was working hard trying to teach the class a little math; but she didn't seem to be doing very well, as the class just couldn't get into the spirit of things. Finally, she changed her plan of attack by opening a barrage of questions. She was more successful with that, and everything seemed to improve when the following incident happened. A boy in the back of the room was called upon. There was no response, so the teacher again called his name. This time the only response was a soft snooze. The class laughed heartily, while the boy being very greatly embarrassed, was so mortified, that he will not go to sleep again in a class for a long time.

RICHARD SARTORIUS

Carelessly I strolled through the second floor corridor of Roosevelt. Although it was only the first day of classes, I was minus the famed yellow-card. Oh, I was very sure of myself, for today I was a Seven. It was the habit of one's and two's to carry these cards. I, with my superior and more developed mind, didn't need one. A tiny, frightened voice interrupted my thoughts.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," it quaked. "Could you please kindly tell me where Room 218 is?" I gazed at the speaker through half closed eyes, as I directed the poor child to her destination.

Casually I entered Room 228, and looked slowly about, to see who my classmates were to be. Picture my surprise when I realized I didn't know a single person. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but all the other pupils looked bewildered. I nudged the girl in front of me, who leaped as if she had seen a ghost. She turned slowly around, I asked her what she was in there for. When she said she was there for Civics, I assured her that she was in the wrong room. Why didn't she try 226 or 230? She hurriedly left the room. Just as the teacher came in, however, I made an amazing discovery. All the pupils were new jays. It was a civics class. I entered the correct room, just as my friend of 228 left. She looked at me, laughed, and passed on. Sheepishly, I grinned, and come down to earth.

JANET AICHNER

A somewhat perplexed pupil was standing at the board in a class in stenography. He was writing a sentence in shorthand as the teacher dictated it. Suddenly, the teacher stopped him, saying, "Come now, surely you know better than that. In shorthand the outline for o is written above the line." The student still looked a little puzzled so the indulgent teacher wrote the shorthand sign on the board using a series of dashes to represent the line. Still the pupil hesitated and he looked more bewildered. Finally, he said somewhat hopelessly, "I can't for the life of me, figure out what those dashes are for!"

ARLINE MOXTER

Two Hundred Twenty-seven

One fall day, during my lunch hour, a group of us fellows were standing on the main entrance steps. A glamorous blonde came down on her way outside. Recognizing her, I stopped her to ask about some senior business. We were carrying on the conversation when I shifted my gaze a moment. When I looked back she was gone! Much to my amazement, she had slipped and I found her sitting, face red with embarrassment, four steps down. One of the gallant gentlemen proved that chivalry was not dead by helping the young lady to her feet. She thanked the boy shyly and hurried on to her destination, watching her steps carefully.

LYNN HICKMAN

At a meeting of the Welfare Committee, one of the girls was leaning forward on a lunchroom stool. Someone said something to her; as she turned suddenly, the stool slipped out from underneath her. There she sat on the floor in the midst of uproarious laughter.

JEAN LAWSON



Frogs are rather repulsive little creatures. They are especially frightful as far as girls are concerned. All this is just a prelude to what was a very amusing situation, namely, the escape of a harmless yet terrifying frog in an unsuspecting biology class. Our minds were all lost in thought until we were brought back to the present by a sight most unusual. A scared-looking girl was standing on her tip-toes and crying for help. Everyone thought she was having an hallucination until all followed her wide-eyed gaze to a very tiny frog which was having the time of its life gloating over its freedom. Of course, all of the gallant gentlemen were eager to come to her rescue and so the chase was on. When the commotion subsided, the frog was safe in his aquarium and the little girl was none the worse for her experience.

BILLIE BEINKER

Yes, it sounded like the bell. Now we'd all be late for class. The girls jammed their lipstick and powder into their purses, pushed the last hair in place, grabbed their books, and all scrambled for the door. But what a sigh of relief was heaved by the group that stood at the open door. The bell hadn't rung! People were still walking down the corridor and the bell must have merely been imaginary.

PATRICIA RADENTZ

Imagine! An innocent looking "new jay" sat opposite me in the lunch-room and asked me why I received two pieces of butter when he received only one. I told him that he had to ask the girl at that counter for another piece if he wanted more. His face brightened and he rushed to the counter. I didn't hear the conversation but when he left the counter he walked slowly back to his seat. I asked him what happened but he did not answer. Instead he cast a reproachful glance at me.

BELMONT THIELE

Imagine this happening at Roosevelt High School. A puny, pallid, but proud looking "new-jay" asked several of us boys during the lunch-period where he should take the dishes that were lying on our table. We could not keep from laughing at his strange but innocent question. Surprised, he stared at us with a helpless look, and then swiftly walked away. I still don't believe he knows what we were laughing about, but I hope that by now, he knows where to take the dishes.

BELMONT THIELE



Best Thicker
Fat Burners

Can you imagine anything like this? An English teacher (here unnamed) was holding a lone discussion of poetry. Wishing to get her pupils to do a little of the vocal work and also to try to get the few brains in the class functioning, she put forth this question, "Can anyone give any examples of meter from knowledge gathered last term?"

After several minutes a few masterminds in the class responded. From one, "Iambic."

"Correct," said the amazed teacher.

From another came the answer, "Trochaic."

A third pupil (not scholar) had a brainstorm and he popped up with, "Another example of meter is hydraulic."

DOROTHY BORMAN

One day, during one of Mr. De la Roche's French classes, a pupil was called on to recite. Two students, each believing he was called on, began to translate the day's lesson. This caused a general commotion and a loud round of laughter from the class as a whole. Mr. De la Roche, not having heard the mistake, believed the class to be laughing at the fact that the person called on didn't have his lesson.

"Can't you do it?" he said.

"Well, then, I'll do it for you."

Mr. De la Roche then proceeded to translate the day's lesson and do the next day's homework for the bewildered, but complacent class.

KATHRYN TIHEN

*Best Trickster and
Loads of Luck to a
Homer E.C. goal.
Dotty*



This incident happened in one of American history classes. One of the boys caught the spirit of the lesson which happened to concern Indians and really got busy. Soon members of the class began turning around and calling the girl in front of the mischievous boy all sorts of Indian names. As she left the room, the girl was told she had a huge feather stuck in her hair. Ever since then, she has had the nickname of "Hiawatha".

MARY JANE MEGEL

The scene is Room 230, during advisory period. The characters remain to be seen; and now for the action.

The pupils were ready for action. The bell would ring in five minutes, and they had to be ready for it. Suddenly, Fido popped his head in the door, wrinkled up his little pink nose, and took a deep sniff. He trotted in, all brown except for a white tail. He was immediately petted and fondled, much to his enjoyment, when—gr-r-r-rrrr! He lifted his head and looked at the door. Behold, Fido II. Fido II came forward and Fido I ran up to him. Soon, after much growling, they went at each other. Hair flew and dogs fled all over the room. Finally two of the braver boys came to the rescue and carried the dogs out of the building by different doors. The dogs must have found each other outside, for soon afterwards excited noises floated into the building.

MARY JANE MEGEL



You've often heard those stories about new jays getting lost and wandering into any of the many wrong rooms at school. Perhaps you've even been the subject of one of those accounts yourself, but as time went on, you grew up and learned to take care of yourself, I hope.

What excuse was there when Pat Radentz, preparing to take gym, suddenly realized that she was in the wrong dressing room? Grabbing her belongings, she rushed down the stairs. Ready at last, she noticed that none of her familiar classmates were near, so she struck up a conversation with a couple of rather young-looking girls, obviously there to make up a lesson.

"Wonder what Miss Varian'll make us do today," she mused. "Last time it was hockey."

"Miss Varian?" queried the incredulous twos. "Why, this isn't Miss Varian's class, it's Miss Schmitt's."

It was a very meek Pat who crept into her study hall fifteen minutes late.

CHARLOTTE WETTEROTH

Two Hundred Thirty-one

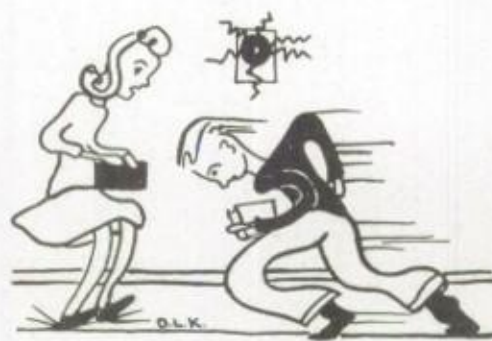
I have heard that there are people who can't wait to leave school, but I have never had any experiences along that line. That is until the other day.

The bell had just rung and I was rushing to my locker, hurrying as much as possible without seeming to be one of those "can't-wait" people, when the building began to sway and the stairs to shake. I turned, half-expecting to come face to face with a herd of stampeding elephants.

To my surprise I saw a meek and timid New Jay coming at me full speed ahead.

I picked myself up, smoothed my ruffled dignity, and raced on again.

GLORIA STIEGLITZ



They were strangers rushing to their fourth period classes. It was one of those embarrassing situations when they met in the corridor, coming in opposite directions. Together they jockeyed to the right, then to the left, and again to the right, in an awkward effort to pass each other. When the snarl was finally unraveled, he politely bowed and said: "Well g'bye now. It's been fun knowing you."

ED WENDEL

During one of those dull moments that comes at the end of every period, I noticed that the boy across from me looked rather odd. I surveyed him for the answer and came to the conclusion it was his feet. He didn't have any shoes on. I brought it to the attention of my other neighbor and together we tried to solve the mystery. Did his feet hurt? Were they hot? Were the shoes too small? Finally we decided to await further developments. Then the bell rang. The boy turned his attention from the window and casually hurried down the aisle—without his shoes. I was trying to decide whether to call him or not, when, and by his own feeling, he realized something was missing and came quickly back to retrieve his shoes.

GLORIA STEIGLITZ

Wearily two boys dragged themselves up the fourth floor stairs bearing a message for Miss Grace. As soon as they threw open the door at the top of the stairs, they lost their weariness, for what to their wandering eyes should appear, but a group of girls all talking at once and not even pretending to listen to any of the others. Cautiously they crept down the hall past the girls who did not even pause. Each peering over his shoulder bumped right into another group, this one composed of boys and girls. These weren't talking, just moving a couple of chairs around. Resisting the impulse to flee, they passed, wide-eyed, through another crowd of pupils and opened the door at the end of the hall only to surprise several boys and girls either sitting on the steps, or moving around, and looking very queer. They rushed to the main door which was the entrance to Room 402, delivered their message, and as quickly as possible left. As the two boys rushed down to the security of the third floor, one remarked to the other, "I'm glad to get out of that mad-house."

Mad-house, indeed! No wonder actors and actresses aren't fully appreciated.

CHARLOTTE WETTEROTH



If you are ever caught in the same predicament as Pat Radentz was, pray that you have the same luck that she did. Pat went to the first floor gym to dress. Seeing no one she knew, she dashed down to the ground floor dressing room. As she was putting on her gym suit, she recognized a New-Jay whom she knew. Pat remarked, "This is Wednesday, the seventh period, isn't it?"

"No, Pat," replied the girl, "this is Tuesday."

Pat dressing with all haste, ran up to her study-hall, which, of course, was on the third floor.

The door being open, she walked in. The study-hall teacher had his back turned talking to one of the pupils. When class ended he called Pat to his desk and said, "Patricia, I marked you absent by mistake. Will you take this note to the office in order to make the correction?"

HELEN ABELL

Because I entered this school as a fourth term, I missed many of the explanations which are extended to a New Jay. My best friend undertook the task of acquainting me with three new "r's": rules and regulations of Roosevelt. But she neglected to inform me of the true meaning of the term "double aud". One morning, as I was still recuperating from a mad race with the tardy bell, I heard a solemn voice telling the advisory that a treat was in store for the lucky pupils. There was to be a "double aud". Everyone began to murmur, "Goody". I turned to the girl across the aisle, and asked her what this strange message meant. She glared at me, mumbled something about her study being omitted, and in a literal volley of words, began to explain. I stared at her, open-mouthed, trying to discover if she really were speaking English. To my surprise she was, so I began to listen. Managing to catch a word here and there, I gathered that a double aud was a menace to society, a fatality to students, and that a movement for the omission of these nuisances should be started. By the time the bell rang, I was in terror, fearing for my life. Then, common sense overtook me, and I realized that it must mean the pupils went to auditorium for two periods. I walked and sat down. The program was most interesting. At last the band began to play. Everyone walked out, and I followed the crowd. A bell rang, and boys and girls began another mad lunge toward the auditorium doors. So did I. Of course I was surprised to see that the program was the same. It was very lovely the first time, and nice the second time, but I hoped they wouldn't have it the third.

The following day, I was very surprised, when, upon my arrival at school, a long narrow strip of paper lay on my desk. And I was even more surprised a few minutes later, when I discovered that not all pupils are seated in the auditorium at the same time.

JANET AICHNER

Aha! What's this?

Mr. Biegelsen has the habit of calling everyone by his last name, girls included. In one of his English classes Alfreda Tetart sat right behind Ver Nell Sweeney. Mr. Biegelsen, addressing a question to Alfreda, started to call her by Ver Nell's name, but, having part of it out, he realized his mistake and completed it with the last part of Alfreda's name.

The startling result was, "Swee-tart, what is your answer to the fourth?"

EUNICE MALKE



Walking down the steps, two new jays were discussing some of the adventures of their new school life.

"I sure do like high school, don't you, Bill?" asked one.

"I should say so," answered Bill, "but I get sort of mixed up once in a while, especially in the lunch-room. And I never know which side of the steps to use."

"I can't remember that either. See that teacher, she must be new here, too, because she is on the wrong side herself."

DOROTHY WASEM

Amusing incidents can make a yearbook very interesting. It is with this thought in mind that I record an incident which occurred one cool day in September. It might have been cool outside but it certainly was not cool inside Room 39 where the Senior Orchestra was practicing under the direction of Mr. Hahnel. The composition the orchestra was struggling with was one of those brilliant, fiery compositions—trumpets were blaring, fiddles squeaking, drums booming, and the poor flutes putting up their usual meek fight against such a phenomenon of noise when suddenly—oops! What happened? Well, Mr. Hahnel had put a little too much soul into his music and had let his baton go. Luckily, the first violin section saw it coming, so they dodged.

WALTER OSTERKAMP

It all began on a hot afternoon in room thirty-nine where the rehearsals of the Roosevelt High School "Symphony" Orchestra are held. Mr. Hahnel was unusually busy that day. As a result he forgot to bring his baton used for directing the orchestra with him from his little office adjoining room thirty-nine. Instead of going back for the baton himself, he sent Lloyd "Fiddler" Renner to go and get it for him. What Lloyd brought back wasn't exactly a thin, graceful light baton. No! It was an enormous, thick, snare-drum stick.

WALTER OSTERKAMP

The experience of selling lunch checks is novel, sometimes sad and sometimes amusing. One day at that familiar station, I raised my face from the money to see a typical example of the species known as "new jay". He didn't ask to buy lunch checks but he just asked a question, but what a question!

He said, "When I get ice-cream I give the check to a man. When I get a plate lunch, I give the check to a boy, but who do I give it to when I get the silverware? You?"

Is it possible that they come that dumb?

ARTHUR SWENSON

Two Hundred Thirty-five

I was young, but not so young that I shouldn't have known better.

It was one of those long hot summer afternoons that must be passed amusingly. Mary Jane and I had been engaged for several weeks in the hobby of cutting grasshoppers' wings, tying a thread around their necks and adopting them as pets. It was this particular afternoon when we again began to adopt grasshopper pets.

After some time we remembered that a small boy across the alley had three pet chickens. Our knowledge of animals told us that chickens liked bugs. What better "bug-dish" than grasshoppers could one feed chickens? Are not grasshoppers juicy and meaty? Well, we thought the chickens would relish them.

Mary Jane and I threw grasshoppers on the end of a thread between the wire fencing of the chicken coop for almost an hour before we met with disaster. As soon as the grasshopper reached the chicken's mouth we would pull the thread. The chicken would eat the grasshopper, and we would catch and tie another which we would feed to an eager chicken as soon as possible.

It happened, however, that one hungry chicken swallowed grasshopper and thread. I pulled and pulled until I thought the poor chicken would turn inside out. When its eyes began to water I decided to tell the owner what had happened. It was lucky for me that he was a jolly sort of person. He just seemed to touch the thread and it came out.

Mary Jane and I thanked the man and went home promising ourselves never to become engaged in such a pastime again.

BETTY JANE BARSACHS



One day, when I was about the age of four, my mother took me to visit my Uncle Bill's farm. Upon our arrival Mother met my aunt and the two began to laugh and talk, more or less forgetting about me; so my Uncle Bill proceeded to take me on a tour of the enormous farm, which seemed to be more the size of a small zoo.

First we saw the horses, then the baby chicks. Uncle even went so far as to let me hold one. Its feathers were soft and furry and I squealed with delight as I held it. Next we came to the baby pigs, but on seeing them my face transformed from a happy smile to a puzzled frown. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Uncle Bill. "Well," I replied half puzzled, half worried, "when's them pigs 'gonna' feather?"

JUNE HOWARD

When I was four years old, the tragedy of my usually happy life occurred. One day when I accompanied my mother to the grocery store, ostensibly to help her carry home the purchases, but really to eat all the free samples I could get, I found to my delight that large, elongated multi-colored balloons were being given to all the children. At this point I inform you, my dear reader, that balloons were my passion. When mine was handed over the counter, I grasped it joyfully with both hands. Mother, thinking I might break it, suggested I let her carry it. I agreed after some persuasion. As we went down the walk past some thorny bushes, I heard a loud bang! and my balloon was limp. Stunned at first, as one who sees his dearest possessions suddenly demolished, I recovered my voice and wailed my loss so loudly that several heads popped out of neighboring windows. I was inconsolable for the remainder of the day. That balloon incident made so lasting an impression upon me, that to this day, whenever I see a long multi-colored balloon, I am reminded of my first great sorrow.

HELENE KREBS



When I was at the ripe old age of two years, eating was, as it still is, my favorite pastime. I had long since graduated to the stage of accompanying my mother to the grocery store, on foot. One bright September morning we two briskly entered the store, cheerily greeting friends and neighbors. Mother stopped for a moment to chat with the lady next door. I became extremely bored, and when my yanks on her skirt brought no comment, I quietly ducked behind a counter of vegetables. All the bright foods attracted my attention. I was quite content to wander up and down, just looking. However, something having caught my eye, I walked over to it, and reached out both inquiring hands. I withdrew them with a huge onion grasped firmly. My curious mouth opened wide, and then my jaws clamped down. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. While I was debating, a clerk came over and peeled the onion. He commented: "Well, honey, if you want it that bad, let me peel it."

Strangely enough, however, I was perfectly content to go back and tug on my mother's skirt.

JANET AICHNER

Two Hundred Thirty-seven

I had just attended my first birthday party which had been given by a little girl whose fourth birthday fell on Easter. The favors were tiny, live chicks. It was an exciting day for my mother, when she opened the door to admit me and the small wisp of down, my prized chick.

For days, I was fascinated with Archie, as I named him, I followed him around on all fours. One day I discovered that Archie had some soot on his beautiful plumage. Therefore, I decided that my little pet must have a bath. I quietly entered the bathroom, closed the door, and filled the basin with water. Grasping the frightened chick firmly, I dipped him into the water and reached for a bar of soap. I thoroughly scrubbed his downy wings, murmuring, "Poor chickum, poor chickum!" The chick wriggled and squirmed. I washed and rinsed. Then I shook the dripping chick as I had seen mother shake the dust mop. I held him in the sun to see if he were thoroughly clean. Deciding he could stand more soap, I hurriedly applied more soap. Archie had stopped protesting, but he didn't seem very happy. I tried to make him stand up, in order to admire his new cleanliness, but Archie just wouldn't stand up. He promptly plopped into a heap. I placed him upright. He fell again. I shook him some more, to see if he were asleep. No amount would awaken my treasure. I ran crying to Mother. At my request, she placed my pet in a box and buried him in the backyard, while I looked on mournfully.

JANET AICHNER

MY FIRST DAY AS A NEW JAY

Being a "New Jay" in any other high school would be all right, in my estimation, but at Roosevelt it was quite a test for my patience. In such a large school as Roosevelt, conditions were bound to be different from those which had existed in the small parochial school from which I had finally graduated.

Upon my entrance into Roosevelt I was immediately awed by the mass of pupils strolling through the halls. Following this throng of students I soon discovered that they were going nowhere, but were just walking around in circles. My walk was cut short by the ring of the bell which told me that I should report to Room 315 for my advisory. "Where's 315? On the third floor I suppose? Why, there isn't any 315 on this floor—314-316-318—they're all even numbers," I cried in disgust. I suddenly brightened up as I saw an intelligent-looking girl sauntering my way, and before I could speak a word she knelt down and proposed to me and explained that it was for some sort of a pledge or something or other. Was I embarrassed! Upon walking further, I questioned a chap wearing overalls and after promising to buy my elevator pass from him, I was finally directed to my advisory.

These blunders were only the beginning, for after getting chased out of the girls' gym, I found to my dismay that I had attended the wrong lunch period. How glad I was when the last bell had rung, but not for long, for I had forgotten where my locker was, and this misfortune completed a none-too-perfect day.

FRANK MERTA



Autographs ^(Pat)
Σ Θ 5

Best Wishes
Edith Zinn

Lorraine Matucki

Grace Linn

Best wishes
Helen Scheek

Luck Audrey Jorke

Best Wishes
La Verne M

6 line
B each.

Ann Stidelbrand

Gard duck
a classmate
Josephine
C. V. Phillips

Best musta

Zelda M. Ruyon

Good Luck

Class '4.
Marilyn

Good Luck
Anna

Gloria Tomsen
Cte of Law
Altman

Wm
Late of Lake
Ray Altman
VKE
Morning

Tomson
 Lots of Love
 Kay Altman
 VKE
 Summer Farming

Best Wishes Two Hundred Forty
to a Swell girl
Nancy Laine

Best Wish
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y Hk

King

Best Wishes
Charmanne Montgomery

Best Wishes
Eden Richter

Lots of Luck
Madeline

Sunshine

Best Wishes

Dorothy Palmer

Lots of Luck
Believe

Heinricher

Merlyne Hercules

Barney

Audrey Kolb

Believe

"Loves and Truckloads
of Joy and Happiness"
Loves always a Friend Bunker

Wendy

